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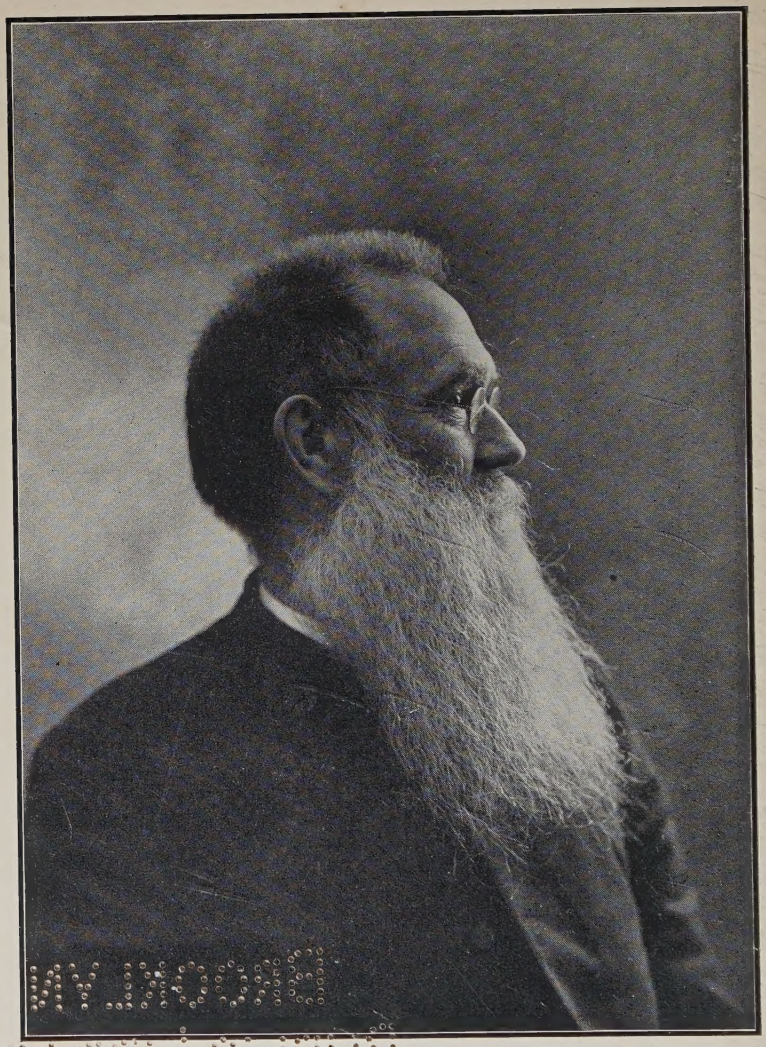

Yours for Christ & India

Jacob Chamberlain

The Kingdom in India

Its Progress and Its Promise

By
JACOB CHAMBERLAIN
Author of "In the Tiger Jungle," "The Cobra's Den," etc., etc.

With a Biographical Sketch
By
HENRY NITCHIE COBB

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The hope of the Church for the speedy establishing in all the world of "the kingdom of Jesus Christ"

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VETERANS OF THE ARCOT MISSION, INDIA

Dr. and Mrs. Jacob Chamberlain, Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Scudder, and Mrs. John Scudder, representing two hundred and fifty-one years of missionary service

A Biographical Sketch

By Henry Nitchie Cobb

JACOB CHAMBERLAIN was born in Sharon, Conn., on April 13, 1835. Both his father's and mother's ancestors came over to join the Massachusetts Colony of the Pilgrims about 1650–1670. Among their descendants eighteen were ministers or ministers' wives.

His father, Jacob Chamberlain, "a county surveyor, justice of the peace and well-to-do farmer, belonged to a family of religious men, church deacons and leading men in local affairs." He is described by his son Jacob as "a man of strong faith and active Christian character, a consistent member of the Church for seventy years, thirty-one in Sharon and thirty-nine at Hudson, Ohio. He was always one of the active working members and, according to his means, one of the most liberal supporters of the Gospel at home and abroad. He died in 1878, at the age of eighty-six."

"His mother, Anna Nutting Chamberlain, belonged to a family which for several generations,

down to the present time, has furnished many inventors, teachers, lawyers, college professors, ministers and missionaries." She was a woman of earnest faith, deep piety and much prayer, and intensely interested in missions. If there be any benefit in godly ancestry and parentage, that benefit was richly his.

In 1838 his parents removed to Hudson, Ohio, where the Western Reserve College, now University, offered special advantages for the education of their children. Their house became a missionaries' home, in which the children breathed a missionary atmosphere. One of his sisters married the Rev. Joseph Scudder and, in 1853, went with him to India where she died. Another sister had expected also to become a missionary to India, but both she and the gentleman she was engaged to marry died before their purpose could be carried out. All things conspired to create in him also the missionary purpose. Yet that purpose he did not immediately entertain.

His father had been an invalid from the birth of this son, and soon began to lean on him. He had set his heart on having Jacob take the farm on which they lived and make a home for his father and mother. This purpose the son dutifully and gladly embraced. With this in view, he entered upon preparation for college, that he might become a scientific farmer. Yet the cause of missions was

even then dear to him and before he was thirteen he had determined that when he became a man, if God should prosper him, he would himself support a missionary.

Separated unto the Gospel.—But the Lord had other purposes for him. If ever a man were foreordained to be a missionary,—"separated unto the Gospel of God,"—Jacob Chamberlain evidently was. His boyhood days afforded abundant evidence of the possession of those traits and capacities which were afterwards so signally exhibited and which so eminently fitted him for the life and work on which he ultimately entered: Mental and physical power and alertness, intense earnestness of purpose, an indomitable determination to overcome obstacles and achieve the best possible results, unfaltering courage under all conditions, a scorn of everything low and mean, keenness and sweetness of humour, cheerfulness always, with the desire to know and willingness to do the will of God.

That will concerning his life-work God seemed to him to reveal through a succession of serious and in some cases remarkable accidents, any one of which might easily have proved fatal, and which seemed to unfit him for a farmer's life. At the age of fourteen, while preparing for college at the Lodi Academy, Michigan, of which his maternal uncle, Prof. Rufus Nutting,

was principal, being then crippled by these accidents, the question forced itself upon him, "What does God mean by these accidents and escapes? What would He have me do?" "I prayed over it. 'Be a missionary' came a voice in reply." He thought of the sister and her affianced husband who were to be missionaries to India, but had died. "Who shall take their place? rang in my ears. Here am I, send me, was my heart's response."

Added to these providential influences, though all unknown to him at the time, was the spiritual influence resulting from his mother's dedication of him to the Lord for missionary service, and her unceasing prayers. After his ordination and when his passage had been engaged for India, that mother informed him that at his birth she had consecrated him to the Lord in a holy vow, and that her first act on rising from her bed was to take him away by herself into her closet and, kneeling, repeat the vow and ask the Lord to make him a missionary to the heathen. In the faith that he would become such she had never faltered and for it she had never ceased to pray. No adequate explanation of the missionary, Jacob Chamberlain, can be given that leaves out of the account that devoted Christian mother. This incident was related by Dr. Chamberlain with much detail and great effect to a gathering of women, at the Ecumenical Conference in New York in 1900, as he urged on

Christian mothers the consecration of their children to Christ and His service.

There remained one obstacle, his father's cherished plan. He had in his feeble health leaned on this his eldest son from his early boyhood; he was over sixty and all his plans for a happy old age centred in him. Could he and would he give him up? Let that son answer. "After much prayer I opened the matter to him. 'My son,' said he, 'I have known for some months past that your mind has been working on this subject and many a night have I lain awake all night long, thinking whether I *could* give you up. But God has shown me abundantly during the last two years that your life is not in my hands. He has wonderfully spared you now these many times for some special purpose, and I cannot bid you stay. Go wherever God shall call you, and the God of your fathers be with you.' My mother yielded a tearful but joyful assent,—tearful when she thought of the separation,—joyful that she should be thought worthy to have a son labouring as a missionary of the Cross. And thus every difficulty was removed."

Thus the way was clear and from that time nothing could change his purpose. To its realization his studies were directed and every energy was bent. In 1851 he entered Western Reserve College. In his crippled condition the pressure proved too great. For one year, 1852–3, broken down in health from

overstudy, he remained at home working on the farm. His health regained he returned to the college, where he was graduated, valedictorian of his class, in 1856.

Coming to New York he entered Union Seminary and connected himself with the Collegiate Reformed Dutch Church. Being attracted by what he heard of the superior instruction given in Hebrew, he removed to New Brunswick and the theological seminary there, whence he was graduated in 1859. By his insistence on "the best" in Hebrew, he was thus unconsciously preparing himself for the important and influential part he afterwards took in the revision of the Telugu Bible. Already, in 1858, he had applied to the Board of Foreign Missions of the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church as it was then called, now known as the Reformed Church in America, for appointment as a missionary to India. His reason for applying thus early he stated to be that he might avail himself of the opportunity to study Tamil afforded by the presence in this country of members of the Arcot Mission. In his letter of application he said, referring to the decision and Godspeed of his father: "From that time to this my mind has not had one wavering thought on the subject. And though I had a long and severe struggle before I could be brought to give up all my plans for a life of ease and comfort in this land and,

especially, leave my parents in their old age, yet now I should regard it as *the one great trial of my life* if I should be in any way prevented from going to preach the Gospel to the benighted. 'Yea woe is unto me if I preach not the Gospel' to the heathen. And if there is one spot on the earth more benighted than the rest, if there is one place where they are more degraded in the lowest depths of sin and misery and have most lost the image of their Maker, there would to God that I could plant the standard of the cross and labour for His sake."

Of his course in the seminary one of his few surviving classmates, possibly the only one, Prof. M. B. Riddle of Allegheny Seminary writes: "First of all, his intense earnestness amounting to enthusiasm, impressed me. He was a faithful student; no man succeeds in the foreign field who has been unfaithful in his seminary duties. But the trait first mentioned was the dominant one. Especially when missionary effort was the theme did his glowing nature assert itself in his utterances. His piety was of an ardent type and his personal influence in the seminary was stimulating to his fellow students."

Not content with the work in his theological course, usually considered quite sufficient, he determined to fit himself for medical service, pursuing the appropriate studies, chiefly in the College of

Physicians and Surgeons in New York. What proficiency he attained is abundantly attested by his remarkable success in medicine and surgery in his chosen field of labour. The degree of M. D. was conferred upon him by the Western University Medical College at Cleveland, Ohio.

Another sort of preparation for the work that lay before him was found in his service as colporteur, which brought him into contact with "all sorts and conditions of men." For three summers he laboured in Ohio and Illinois for the American Tract Society and the Presbyterian Board of Publication. After his ordination, which took place in the Marble Collegiate Church on Fifth Avenue and Twenty-ninth Street, New York, in May, 1859, he was assigned by the Board of Foreign Missions to labour in the Reformed Churches in the Western Synod, of Chicago. It is easy to imagine how this varied service must have developed in him that rare faculty of meeting men, answering their arguments and objections and pressing home upon them the truths of the Gospel which was so remarkably displayed in after years. Thus in all ways was God fitting him for the work he was to do in India and for India, and for the cause of missions among the churches at home.

On September 7, 1859, he was married to Miss Charlotte Close Birge, at Hudson, Ohio. Miss

Birge's father was the Rev. Chester Birge, a Presbyterian minister formerly settled at Vienna, Ohio. The lifelong union thus formed only the hand of death has severed. Six sons were born to them, all in India, of whom four survive. "Surely the gods must love you" was the exclamation of the Brahmans, as son after son was given to them. Of the perfect sympathy in life and purpose, the helpful service and, in later years, the tender, watchful ministry of this devoted wife and mother, this is not the place to speak. The dedication of his first book, "In the Tiger Jungle," gives expression to his own sense of what she was to him: "To her who for thirty-seven years has shared my labours and my joys and shares them still."

A farewell service was held for them in the church in which he had been ordained, and on December 21st, he sailed from Boston with Mrs. Chamberlain, in the ship *Goddess*, arriving in India on April 12, 1860.

It is impossible, in so brief a sketch, to present in detail and in chronological order the story of so strenuous a missionary life as that which there began. To comparatively few men has it been given to lead such a life as his, and to leave behind a record of such devoted, many-sided and self-sacrificing service. It must suffice to point out its salient features.

The Arcot Mission with which, from this time, Dr. Chamberlain's name and work were indissolubly

associated, was founded in 1853 by the three brothers, Henry Martyn, William W. and Joseph Scudder, all sons of Dr. John Scudder, the pioneer medical missionary from this country. It occupied considerable portions of the North and South Arcot Districts, lying west of Madras, to which afterwards smaller portions of the Mysore and Cuddapah Districts further north and west were added. In the two Arcot Districts the Tamils greatly preponderated. In the latter the preponderance of the Telugus was even greater.

The work of the Mission had hitherto been almost entirely confined to the Tamil speaking people. Almost of necessity Dr. Chamberlain first learned the Tamil language. In 1861, however, he was assigned to Palmaner, the then most northerly station, to take up work among the Telugus, and it became necessary for him to learn their language also.

The Preacher and Organizer.—Two years later the Mission determined to enlarge its work among the Telugus and Dr. and Mrs. Chamberlain advanced and took up new Telugu territory in the adjoining district of Cuddapah. A new station was opened at Madanapalle, thirty-five miles north of Palmaner, and the centre of a large and important district in which the Gospel had never been preached. Temporary quarters were erected which were turned into

a schoolhouse when the present commodious bungalow was built by him in later years. A little schoolhouse church with mud walls and thatched with rushes was also put up, in which Sabbath services were held for the very few native Christians who accompanied them and such others as might come in. The interesting story of the establishment of the new station is given in Chapter VII of "In the Tiger Jungle." This station became his home and the centre of his multiplied activities until he was compelled to give up the exhausting labours of evangelistic touring and the care of villages, and exchange them for literary work in the more salubrious climate of the Nilgiri Hills.

Every year while he remained on the field and his strength lasted, such tours were made by him and helpers chosen for the work, among the numerous villages through all the surrounding region. These tours lengthened into weeks and even months. Their method and the preaching of the Gospel to the villages, common more or less to all the stations of the Mission, is described in the chapter just referred to. His thorough knowledge not only of the language but of the literature of the people, and his readiness in quoting and chanting pertinent extracts from their ancient Vedas and well known poets, thus enforcing a truth or answering and silencing questions and objections, gave him distinct advantage with

those of the higher castes as well as with the common people. No uncertain nor ambiguous gospel proceeded from his lips. His message was distinctly one of "good tidings," prompted by love, a message of salvation from sin and its burden through the great love of God and the mediatorial work and sacrifice of His Son. Wherever he spoke, this story was so clearly, so winningly and so courageously told, that multitudes desired to know more of it and eagerly bought large numbers of the "wonderful books" in which it might be read when the missionary had gone on his way.

In 1863, the same year in which he removed to Madanapalle, Dr. Chamberlain made his noted Bible tour, in company with four carefully selected native helpers, "picked men," to Hyderabad and the Upper Godavery. It was probably the longest tour made by him or any other member of the Mission. Probably, also, it was the most dangerous. The region visited had never before been explored by a missionary. It was little known and by many regarded as exceedingly dangerous, both from the known and unknown perils of the way and the character of the inhabitants. In spite of many warning letters and messages from missionaries, civilians and others, he "surveyed the danger, measured the obstacles, counted the cost and, considering none of them sufficient to cancel the com-

mand, 'Go ye into all the world,'" he covenanted for the journey with the "Lo, I am with you always," and started on his way. He took with him two cart-loads of Scriptures,—Gospels, New Testaments and Bibles,—and tracts, chiefly in Telugu, but with a small supply in each of the five languages they were likely to meet, each one of the party being able to preach in two or three of them. Leaving Palmaner in June and "passing through Cuddapah and Nandyal, the little band entered the Nizam's dominions at Kurnool, preaching and distributing books as they went, and reached Secunderabad on the 8th of August. Continuing their journey to the northeast they passed through Warangal, the ancient capital of the powerful Telugu kings, to the Upper Godavery." Two weeks were spent here and a short trip made into the Gond country. Turning down the Godavery they returned home by the way of Rajahmundry, Masulipatam and Nellore, having been absent between four and five months and travelled nearly 2,000 miles. "Many were the hardships endured and the perils encountered but, nothing daunted, the little company with its intrepid leader pushed on and accomplished a noble work for the Master. Some 8,000 Bibles and portions were put in circulation during the tour, chiefly by sales." Some of the most thrilling incidents connected with this tour are related in Dr. Chamberlain's

graphic style in his books "In the Tiger Jungle" and "The Cobra's Den," notably in Chapters I and II of the former, "Does God Hear Prayer?" and "The Man with the Wonderful Books," and Chapter III of the latter, "The Angry Mob and the Story of the Cross."

From the jungle-fever contracted on this tour, Dr. Chamberlain was never freed. In spite of all remedies and "barrels of quinine" as he used to say, it continued to torment him. It drove him to the Hills, to Australia and more than once to this country for relief. Under its pressure all his later work was done. Only an originally vigorous constitution, a tenacious grip on life, a resolute will and firm reliance on and devotion to the will of God could have carried him through.

The number of tours of lesser extent made by him was very large. Of their nature the report of a single year may give some conception. "I have been out on six preaching tours during the year (1871). Three of these were five weeks long each. I have spent on tours 125 days." "My native helpers were out 293 days and we together preached 739 times, to 538 different audiences in 351 towns and villages, to 18,730 people. We have also sold on these tours 2,403 Scriptures. Besides this we have preached systematically in Madanapalle and the surrounding villages 527 times, to 13,661 people and sold 1,030 books

and tracts." Of these tours, as practised by himself and other members of the Mission, Dr. Chamberlain wrote in 1902: "It is safe to say that of the 10,060 converts now on the rolls of the Arcot Mission, more than eighty per cent. have been brought in by this 'public proclamation' of the Gospel in the vernaculars. These have, indeed, come mostly from the lower classes, but a large percentage of our high caste converts have also thus been brought to the knowledge of Christ."

The Beloved Physician.—The nature and extent of the medical work carried on by Dr. Chamberlain are so fully set forth and illustrated in Chapters VI and VII of this volume that there is the less need to dwell upon it at length. It was his intention, in removing with his family from Palmaner to Madanapalle, to devote himself exclusively to evangelistic work. But God had other plans for him. Like his divine Master, the mission doctor "could not be hid." Even while their little missionary bungalow was building, in 1864, accidents among the workmen demanded the exercise of his medical and surgical skill. The people of the town when in distress insisted on coming to him for relief while he and his family were still in tents.

Soon after they had moved into their little house there came to him a summons, at dead of night, to

come and see a man, Ramanna by name, whose right hand and forearm had been crushed and mangled. He had been placing cocoanuts under the wheels of the great idol car of the town as it was being drawn back from the river to its place by the temple. The car, which had been set while the crowd of devotees were tugging at the ropes and would not move, suddenly surged forward and the hand and arm were caught and crushed beneath its weight. His friends had lifted and carried him to his house and ran to get the new foreign doctor to come and see if he could save him. The fractures were so many and the lights so dim that only palliatives and sedatives and applications to staunch the flow of blood could be administered. But a good part of the night was spent in studying the case and all night long the missionary prayed that God would give him that man's life, that so a break might be made in the solid ranks of opposing heathenism in one of the strongest and most numerous castes of the new station. The prayer was answered. When morning came the doctor worked over him for two hours in his own house. Finally the sufferer slept and his friends said, "The missionary's God is going to save him." The man recovered, after careful and anxious nursing, was able even to use that hand in ploughing and reaping. From that day neither he nor any of his family connection had anything to do with the worship of that idol ; num-

bers of them often came to the Mission church and one of them at least became and died a believer in Jesus.

The fame of this act of healing spread widely. From that time it became evident to Dr. Chamberlain that he could not avoid rendering such surgical and medical aid as he was able to the people. Putting up in 1865 a thatched veranda at the end of the house, into which his study window opened, he gave out that he would treat all who would come on three specific days of the week. Soon fifty or more came on each of these mornings. Before examining and treating them he would sit in his study window and preach the Gospel to each group.

Four years later the crowds had become too great to be thus treated. Many who desired to listen to the preaching could not get within sound of his voice. This led to the removal of medical appliances to a thatched schoolhouse at the town end of the Mission compound. The patients soon numbered over one hundred per day, with many serious surgical operations. By July, 1869, the work became so heavy and the expense so great, that Dr. Chamberlain appealed to the Madras Government to establish a Government hospital and dispensary at Madanapalle. This was done. The "travellers' bungalow" and its outbuildings were remodelled and repaired at the cost of the Government, and Mr. Thomas Ward, a pronounced

Christian and one of the best qualified men ever graduated from the medical college, was sent to take charge of it. There he remained for nearly thirty years, working in thorough sympathy with Dr. Chamberlain and winning his confidence and warm friendship. The new institution went right on in the old way. The Gospel was daily preached and two high caste patients before long came out as Christians and were baptized. So slight was the break that the entire community seemed still to regard it as "the missionary's hospital."

Being thus set free to resume his more distant preaching tours, Dr. Chamberlain organized a travelling dispensary, with two good-sized medicine chests filled with ample supplies of medicines and with instruments suited for any operations that could properly be performed in tents. These he carried with him on his tours, accompanied by a dispenser or compounder whom he had trained in the hospital. Thus he carried, together with the Gospel, medical and surgical help and relief to multitudes in the numerous towns and villages who, but for this, would have been utterly destitute of such aid, often treating in his tent over one hundred cases a day and once 138. Many villages were reached and conciliated which had been previously hostile or indifferent. In 1873 he reported that about 30,000 patients had received treatment at his hands.

He still retained the most important operations in the Madanapalle dispensary, especially in ophthalmic surgery, and would send to it patients on whom he could not operate satisfactorily in his tent. No matter how distant his camp might be, he would ride in to Madanapalle, ten and even twenty miles, perform the operations and then return to camp. Though this entailed a great amount of extra fatigue, he was persuaded that it enhanced his power for good in the district. An account of one of these medico-evangelistic tours is given in Chapter IX of "The Cobra's Den."

As the result of visits to Palmaner and the treatment of hundreds of patients there, he was besought in 1871 to establish a permanent dispensary in that town. This he declined to do and returned to Madanapalle. Within two weeks a deputation composed of leading Hindu and Mohammedan residents of Palmaner appeared at Madanapalle with a subscription paper signed by people of Palmaner and vicinity, pledging Rs. 1,700 for initial expenses if he would open a hospital and dispensary there. He still felt it to be impossible and advised them to apply to the Government, adding that then "their religious sensibilities would not be interfered with by the daily preaching and praying." They replied very earnestly that these were two features that they would welcome as they were convinced that the treat-

ment had done them far more good because of the missionary's prayers, and that the subscriptions were not to be paid unless he would take charge of the hospital. He still declined and they apparently relinquished their purpose. Not so in reality. Through the Collector of the North Arcot District and at their urgent solicitation, Dr. Chamberlain was at last induced to open the new hospital under the auspices of the local government but with the distinct understanding that it was to be under his charge. The supplies he purchased with the Rs. 1,700 contributed by the people of Palmaner. A Christian staff was appointed and he remained there some weeks, preaching and performing operations, until the institution was fairly on its feet. He continued to visit it from Madanapalle for serious operations and monthly inspection, until 1874, when he was obliged to leave India on sick-leave.

From 1878 when he returned from furlough, to 1884, when he was obliged again to leave the country, Dr. Chamberlain continued to supervise the medical work of the district, including three dispensaries, and doing a large amount of work himself at no little cost of time and toil. The confidence of the people was his in a remarkable degree and the work prospered under his direction. From 1884 he gave up the charge of all these medical interests and his medical activity was chiefly confined to work done in

his tents on preaching tours. Even those he was unable to continue many years longer.

The Scholar and Literary Worker.—It was not surprising that his Hebrew scholarship with his knowledge of the Telugu language and literature should point him out as the one man of the Mission to serve, with representatives of other Missions, on the committee for the revision of the Telugu Bible. From 1873 to 1896 he was its chairman. No work could have been more congenial and scarcely any other more important. He corresponded extensively with other scholars in India and elsewhere and for ten years gave to the work fully half his time, for which the American Bible Society contributed half his salary and his expenses. He was also, for many years, a member of the Telugu Committee of the Religious Tract Society.

His admiration of the "mellifluous and beautiful language" of the Telugus, combined with his sense of the needs of the rising Church and the multiplying Christian families, led to the compilation of his Telugu Hymn Book. Many of the hymns were translations,—many he composed himself. The book was greatly appreciated and generally used throughout the Telugu country and among the Telugus of Burmah. It passed through five editions, the last of 11,500 copies, all of which were sold. It was most

fitting that he should be carried to the grave amid the singing of these beautiful hymns by the people who loved him and whom he had so faithfully loved and served.

In other directions, too, his pen was busy. His name and work became known far beyond the bounds of India. His many stirring letters and appeals in American, English and Australian papers served to stimulate and increase interest in missions, their problems and progress, in all those lands.

Few publications, probably, have done more to familiarize the Christian public with the condition of the people of India, and the nature of missionary work carried on among them, than the leaflets which, from time to time, issued from his pen. Their circulation has been wide, not only within the bounds of the Church he represented, but in the Christian community generally, other boards and societies having sought the privilege, freely accorded, of printing some of them for themselves. Founded almost entirely on incidents within his own experience, they presented, in graphic style, the methods of evangelistic work, of meeting inquiries, answering objections, appealing to the inmost thoughts and cravings of human nature, and of the effects of the truth thus proclaimed. The same may be said of his books, "In the Tiger Jungle," issued in 1896, and "The Cobra's Den" in 1900. Of these books many thou-

sands have been sold. Men, before sceptical as to the value of missionary effort or indifferent as to its prosecution have been convinced by reading them and become steadfast and active friends of missions.

It was in his mind and on his heart to prepare, as intimated in the preface to "In the Tiger Jungle," "a more pretentious work on India and the Hindus." Such a work by such a man would have been of inestimable value "to those interested in the Orient," of whom the number is increasing every day. But time and strength were insufficient for the task.

The preparation of a Bible Dictionary in Telugu lay near his heart. For it he began to make preparation quite early in his missionary life. To it especially such time and strength as he had in the last eight years of his life were devoted. It was his thought that for this purpose no mere translation of any existing work would suffice, however well it might be adapted to meet the wants of occidental readers. The Bible is an oriental book. Many things in it requiring elucidation for readers of the West have little difficulty and need little or no explanation for Orientals. On the other hand, subjects touched lightly in existing books of the kind, or barely touched upon at all, need careful handling for the readers whom he sought to help and benefit. On this principle he proceeded and, as a result, an

entirely new book grew upon his hands. After his return from his last furlough to the United States, in the quiet retirement of Coonoor, the station in the Nilgiri Hills, he devoted himself to the production of this work, which he hoped to live to complete, leaving it as his last gift and legacy to his Telugu people.

When stricken down by paralysis in 1902, all work upon it and all hope of its completion were for a time abandoned. But as he slowly came back to life and recovered strength, hope revived, and with the aid of a competent assistant he resumed his labour giving to it so much time as his strength would allow, earnestly hoping he might live to complete it. In 1906 he had the satisfaction of sending the sheets for the first volume to the printer, and wrote, "I am not going to wait until the last sheets of the book come from the press before I say, 'it is time to give glory to God.' I feel like giving thanks and glory to God just now. If you had seen me as I was in June and July, 1902, you would not wonder that I feel so. Then I had recovered enough to think over and mourn over the interruption of the work on which I had already expended so much labour and thought, but no one dared to encourage the thought that I would ever be able to take hold of the work again and carry it on even to the bringing out of one volume." "Now that the first volume is in press

and will ere long be out, I do not feel as anxious as I did, for if I should now be suddenly summoned, some one else would take it up and carry it through, and perhaps do it far better than I could, though no one else has had nearly the preparation for the work that I have, by God's providence, myself had. But my conviction still is and grows stronger that it was for the completion of this very work that God so wonderfully raised me up."

As a partial relief from this exacting labour, and, as he said, to rest the tired "Telugu brain cells," he interested himself in preparing and arranging for publication the chapters which follow in this volume, a few of them newly written, all of them characteristic. Whether this supposed relief was a benefit to his overtaxed brain or otherwise, may perhaps be questioned. But the time came last year when the Telugu brain cells would respond no longer. The work was laid aside, with his long-cherished hope,—to be taken up by him no more. The completed volume remains a beautiful but unfinished monument to his high aim and resolute endeavour.

The Champion of Union in Mission Fields.—In still another line of effort Dr. Chamberlain was privileged to render signal service,—that of the union of churches in foreign mission fields, and especially in India. When this thought was new to

many, and to many not altogether welcome, he became its ardent and distinguished champion. When at home on furlough he advocated it with all his mental and spiritual force, clearly discerning and as clearly showing how the cause of Christ was weakened and the triumph of His cross delayed by the multiplied divisions, often resulting in rivalries and interference if not open strife, among those who were ostensibly seeking the same object, the bringing of the whole world to Christ. On one occasion, a meeting called for the consideration of this subject in one of the largest churches in the city of New York was rescued from flat and dismal failure by his earnest and eloquent appeal.

In 1885, being at home on furlough and a member of the General Synod of the Reformed Church in America, he was made a member of the Standing Committee on Foreign Missions. At that meeting and largely through his advocacy, the Classis of Arcot was "permitted and advised to initiate such measures as shall tend to bring together the churches of the Presbyterian polity in India." The Classis was, furthermore, assured that the Synod would endorse its union "with such a union Church of Christ in India composed of those holding the Reformed faith and Presbyterian polity." As it was understood that he would be passing through Great Britain on his return to India about the time of the meeting

of the Presbyterian General Assemblies, Dr. Chamberlain was "commissioned to present to such of the Presbyterian Assemblies as he may be able to visit, the fraternal greetings of this body, and to draw their attention to the unanimous action of this body in favour of organic union on Mission Fields of those holding the Reformed faith with the Presbyterian polity, in the hope that similar permissive action may be taken by their respective bodies authorizing their Missions in India to take part in such a union."

This commission he gladly accepted. Though the time of his return did not permit him to visit and address the Assemblies, yet a fine representative gathering of all the Scotch Churches was held in November, 1887, at which he "spoke for an hour and conferred for an hour longer." His statement had its effect. It was characterized by the chairman and by the leading representative of the Established Church, as "the eloquent, lucid and convincing address of the representative of the Reformed Church in America." Strong efforts were made to induce him to remain for the meetings of the General Assemblies in the following May or, if that were not possible, to return from India at that time to attend the four Scotch, the Irish, the English and the Welsh Assemblies, with other great gatherings then in prospect. But his face was set towards and his heart

upon his work in India and he declined. The visit however bore fruit and to it may be ascribed, in part at least, the successive and successful union movements which resulted in the establishment, first, of the South India United Church in 1902, composed of the Churches of the Classis of Arcot of the Reformed Church and the Madras Presbytery of the United Free Church of Scotland, and, second, of the Presbyterian Church in India (for all India), in 1905.

To the promotion of these movements he devoted himself with his accustomed ardour. He had a principal share in arranging the plan and details of the necessary proceedings for consummating the union in South India, and was elected the first moderator or president of the newly constituted "Synod of South India," in 1902.

Known as he was throughout all India, it was natural that his counsel and aid should be sought in planning for the larger union of all Presbyterian and Reformed Churches in the Empire. Here, too, he rendered such assistance as was possible for him, urging strongly, that the creed and canons adopted for South India should be accepted for the larger Church.

The Consummate Advocate of Missions.—Ten years of Dr. Chamberlain's most useful and eventful life were spent in this country on furlough. Part of

a year also was spent in Australia. In every instance these departures from the field were made imperative by the condition of his health. Yet they served to bring him into contact with the Churches, his own and others, and gave him the opportunity to impart to them something of his own flaming zeal "for Christ and India" and for the whole non-Christian world. Perhaps in no respect and in no other way did he render more signal and effective service to the cause of Christ throughout the world.

Four times he revisited his native country, the first in 1874. Meeting in Egypt a party of friends intending to make the tour of Sinai and Palestine, and having the means to do so generously provided, he joined them. Careful observations were made and the question of the true Mt. Sinai was critically studied on the spot. Much valuable material and information were accumulated which he subsequently found of use in the preparation of his Bible Dictionary.

Arrived at home with his family, he soon began, notwithstanding the fever which had made his coming a necessity, to make those unique and stirring addresses which captivated his hearers and spread his name and fame far beyond the bounds of the Church whose missionary he was. A new force had come into the life and work of the Church,—a new and distinct stimulus to missionary activity. These addresses were characterized, as all who heard and

remember them will testify, by great intellectual force, breadth of vision, wide knowledge and a firm grasp of facts and principles. Added to this was a certain clearness alike of perception and of statement which enabled him to produce the impression he desired to effect. This effect was heightened by a wonderful fertility and aptness of illustration ; each statement of truth or principle being enforced by pertinent and telling incidents drawn chiefly from his own varied experience. In this he was greatly helped by a marvellously retentive memory which no detail, however minute, escaped, and by a vivid imagination which clothed anew with life the scenes he sought to describe and enabled him to present them as real, as in a series of "living pictures," to the apprehension of his hearers. More than all was the intense earnestness which breathed in all his utterances on the great subject that filled his mind and heart. Evidently this was not a mere professional pleader but one whose very life was in the things he uttered and the work he did. Hence they became a thing of life to others, and multitudes,—among them many of the most influential friends and generous givers to foreign missions,—ascribed their first interest in them to having heard him speak. His services were everywhere in demand and it was difficult to restrain him within reasonable bounds. A consuming desire to plead the cause of India, his India, "Christ's India,"

seemed to possess him. Though all his furloughs were undertaken for the restoration of his health, impaired not only by fever but later by other serious and complicated ailments, no labour seemed too hard for him to perform and no demands upon his time and strength too great for him to meet. Often he paid with severe and racking pain for the exertion he had made, but the next call found him ready, even glad to meet it.

Such were the evident force and ability of the man that the most flattering offers were made him with a view to detain him, if possible, in this country. But nothing could turn him from the purpose of his life.

Honours were heaped upon him. In one year, 1878, three colleges, Rutgers, Western Reserve and Union, conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. To these was added that of Doctor of Laws, in 1900, from Hope College and from Western Reserve in 1901. In 1878 he was made president of the General Synod of the Reformed Church in America, the first foreign missionary to be accorded that distinction in the history of that Church. When the Synod met the next year he was back in India, returning by way of Japan and China. His visits to the Missions in those countries brought great cheer and encouragement to the workers and were long remembered with pleasure and gratitude by natives

and foreigners alike. In everything he saw he manifested the keenest interest and to many imparted far more than he received.

In 1881 it was thought wise for him to spend part of the year in Australia, the cool season there corresponding to the heated term in India. A cordial greeting was accorded him there and similar enthusiasm awakened. The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of Victoria received him enthusiastically, "as the representative of the old Netherlands Church, of the oldest branch of the Presbyterian Church in America and of the India missionary work." He was asked to deliver an address on Missions in India before the Assembly which he did with such effect that he was earnestly besought to visit the churches and presbyteries in the colony and present the work of India missions. Other addresses were made under various auspices and "after each address, individuals, some of them Presbyterians, some Wesleyans, some Church of England and some Congregationalists" came to him privately and offered sums of money to take back to India and invest in the Lord's work there. The interest and the benevolence thus awakened continued for years and were of great assistance, especially in times of financial stringency, to the Mission with which he was connected.

Dr. Chamberlain's second furlough was signalized

not only by his efforts in behalf of union, already mentioned, but by his successful endeavour to secure the establishment of a theological seminary in connection with the Arcot Mission, and a liberal endowment for the same. By his personal effort more than $45,000 were raised for this purpose before he left for India in 1887. Through his personal influence this amount was subsequently and gradually increased by bequests to nearly $70,000, a sum sufficient to meet all the expenses of the institution, including the salary of its missionary principal. From this, the first endowed school of the kind in India, are sent out, year by year, not only ministers but thoroughly equipped evangelists and lay workers.

In the same year, 1887, in obedience to a telegraphic summons from Mr. Moody, totally unexpected, he made at Northfield one of his most comprehensive and stirring addresses on "The Field and Conflict in India: The Opportunity of the Ages," closing with a threefold message which he believed himself called of God to deliver. To the students and young men present he rang out with fire and energy "the call for 5,000 volunteers for this glorious warfare." To the Y. M. C. A. he appealed for the extension of its methods and work to India, to aid in developing and training "the life, the energy, the spiritual earnestness for the work of saving other souls" of the more than 600,000 young

converts who needed such training. His third and last appeal was addressed to Mr. Moody himself. Referring to the thousands of graduates from the universities every year; hundreds and thousands from other schools;—he said, "They can be reached through the English language. They are scattered all through India, three millions strong. Some have read the Bible. All these have lost their faith in Hinduism or their faith is wavering." Turning to Mr. Moody he said, "Dwight L. Moody, do you not hear Jehovah's clarion call to give at least one winter of royal service to India's redemption?" In burning words he enforced the appeal. The address made a profound impression, on none more than on Mr. Moody himself, though after solemn deliberation it was deemed neither wise nor possible for him to accept the invitation as he was disposed to do.

In 1900 he was chosen to represent the large body of missionaries present at the Ecumenical Conference in New York, and the still larger number of those on the field. In earnest tones, which those who heard him will never forget, he pled for a new "impetus of enthusiasm," for "help in tactics and strategy," for "more of unity, comity and coöperation," for a recognition and declaration by "the world-wide Church in council," "that this conquest of the world for Christ is the fundamental object of the Church's existence" and that "only to the extent in

which she fulfills this God-appointed destiny will she be blessed of God."

In July of the same year he addressed the students at Northfield, out of his deep conviction and large experience, on "The Call to and Preparation for Missionary Work."

Before the year closed he was again in India and giving himself to his chosen and allotted work chiefly on his Telugu Bible Dictionary, but also in the care and oversight of the Church and work at Coonoor. Fearful dissensions rent the church, but by unwearied patience, unstinted effort and counsel, love and prayer, he had the great joy at last of seeing the strife allayed, most of those who had left restored in penitence to the flock and fold they had forsaken and the church entered on a career of renewed prosperity.

Though largely withdrawn from the more active labours of the Mission, it was a satisfaction to be able still to serve it. Such was the confidence reposed in him by his brethren and the desire to honour him and also to avail themselves of his wise counsel, experience and administrative ability and tact that numerous offices were crowded upon him. All these he cheerfully bore and performed with his accustomed thoroughness and fidelity, though often at the cost of great suffering and pain.

In May, 1902, he was stricken by paralysis. For weeks, lengthening into months, his life hung in the

balance. But gradually, to the surprise of all his friends and his physicians as well, strength gradually returned and he was able to take up again his literary work. He fondly and gratefully believed that God had raised him up that he might complete the work on which he was engaged. That was to be his last great gift to his beloved Telugus.

One volume, about one-fourth, was finished and carried through the press in 1906. The rest awaits completion by another hand. In October of last year, 1907, he was compelled to lay aside all work of every sort. By the advice of physicians he left his station on the hills and came down to Vellore, where for several weeks he was under the care of physicians who loved him. His symptoms baffled them and he made little or no progress towards recovery. Finally his desire to return to the home at Madanapalle which he had himself reared became so strong that the doctors yielded and he was tenderly borne thither. There he lingered for some weeks, watched over and tended with anxious solicitude and loving care. And there, on March 2, 1908, surrounded by some of those whom he loved best on earth, and in the midst of the Telugu people for whom his life was given, he passed away into the presence of the Master whose service was his delight.

Thus by a series of gracious providences was it made possible for the long-cherished and often ex-

pressed desire of his heart to be gratified. "It has been my earnest prayer for years," he wrote while in this country in 1900, on hearing of the death of one of his associates in India, Dr. John Scudder, "that I may be summoned up from the forefront and my mortal remains laid to rest among 'my people' at Madanapalle." And as he loved the people, so they loved him. All castes, classes and religions united in "a wonderful though not surprising exhibition of love and sorrow," when his death was known. The funeral services were largely conducted in the Telugu tongue and he was followed to the grave by a large concourse of people, native Christians, Hindus and Europeans, amidst the singing of the beautiful Telugu hymns, many of which he had himself composed. Five of his junior colleagues laid him to rest on the very spot where he had pitched his tent when he first came to Madanapalle forty-five years before.

The Man.—Think what we may of his abundant labours, his great achievements and the great benefits he conferred upon India and the Church of Christ which it has been the aim of this chapter briefly to set forth, it remains true that the highest service he rendered was, after all, in being what he was. There was a marvellous versatility, a many sidedness about him. Totally separate from and yet finely blended with his character and ability as preacher, doctor,

scholar, were other qualities, fitted to other lines of activity, in any one of which he might have attained to eminence. Few of his many friends, probably, knew that he was an inventor, constructor and mechanical genius of no mean order. That he was also a diplomatist is shown in the wisdom to conceive and outline far-reaching and comprehensive policies which he possessed, together with the capacity to bring into harmony those of opposing views and to meet difficulties and perplexing problems with practical wisdom, sagacity and common sense. This made him a most valuable counsellor to his missionary brethren and to the Board at home. Withal, he had something of the politician, using that much abused word in its best sense. He knew how to secure the objects on which his heart was set, without antagonizing others and by expedients which occurred to him alone. And so, all these qualities combined to make him the sagacious, far-sighted, broad-minded, constructive missionary statesman he proved to be.

Beyond and above his natural talents, conspicuous in many and various ways, there was a nobility of nature, mingled with a true simplicity which impressed and captivated those with whom he came in contact. His was a soul above all meanness of thought or speech or deed. The law of kindness was in his lips because love to all men reigned in his heart, and he would speak evil of no man. Brave to

a fault, he shrank from no danger, hardship or sacrifice in fulfilling his ministry of preaching and healing. Self-poised and self-possessed, but not self-centred or self-assertive, his balance was not easily disturbed. Amid all the applause that followed him and the flattering offers made him, none of those things moved him to forsake his purpose to spend his life for Christ and India. He preserved the even balance of his mind and the even tenor of his way.

Of unfailing cheerfulness, he accepted the events of life as the ordering of his heavenly Father, believing always with Browning, whatever the seeming, that

> "God's in His heaven
> All's right with the world,"

and saying in effect, if not with his lips,

> "I worship Thee, sweet Will of God
> And all Thy ways adore;
> And every day I live I seem
> To love Thee more and more."

His social qualities multitudes attest. He was a most delightful companion and inmate of the many homes to which he found an entrance. Happy himself, it seemed his mission to make others happy too. A breeze of new life came in with him. Flashes of kindly and often humorous light illumined his conversation. He became quite naturally the delightful centre of every social and family circle of which he happened to form a part.

Perhaps no trait was more characteristic of him than his abounding joy. Joy in his work and in its fruits. Joy in his associations and fellowships. Joy in his plans and hopes, and joy in God even when those plans and hopes seemed frustrated and disappointed. If, in the last few months of life his joy was clouded and the brightness of his spirit dimmed, he yet endured with meek submission until the long-expected summons came and he entered into the unclouded joy of the Lord whom he had so long and faithfully loved and served. In India, in America and throughout the world, his memory is precious and it will abide.

The chapters of this book, which were in press when the tidings of his departure came, are the expansion of his statement, never more true than now, as to "The Outlook in India," made at the Ecumenical Conference of 1900, in New York. And this brief sketch may well close, as he, no doubt, would have it, with his final appeal at the end of that address,—his last strong plea "for Christ and India": "O Church of the living God, awake! Fill up the mission treasuries to the overflow. Let a shout go forth that shall say 'March onward! in the name of the King of Kings! March on and conquer that land for Christ!' Let that word come, and within the lives of some sitting here will we show you all India bowing low at the feet of our Jesus."

Preface

THIS volume consists of addresses, sketches and stories, some of which have appeared in different periodicals and independently, and all gathering about the theme:—The Religions of the Orient: Can and will they be supplanted? They constitute a progressive treatment of this theme, illustrating the process, the obstacles, the encouragements and the signs of victory in the attempt to supplant the Vedas with the Bible, and Hinduism by Christianity throughout the Land of the Vedas.

It is the author's supreme desire and prayer, in the preparation of this volume, that it may be used of God in inciting, among those who read it, many young men and women to offers of personal service at the front; many laymen to the fuller consecration of their property; and all loyal Christians to an earnest service of intercessory prayer for the speedy and complete establishment, throughout the whole of India, of the Kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ.

JACOB CHAMBERLAIN.

Coonoor, India.

I

THE TWELVE BRAHMAN PILGRIMS: A HINDU STORY WITH A POINT

MANY years ago I found in a very old Tamil book a story which pointedly teaches a lesson of which I wish here to speak.

The story was written by a Hindu, centuries before the English entered India, before the art of printing was known there, and before paper, pens and ink were used to any extent. It was written in the old-style Hindu book, made of the green leaves of the palm tree, the leaves being all cut in pieces one inch and a half wide, and a span and a half long, with a round hole in each one near each end, and all strung on a double string, so that when one leaf was pulled up it could be read on both sides and then laid over and the next one pulled up and read. The writing was done with a sharp iron stylus, pressed into the soft green surface of the leaf, and the iron combining with the acid of the green leaf, when it dried, made a blackish mark like ink, which being graved in as well as written, would last for centuries, and could never be erased or obliterated in any way. The story

has not yet lost any of its point. It was told to illustrate the traditional failing of the Brahmans, *viz.:* their being completely upset by any sudden emergency and unable to extricate themselves therefrom; but it teaches another lesson as well. The story runs as follows: —

In the olden days, twelve holy Brahmans set out from a town near Cape Comorin, the southern point of India, on a pilgrimage for the expiation for their sins, all the way north to Benares, the holy city on the Ganges, by bathing in which as well as by the toil of the long pilgrimage they expected to secure the desired expiation of sin.

It was, in those days, a six months' journey on foot through (to them) unknown lands, of people speaking different languages, with unbridged rivers to cross, and dense jungles to penetrate.

Taking with them their small brass cooking-pots, tied by cords hung over their shoulders, one in front and one behind, purchasing their food supplies each day as they passed bazaars or villages, cooking their food themselves as each night they camped under a tree, or in some little rest-house by the way, they had pursued their journey a month when they came to one of India's broad sandy rivers, a furlong broad, and without a foot of water flowing over its flat sandy bed.

Daintily holding up their pilgrim skirts they had

crossed half its width when a wild rushing surf-wave sound told their experienced ears that drenching rains in the Western mountains had sent down a torrential flood in this stagnant river, which, rolling down like a tidal wave nearly six feet high, would whelm under any man or beast found in the river. Too late quite to reach the shore before the rolling wave struck them, they were swept down by the flood. Desperately struggling, they however reached the farther shore, one here, one there, some a furlong down the stream.

With great difficulty climbing the bank, those carried farthest down went up-stream, those above down-stream, searching for their comrades.

When assembled, the question was "Are we all saved?" let us see; "here is Narayana of Kottapalle." "Yes, I am here, through Vishnu's favour," "and Ramaya of Buruzur." "Here, praise the deity," "and Gopal of Kalambur." "Yes, I caught the branch of a tree as I was being swept down and pulled myself out, praise to Hari." "Darmarazu of Vayalpad." "Yes, I was thrown on a rock near the edge and sprang ashore," "Hari Jayam," and so to each name called a response was given. Then Papaya said: "well, step out there in a line and I will count and see if all twelve of us are here." They formed themselves into a semi-circle while Papaya counted them; "Ondru, rendu, mundru,

nalu, ainthu, aru, éru, éttu, onpathu, pattu, pathinondru" (one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven)! "Alas, there are but eleven of us, and one of us must be drowned!"

"Well, who is it? Narayana is here, and Gopal and Darmarazu, and Papaya and Sitappa, and Rangaswami and Kishtappa, and so on, each seems to answer to his name! Who can it be that is drowned?" "Here, let me count," said Lakshmana, "stand out there in a row," "ondru, rendu, mundru, nalu, ainthu, aru, éru, éttu, onpathu, pathu, pathinondru! only eleven, alas, one of us *is* dead; who can it be?"

Darmarazu stepped out, saying, "wait, let me count," and count he did, with the same result, and dumbfounded that evidently one of them was dead and they could not find out who, they agreed to refer the matter to an old hermit woman whose little house they discovered on the bank of the river. So all approached her.

Papaya, as spokesman, told her of their mishap, which she had herself partly seen from the door of her hut, and, explaining their perplexity, that no name was called but some one would answer to it, but that each time they counted they could make only *eleven*, while they were positively certain that *twelve* of them had been travelling together for a month, and that all twelve had started together to

cross the river only an hour before, and had been whelmed under by that great freshet wave that she had seen, and asked her if she could help them out of their difficulty.

"Well," said she, "stand out there in a row and let me count you!" So she counted, "Ondru, rendu, mundru, nalu, ainthu, aru, éru, éttu, onpathu, pathu, pathinondru, *panirendu*. Why, there are twelve of you. It is all right," said she.

"Is that so? Then those fellows made a mistake in counting. Here, I'll count once more," said Srinivasa, "stand out there again. Ondru, rendu, mundru, nalu, ainthu, aru, éru, éttu, onpathu, pattu, pathinondru! no, there are only eleven after all! Old woman, you do not know how to count, one of us *is* drowned after all."

"Well," said she, "I'll prove it to you," and, placing what might be called a long mud pie on an earthern platform that was by the side of her door, she made them pass one by one, each one, as he passed, with his nose making an imprint in the soft mud. Then they were all made to stand in front and count the "nose holes" which indisputably were *twelve*, and if there were twelve nose holes there must be twelve noses, as they agreed that so closely watched as they were no one could have put his nose down twice, and if there were twelve noses then there unquestionably must be twelve Brahmans, and they re-

joiced that after all none of them was dead. *Each one had neglected to count himself!*

Do not we, fellow Christians, too often fall into this very Brahman dullness, and, in God's work, each fail to count himself and herself. If there is real work to be done "for Christ and the Church," are we not prone diligently and repeatedly to count all the others, and perhaps unconsciously *neglect to count ourselves*?"

Has not the Church of God been continually making and remaking that same blunder,—especially with relation to foreign missionary work, each one neglecting to count himself, herself, one among the necessary forces for the conquest of the world for Christ? The imperative order of the ascending Christ *to each believer* was "*Go* (self or proxy). *Go, evangelize all nations.*" How dare any one, man, woman, or child, pray, "Thy kingdom come," unless each takes hold to help to make it come?

"Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel," we often vociferously sing in missionary meetings. Father, mother, brother, sister, son, daughter! Dare not once more to sing that hymn until you count yourself one to help it to "fly abroad."

Not all can personally go. Some must do their work by proxy, but we must be sure whether it is self or proxy that God calls in our case, and see that each one counts himself in the list that God designs, and,

in response to God's question, "Who will go for us?" be ready honestly to say, "Here am I, send me!" or, if God ordains us to "stay by the stuff," see to it that we well fulfill our duties as purveyors and interceders, or God's withering blight may fall upon us.

The Student Volunteers, five thousand strong, have flung down the gauntlet to the churches of the world, challenging those churches to send them all forth and sustain them in the field. Sustaining does not mean simply providing all the needed funds for the work, though it surely implies that; but it means holding up the hands in every way. One of those most essential ways of support is by prayer. Perhaps the greatest need of the hour in foreign missions now is the enrollment and faithful work of "ten thousand intercessory foreign missionaries."

Zechariah's message still comes, and comes with ever-increasing force, to every earnest missionary in the field, "Not by might nor by power, but by My spirit, saith Jehovah of hosts" (Zech. 4 : 6, R. V.).

We missionaries in the field see and participate in assaults made on the strongholds of the enemy and see victories almost won, but, for some reason we cannot fathom, those strongholds do not fall. Is it not because of a lack of sufficient intercessory prayer on the part of God's people at home to secure the presence of the Spirit which shall accomplish more than all human might and power can attempt?

We in the field see prominent non-Christians visibly affected by the truth of the Gospel and evidently longing to have Jesus Christ as their personal Saviour, but so tied and bound are they by their personal surroundings that they cannot break themselves loose.

The "Intercessory Foreign Missionary" is needed to help that man. Again and again have I seen intelligent Hindus just on the border of the kingdom and with foot partly raised to step over, and yet who have never stepped over, who have never entered the kingdom of God. Some intercessory missionary failed to count himself one, and the divine motive power never was applied, and that man went down to death.

If the Messiah is indeed to "see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied," each mission station of all the churches in all lands should be organized not only with a commensurate force of missionary workers in the field, but it should be furnished with an auxiliary force of pledged intercessory missionary workers in the home churches, who will familiarize themselves each with some foreign mission station of his or her own Church, with all its interests and needs, and daily plead for that station, those missionaries, those native workers, those enquirers, those young Christians, and so, I say it with deep reverence, compel God to fulfill His promise and pour out His Spirit as needed to

fructify the labours of the field force of missionaries.

Each intercessory missionary should choose his station and put himself or herself in communication with the working missionary, and so pray intelligently each and every day, and then the fruit will come. This is what we field missionaries now most need.

An old time believer in Babylon once said: "If *I* forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning." He counted himself every time. Fellow Christian, do not be caught training in the company of the twelve dazed Brahman pilgrims!

Whenever you see something at home or abroad to be done "for Christ and the Church," *do not neglect to count yourself one.*

King Nebuchadnezzar, after his seven years' discipline by Jehovah, as forewarned by the prophet Daniel, issued a royal proclamation "unto all the peoples, nations, and languages that dwell in all the earth," in which he proclaimed concerning Daniel's God, "His kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and His dominion is from generation to generation."

The exile, John, the apostle, on the Isle of Patmos, had his mind so transported into the future by the Holy Spirit that he saw, as an accomplished fact, that "the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of His Christ, and He shall reign forever and ever."

We now propose to ask, "Is the kingdom of Christ coming in India? and When? and How?" To the elucidation of this question the succeeding chapters are devoted.

II

THE RELIGIONS OF THE ORIENT; THEIR BEAUTIES, AND THEIR FATAL DEFECTS

"Prove all things; hold fast that which is good" (*Paul*).

THE distinguishing characteristic of the religion of Jesus, which differentiates it from all the other religions in the world, is found in that unique personality unveiled to us in the declarations of Holy Writ that "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life"; "He was wounded for our transgressions . . . the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed"; "For we have not an High Priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are; yet, without sin"; and, "Being made perfect, He became the author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey Him."

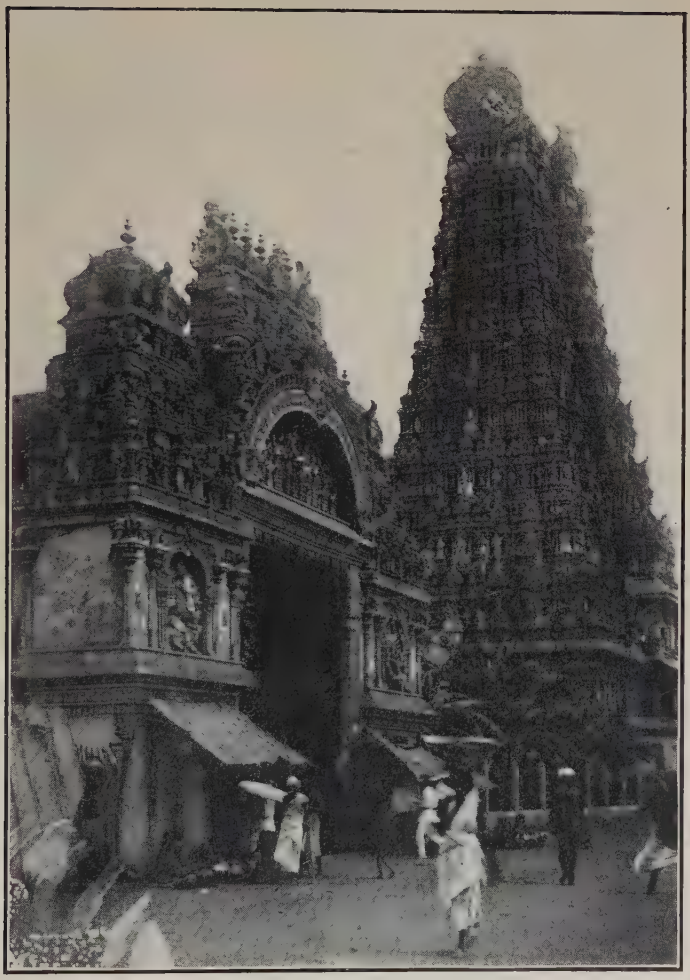
This is the key; this Son of God bearing our sin; this great High Priest touched with the feeling of our infirmities; this God-man stretching His hand of love far down to us, to help us up. It is this that causes

Christianity to stand out, among the world's religions, alone without a peer.

The great religions of the world do agree in much: They all teach, more or less distinctly, that the Godhead is one, and that He is holy, good, and pure. That man is in a state of sin, not at peace with Holy God, and that man is in dire need of purity and holiness; that there can be no peace, no harmony, between sinful man and Holy God until and unless sin is in some way expiated, or expurgated; that this getting rid of sin and sin's consequences, this search for purity and holiness, this obtaining of conformity with God, is the greatest and most worthy end of man's existence. But not one of the religions of the world save Christianity, the religion of Jesus, furnishes any help *outside of ourselves* for the accomplishment of this stupendous task.

Call the roll of the famed religions of the Orient, over some of which it is, in certain circles, now the fashion to go into ecstasies, vaunting them as the equals, or promising rivals, of Christianity; call the roll, and see what is the highest and noblest they can teach us.

The *Zend Avesta* of the Parsis, dating back from almost prehistoric times, bids its adherents believe in Ormuzd, the spirit of good, and shun the machinations of Ahriman, the spirit of evil, and bids them prove their belief, not by words, but by actions.



A TEMPLE GOPURAM, OR GATEWAY AND TOWER

Through which worshippers pass into an enclosed quadrangle, within which is the idols and sacred shrine

"Avoiding," (I quote from its text) "avoiding all arrogance and envy, all lying and slander, all unchastity, magic, and vice of any kind." "Keep thyself pure," both body and soul, is its Christlike injunction. But for the expulsion of the evil thoughts and passions which have entered the heart, and for the eradication of our sinful desires, it gives no other help than open confession to a priest of the sins committed and the evil desires entertained, with the proper fulfillment of such penances as he enjoins. "Thyself must expiate thine own sins," is the best cheer it can give the sin-burdened soul.

Confucius, born in the Province of Shantung, China (551 B. C.), was the founder of a system which still controls the lives and actions of nearly one-fourth of the human race. In the scriptures which he left, and which, after two and a half millenniums, are still the guide of millions of Chinamen, one can find the most beautiful moral maxims; the choicest exhortations to purity and nobleness of life, passages which remind one of the sublime precepts of Moses, or of the glowing exhortations of Paul.

But, in seeking to attain this excellence, Confucius gave his disciples no hope of any superhuman aid; indeed, he distinctly taught, "to give one's self earnestly to the duties due to men, and, while respecting spiritual beings, to keep aloof from them; this may be called wisdom." One must aim at purity

and holiness and excellence but must rely solely on his own unaided efforts to attain thereto. Hopeless task for sin-fettered man!

Five years before Confucius, or 556 B. C., came Gautama (afterwards known as Sákya Muni, or *The Buddha*), who was born near Benares, India.

The son of the king of Kapilavastu, delicately nourished and educated by Brahman preceptors, early married to the daughter of an adjacent monarch, he was destined to succeed to his father's throne and kingdom. But, seeing old age and decrepitude, sickness and death, all around him, and sadly and continually meditating on these, on change, decay, and dissolution, at twenty-nine years of age he left court and wife and kingly station and repaired to the forests, to live the life of an ascetic. For six years, accompanied by five disciples, he lived so austerely that he was wasted to a shadow. At last he announced that his desires were accomplished; that he had seen beatific visions; that all heavenly knowledge had been revealed to him. From that time he assumed the title of "The Buddha," that is, *The one who knows*, the enlightened one; and began to promulgate the system known as "*Buddhism*," which gained acceptance for a time over all India, and, propagated by its missionaries, swept over Burmah, Siam, Thibet, and much of China, and on to Japan.

The scriptures compiled by Buddha's disciples, "The Tripitaka," in spite of their false conception of human existence, and of the divine nature, do contain many true and noble sentiments; many choice maxims; many high aspirations; many ennobling exhortations to uprightness and purity of life.

Five of Buddha's ten commandments might have been taken from the Bible; they read: 1. Do not kill. 2. Do not steal. 3. Do not commit adultery. 4. Do not lie. 5. Do not become intoxicated.

In the Buddhist Scriptures, men are exhorted to kindness and benevolence, and to the subduing of all passions and desires. And to what help are we pointed for the attainment of what is termed "The Perfect Way"? Buddha gives us his "Eight infallible steps" for its consummation. They are:

1. Right belief, or the correct faith.
2. Right judgment, or a wise application of that faith to life.
3. Right utterance, or perfect truth in all we say or do.
4. Right motives, or proposing always proper end and aim.
5. Right occupation in outward life not involving sin.
6. Right obedience, or faithful observance of known duty.
7. Right memory, or proper recollection of past conduct.
8. Right meditation, or keeping the mind fixed on permanent truth.

Notably all is to be done by the disciple himself. There is no pointing to aid from without himself. There is no hint that there is a benevolent Divine Power ready, if we seek it, to work in us and for us. "Work, mortify the body; crucify the desires; so shalt thou attain to thy supremest good, Nirvana or Annihilation." This is Buddhism's creed of despair.

Older than all these are the *Védas* of the Hindus. The oldest, the Rig Véda, dating from near the time of Moses, in the upper table-land of Central Asia, before all Noachian tradition had been lost, before man had wandered so far away from God, contains, in the main, true ideas of God, of man, of sin, of sacrifice.

In the Rig Véda (Book X: 121) we find this description of and adoration of God, as the Creator, Upholder, and Controller of all (I quote the translation of Max Muller):

"In the beginning there arose the Golden Child;
He was the one born Lord of all that is;
He stablished the earth and the sky;
Who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice?

"He who gives life, He who gives strength,
Whose command all the bright gods revere;
Whose shadow is immortality, whose shadow is death;
Who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice?

"He through whom the sky is bright and the earth firm;
He through whom the heaven was stablished, nay, the highest heaven;

He who measures out the light in the air;
Who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice?

"May He not destroy us, He, the Creator of the earth;
He the righteous, who created the heaven;
He also created the bright and mighty waters;
Who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice?"

In the hymns to Him personified as Indra (Rig Véda, I: 53) we find an acknowledgment of Him as the Bountiful Benefactor, with a prayer to Him for the bestowment of good.

In the Atharva (Véda, IV: 16) the omniscience of God, personified as Varuna, is thus set forth:

"The great Lord of these worlds sees as if He were near;
If a man thinks he is walking by stealth, the gods know it all.
If a man stands, or walks or hides,
If he goes to lie down or get up
What two people, sitting together, whisper,
King Varuna knows it; He is there as the third."

His omnipresence, His personal interest in, and governance of His people is thus set forth in Rig Véda, I: 25:

"He, the upholder of order, Varuna,
Sits down among His people;
He, the wise, sits there to govern."

In Rig Véda (VII: 89) we find this confession of sin, and pleading for mercy:

"Through want of strength, Thou strong and bright God,
Have I gone wrong: have mercy, Almighty, have mercy."

And in Rig Véda (VII : 86) we have this confession of original sin, as well as actual, and this petition of pardon for both :

> Absolve us from the sins of our fathers,
> And from those we committed with our own bodies."

In the Védas are also indications of a belief in personal immortality. For the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, and of Nirvana, or final absorption, were later conceptions, superimposed on the purer teachings of the Védas.

In Rig Véda (IX : 113) we read :

> "Where there is eternal light,
> In the world where the sun is placed,
> In that immortal, imperishable world
> Place me, O Sóma !
>
> "Where there is happiness and delight,
> Where joy and pleasure reside,
> Where the desires of our desire are attained,
> There make me immortal."

We find also the indication of a belief in a place of future punishment.

In Rig Véda (IV : 5) occurs this :

> "Those who break the commands of Varuna,
> And those who speak lies
> Are born for that deep place."

Thus clearly in the Védas do we find God set forth in His true character as Almighty, all wise, all holy, all true, all good, all merciful. We see the rec-

ognition of man in a state of sin and alienation from God. We see sin confessed, and pardon implored.

No less is this evident in the writings of the sages and the poets of India, in the different ages, and in the different languages, those now spoken by the people. Aye, even though their religion did degenerate into polytheism and idolatry, for God hath not left Himself without a witness there.

Vémana, a farmer poet, not a Brahman, who wrote about the twelfth century, in the melodious Telugu language, still spoken from Madras north to Ganjam, by as many people as are in all New England and the Eastern Middle States, sought from his village home, near Madanapalle, two hundred miles northwest of Madras, to arouse his countrymen to a nobler life and a purer conception of God and holiness.

In searching through his Telugu poems to find weapons to use in preaching, I have found many gems which I have translated into English, using the same meter as the original, that the swing and flow of their poetry may be seen, and a few of them I here reproduce.

Vémana thus rebukes the universal idolatry that he saw prevailing around him :

"Not in metal, not in wood and not in stone, nor painted wall,
Not in picture, nor in image, nor in grosser forms of clay,
Dwells the great Eternal Spirit, dwells the author of us all;
'Tis not thus He shows His person to the race of man to-day."

In answer to the question: "Who then is God?" Vémana gives this almost perfect description:

"You ask me 'who is God? By what marks may we know Him?'
He who in all created forms appears and rules,
He who of days had no beginning and no end,
He who of all that passes in each heart is witness,
For naught escapes His penetrating vision,
He who exists unchanging through the ages,
He who hath not one blemish, nor one shadow,
That being is our God. 'Tis well if Him we worship."

As against the idea that there are certain holy places where alone God may be found, Vémana brings this protest:

"Benares! where the gods do dwell! you wildly shout,
And journey there with great desire and toil and cost,
But is not here the God that's there? If with the heart you seek Him
He's here, He's there, He's everywhere. Go where you will you meet Him!"

Combating the idea that religious observances and sacrifices, without purity of soul, can be acceptable to God, Vémana issues this note of warning:

"The soul defiled with sin—what real worship pays it?
The pot unclean,—the cookery, who eats it?
The heart impure, though it essays devotion,
Can deity receive it? Nay, nay, be pure, O man."

Nor will desert fastings, nor pilgrimages, nor sacred bathings, be of any avail. Vémana says:

"'Tis not by roaming deserts wild, nor gazing at the sky;
'Tis not by bathing in the stream, nor pilgrimage to shrine;
But thine own heart must thou make pure, and then, and then alone,
Shalt thou see Him no eye hath kenned, shalt thou behold thy King."

Against their austerities, penances, and meditations, unaccompanied by any effort after purity of life, a poet writing in the Kanarese language raised this protest:

"O soul, what good can Ganges give?
Can water cleanse, or thinking long on God,
When still thy feet choose sin,
And merit springs not from thy deeds?

"When guile o'erspreads thy crooked path,
And inward sin kills holy zeal,
Can prayer make clean thy soul? or whips
Drive out the foulness from thy heart?"

The miserly spirit and selfishness of his day the Telugu poet before quoted, Vémana, thus rebukes:

"The property I make and keep is all my own, you say;
But fools alone agree with you, and say 'tis so.
O Man, the wealth thou giv'st in charity alone is thine,
For that alone will follow thee to yonder world."

Gratitude and ingratitude Vémana thus sets forth:

"Forgetful of all vile affections let us be,
Forgetful of each sharp, contentious word,
Forgetful of the faults of those we daily meet,
But never let us once forget the good that's done to us.

"The dog to which we do a kindness looks with love,
Nor soon forgets the hand that helped it in its need.
How base the man that shows not love, but slights
The favours he's received from other men in his distress."

The best revenge Vémana thus depicts:

"Though one that be thy foe, and worthy be of death,
Fall in thy power, 'tis well thou kill him not.
Just load him down with benefits, and bid him go,
'Tis bitterer than death to him, and better far for thee."

An old poet in the Kanarese language sings us a song which would seem as though it must have come from the Bible, did we not know that it was sung long before Christianity was introduced into India. It must, however, be the reëcho of the "Divine Oracles," that came down by tradition through the ages from the time of Noah. In it we see almost the shadow of the Decalogue (I quote the translation of Grover in his "Folk-Songs of Southern India"):

"Oh, wouldst thou know in what consists,
The purity which keeps the soul?
Behold the things the good resists;
The works that make the wounded whole.

"Thy parents honour and obey;
Release the prisoner from his chain;
In heaven's road forever stay;
And think on Vishnu's wondrous reign.

"The common woman hate and scorn;
At neighbour's head no hard word send;
With honesty thy life adorn;
Desire the things which please thy friend.

"Examine oft thy inner self;
Deal justly in the market seat;
Proclaim the truth at loss of pelf,
And let true wisdom guide thy feet."

God's perfections and man's depravity; man's alienation from God, and the joy of being lifted up again into harmony with God, are thus expressed by a Tamil poet, Sivavákyár, who lived and wrote near Madura, in Southern India, many centuries ago (I quote the translation of Grover):

"Our God an ocean is, Infinity,
No eye can see the end; He has no bound;
He who would see and know Him must repress
The waves of his own heart, must be at peace;
His sole desire is God; his every sense
Must turn to that great *One* and clasp but Him.

"There is no real but He. The one that fills
All space; He dwelleth everywhere; the Sun,
That sends its light through all the lower world,
Pervades much less than He. Yet men deny
And will not know their God; they love to lie
In mire of sin. But I have learned of Him,
And find no single thing in all the world
To show how great His glory. Words must fail
To tell the joy, the bliss, I have in Him:
Yet, when I try, no man believes my speech.

"There is but one in all the world; none else.
That one is God; the Lord of all that is;
He never had beginning; never hath an end.
Oh, God! I once knew naught of what Thou art,
And wandered far astray. But when Thy light
Pierced through my dark, I woke to know my God.
Oh, Lord! I long for Thee alone; I long
For none but Thee to dwell within my soul."

It is thus evident that there has not been lacking in these various scriptures and poets measurably true characterizations of God; nor a consciousness of personal sin; its power, its consequences; nor definite and distinct exhortations to purity and holiness of life. And yet the people of those lands have, as they freely admit, been sadly degenerating from the high moral standard of their forefathers, and sinking more and more into immorality and impurity of life.

And why? Why is it that they do not attain to the end to which they are thus eloquently urged to aim?

It is because they know of no help and seek no help *outside of themselves.* They have no Daysman, no Divine Burden-bearer, no sympathizing High Priest, no God-man reaching down to help them up.

These delicious glimmerings of light we do find, by patient search, in the religions of the Orient, and in the existence of such, we missionaries, who have to combat those systems, continually rejoice. We gladly use those flashes of light in bringing home the truth to the people, as did Paul at Athens, where he enforced his argument by saying: "As certain also of your own poets have said"; but we sadly recognize how utterly inadequate is that light to lead sinful man to peace with God.

In a dark night in India, when some of our missionaries on a journey had reached camp, but our

lamps had not yet come, I spied a brilliant glow-worm crawling in the grass at my feet. Lifting him gently up, I made him crawl slowly down the page of my pocket Testament, and, by the aid of his tiny but grateful light, I was able to read aloud a chapter of the Divine Word, ere we kneeled to commend ourselves for the night to the Shepherd of Israel. But who would use the glowworm's feeble glimmer when he could have the glorious light of the orb of day!

Then, too, the people of those lands little know and less appreciate, even the light that their own Scriptures do give.

A Brahman, at the close of a lecture in Madras in which I had made use of some of the above quotations, and many more like them, came to me and said, "Sir, whence did you cull all these beautiful utterances? I never knew that our Védas and our poets contained such gems." He knew not the weeks and months of patient toil required in searching through bushels of rubbish to find those few pearls. And yet they are there for those who seek them. Yes, the religions of the Orient, many of them, do distinctly point to the gulf that exists between sinful man and sinless God; the gulf that cannot be crossed until man is in some way free from sin. They bring the longing soul of man up to the brink of the yawning chasm; they point to the Delectable Mountains on the other side; to the God of Holiness there reg-

nant; they leave the sinner standing there, yearning to cross, but unable to bridge the chasm.

Buddha whispers, "right belief; right judgment; right utterance; right motives; right occupation; right obedience; right memory; right meditation; these are the eight infallible steps." But they bridge not the chasm.

Brahmanism whispers, "religious rites; ceremonial bathings; prescribed penances; continued austerities; meritorious works." And yet the soul oppressed with guilt stands shivering on the brink, knowing that these can never lift him over.

"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and *I* will give you rest," whispers Jesus; "for God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

The chasm is bridged. The God-man has spanned its else impassable depths; yon heights of glory are now accessible to the feet of every believer; eternal companionship with Holy God, the loving Father, can now be attained, for Christ our High Priest, Jesus our Elder Brother, awaits us there, and introduces us as His brethren.

Yes, Jesus, the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world; Jesus the Daysman betwixt us and God, who Himself suffered being tempted, and so is able to succour them that are tempted; Jesus the

Christ, reaching down to help us sinful men; this is the crowning glory of Christianity; it is this that differentiates it from all the other religions of the world; it is this that makes Christianity the growing, all-pervading, all-conquering power that it is proving itself to be; it is this that makes it completely satisfy the highest desires of the soul of man.

From the Christian system strike out Jesus, the atoning Saviour, the sympathizing High Priest, touched with the feeling of our infirmities, and you blot the sun out of day, the moon out of night, the stars out of the firmament; you leave the disabled steamer floating in mid-ocean with no motive power to bring it to shore.

Jesus, the incarnate God, with His divine finger, touches each human soul that cries to Him; enkindles in it a spark of His own love, implants a desire for holiness not felt before; infuses strength to resist the evil, to follow after the good.

This is the new birth, that came to Paul, and changed his life, that comes to all Christ's true disciples, and changes their lives. It is rightly called a new creation; "Old things are passed away; all things are become new."

This new motive-power in the lives of the disciples of Jesus is noticed, and keenly noted, by many who have not as yet embraced Him as their personal Saviour.

Some years ago I was out on a Gospel preaching tour in the Telugu country, in regions away from any of our Christian congregations. I had my travelling dispensary with me. There came to my tent one day an educated Hindu gentleman, high in office, in caste, and in social position. He had previously sent, asking if I would see him privately, and prescribe for him for a physical ailment. I found that that was a simple matter, despatched in a few words; he had merely used that as a cover to secure conversation with me privately, Nicodemus-like, on religious matters. He himself introduced the subject. We talked for some time on the character and the claims of Jesus of Nazareth to be the Saviour of the world. At length, in a very earnest, feeling manner he spoke substantially as follows:

"Sir, I am not a Christian: I am still regarded as an orthodox Hindu. But in my heart I dare not deny the claims of the Bible. *I see the power of Jesus Christ in the lives of His followers so distinctly that I cannot deny His Divinity.* He must be divine, or He could not work such a change in the lives of those who become His disciples. He is not yet my Saviour. Caste, wealth, position, family, all hold me back. But, even now, I never allow Him to be spoken against in my presence. I have long been reading the Bible in secret. The more I read of Christ and ponder over His life and teachings, and the power to

conquer sin that comes from embracing His religion, the more do I feel that in the end I shall have to accept Him at any cost as my personal Saviour."

As compared with this, in what a night of darkness does Hinduism leave even its most earnest devotees!

Never shall I forget an interview that I had, over forty years ago now, with a venerable Brahman pilgrim, an earnest seeker after relief from the burden of sin.

It was in February, 1861, that two of us missionaries were out on a preaching tour, in a part of the Telugu country lying on the edge of the Mysore Kingdom, a region in which the Gospel of salvation through Jesus Christ had, so far, never yet been proclaimed.

Our tent was pitched under a spreading banyan tree. We had been there for several days, and had preached in all the villages and hamlets within three miles of our camp. That morning we had left our tent before sunrise and gone out several miles to preach in a cluster of villages nestled in among the hills. In each village, after the oral proclamation, we had offered gospels and tracts in their own tongue to the people who had listened, but only a few would receive them, so suspicious were they, at that time, of anything new.

We returned to our tent weary with our morning

work. The burden of our thoughts was, "Lord, who hath believed our report, and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?"

As we came near, we saw a venerable, gray-haired Brahman, engaged in his devotions—on a large stone platform around the central trunk of an adjacent banyan tree, where there was a small shrine. Slowly, with beads in hand, he performed his circumambulations, keeping his face towards the shrine, reciting his *mantrams*, his prayers, his petitions. Each time that he came in front of the shrine he fell prostrate upon the ground, performing the *Sáshtángam* of the Hindus, and then, sliding one bead on his rosary, he would slowly and reverently go around the tree again.

Much struck by his reverent demeanour and evident earnestness, we watched him through the corded meshes of our tent window, and when he had finished his devotions, and had sat down to rest, we went out and, courteously addressing him, asked him what he sought by these prayers and circumambulations.

"Oh, sirs," said he, in a tone that struck us as one of intense earnestness, "I am seeking to get rid of the burden of sin. All my life I have been seeking it, but each effort that I make is as unsuccessful as the one before, and still the burden is here. My pilgrimages and prayers and penances for sixty years have all been in vain. Alas, I know not how my desire can be accomplished."

Then, in answer to our inquiries, he gave us the story of his life. He told us how, in early life, he had been sorely troubled by the thought of his unexpiated sins; that his parents had both died when he was seventeen years of age, leaving him, an only child, sole heir of their wealth; that the priests, whom he consulted, told him that if he would give all his property to endow a temple the burden of sin would be removed.

He gave his property, all of it. He endowed a temple; but the burden of sin was no lighter. His mind was not at peace. Obedient to further advice from the priests, his counsellors, he made the pilgrimage on foot all the long way to Benares, the holy city. He spent two years in the precincts of the temples in worship. He spent two years in bathing in the holy Ganges. "But," said he, "the Ganges water washed the foulness from my skin, not the foulness from my soul, and still the old burden was there, uneased." He told us how he had gone thence on foot, all the way to Raméshweram, begging his food, all the two thousand miles, for he had given all his money to the temple, and thence to Srírangam, and thence again to other holy places. He told us how he had spent his whole life in these pilgrimages, and in penances, and in desert wanderings, apart from his kind, living on roots and nuts and jungle fruits, remaining for years at a time in the forest

jungles, in the vain search for relief from the burden of sin.

"And now, sirs," said he, "my life is almost gone; my hair is thin and white; my eyes are dim; my teeth are gone; my cheeks are sunken; my body is wasted; I am an old, old man; and yet, sirs, the burden of sin is just as heavy as when, a young man, I started in pursuit of deliverance. O sirs, does your Véda tell how I can get rid of this burden of sin and be at peace? Our Védas have not shown me how."

How gladly did we tell him of our gracious "burden-bearer" and of His loving call, "Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." How eagerly did he listen, as we told him of Jesus Christ, the God-man, the Saviour of the world, and of what He had done for our salvation. How eagerly did he pore over the gospels we gave him, and what earnest questions did he ask, during the day, as to points in their teachings which he did not quite understand. During that night he left and went upon his way, taking the gospels with him, and we never again saw him.

Though so many years have intervened, his earnest, reverent countenance remains photographed on my memory, and I shall look for him up there among the redeemed, for I believe he was in earnest in seeking deliverance from the burden of sin; in vain, indeed,

as he said, through Hinduism ; I trust not in vain through the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Yes, the great religions all agree in the main as to man's having fallen into the pit of sin. But all, save Christianity, leave man in the pit, in vain struggling to *help himself out.*

Christianity alone pictures the Lord of Life, clothed in human form, coming by and looking down into that pit with eyes of compassion, and bending over and reaching a hand far down for each repentant sinner to clasp and be drawn out, that his feet may be fixed on heavenly ground.

Nay, more ; it is not sufficient that there should be simply an Almighty Being coming to the rescue ; but, to reach our needs, it must be one endowed with our nature, suffering with us. It must be one "who can have compassion on the ignorant and on them that are out of the way, for that He Himself also [in the days of His flesh] was compassed with infirmity."

And such is this, our Jesus, for "being made perfect He became the Author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey Him."

Yes, the magnetic love of Jesus Christ does make an impact on the soul that cries to Him. That impact imparts power to spring out of Satan's thraldom into God's liberty. It makes us sons of God. It seals us for the kingdom of heaven.

Fellow disciples of Christ Jesus ! In this truth lies

our power; not in the fierce denunciation of the errors of those systems which we are seeking to supplant, but, acknowledging whatever of truth they do contain, and using it as a help, our power lies in presenting in the most vivid light this higher truth, higher than they ever conceived of, even in their most rapturous dreams, Jesus the divine, the sympathizing, the all-sufficient help-giver, and burden-bearer come to our aid. Yes, in this truth lies our power; our power for work in the home land; our power for work at the ends of the earth. How it challenges us to obedience; how it energizes us for the conflict in the carrying out of that Saviour's ascending behest, "*Go, evangelize all the nations!*"

The key is furnished us; the incentive, the constraining love of Christ, is limitless; the leverage is adequate. Come on, Immanuel's followers! let us lift the world *for* Christ, *through* Christ, *to* Christ.

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TELUGU BIBLE TRANSLATORS, 1879

III

THE BOOK THAT SHALL SUPPLANT THE VÉDAS; THE BIBLE TESTED IN INDIA

"The law of the Lord is perfect" (*David*).

THE word "law," or the expression "the law of the Lord," is used in two senses in the Bible: the first confines it to the law of Moses.

On a journey home from India, after passing up through the length of the Red Sea to Egypt, I turned aside and went down through the desert and came to and climbed up to the summit of Mount Sinai. I stood on the very spot where, thirty-three centuries before, amid thunderings and lightnings, that law was delivered by Jehovah to Moses. I looked out on that beautiful, triangular plain, some five miles long by three broad, shut in by high mountains on every side, and coming to the foot of the almost perpendicular Sinai—"the mount that might be touched"—from every part of which plain the summit of the mount might be seen, and the cloud resting on the mount. I remembered that, when that law was delivered, all of the worshippers of the true God, Jehovah, in the then world, were gathered on that

plain waiting for their divine orders,—for that law, the observance of which should make them "a peculiar people," until the time when the Nazarene should appear, and, breaking down the encircling walls of exclusiveness, should gather in all nations, even us Gentiles, unto Himself; and I thought how all-important it was that the law then and there delivered should be "perfect." And it *is* perfect. The learning, the sagacity, the ingenuity of all succeeding ages have utterly failed to produce so perfect a code of morals as was there proclaimed. This, even Christianity's worst enemies have ever admitted. Aye, the "moral law" successfully challenges the admiration of the whole world as a perfect law.

But the expression, "the law of the Lord," is used in a broader sense. It means, the whole revealed will of God, as contained in the book called "the Bible." And in this, its broadest sense, we are prepared to fling down the gauntlet and challenge the contradiction of the world, while we declare and maintain that "the law of the Lord is perfect."

First, take it as a literary production. Where do we find such sublime poetic imagery as in the Bible? where such exactness and accuracy of historic detail, as evidenced by known profane history, and more and more by each successive Assyrian and Egyptian discovery? where such majestic soarings of prophetic vision? where such faithful portrayal of character in

biography? where such intensity and sublimity of the righteous denunciation of wrong? where such inimitable pleadings with those who needlessly are "weary and heavy laden"? where such winning portrayals of the divine life in man, as in the parables that Jesus spoke?

But there is another test of literary productions, which but few books indeed can stand. Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" has stood that test measurably well; but how many other books are there that can? I mean the test of translation into diverse languages of dissimilar people, of different modes of thought and varied forms of expressing their thoughts and conceptions. *Shakespeare* translated into French, we are told, is emasculated; how if translated into Chinese? How would *Mrs. Partington* sound in German? *Longfellow* or *Tennyson*, in Hottentot? *Irving* in Arabic? or *Whittier* in Choctaw? The Bible has stood this crucial test in the languages of all quarters of the globe. And in this matter I speak from some experience and from extended observation; for, having been for years engaged in the work of translating the Scriptures from the originals into one of the most polished of the languages of the East; having, in my journeys, visited the mission stations of forty different missionary societies, labouring in twenty-nine different languages; and having conversed with many of those engaged in translating the Bible into those

languages, as well as with others, in Europe and America, engaged in similar work, I know whereof I affirm when I repeat the declaration, that the Bible has stood this crucial test of translation into the languages of all quarters of the globe. From Greenland to Patagonia, in the western hemisphere; from Iceland through Europe and Asia to the Japanese and the Australasians, in the eastern; from the Copts of Egypt to the Kafirs of South Africa; from the South Sea Islands of the Pacific through the oceans to Madagascar, the Bible has been rendered into their languages with triumphant success.

Moses' history of the creation and of the early world; Joshua's wars and marches; the defeats and victories under the Judges and Kings; David's penitential prayers and psalms of praise; Solomon's peerless Proverbs; Isaiah's splendid imagery; Jeremiah's doleful lamentations; Luke, the physician's, wonderful life-pictures of Christ on earth, and of the founding of the early Christian Church; Paul's masterly orations at Athens, and before the Sanhedrim and Felix, and his doctrinal epistles, so full of strong meat; John's marvellous Revelation, these all come with the same force, and adaptedness, and sweetness, and conviction, in each of the four hundred and twenty-one languages into which the divine Book has been already translated, and witness to us that, in this respect, it is perfect.

Again, take the Bible in its adaptedness to all the races and peoples, as well as languages, of mankind. It meets the soul's wants of the Hindus, as we shall see as we go on, from the intellectual Brahmans to the most illiterate Pariahs. It infuses new life and character into the phlegmatic inhabitants of Labrador and Greenland, no less than into the versatile French. The Patagonian and the Alaskan find it equally adapted to their soul's needs. The Equatorial tribes of Africa and Malaysia are no less helped by it. The races of the South Sea Islands and the inhabitants of Siberia are both lifted to a higher life by its teachings. The Mohammedan Arabs are no less helped by it than the fetish worshippers of Central Africa.

In every missionary field among all races the translation of the Bible, and the putting of it into the hands of the people, high and low, rich and poor, learned and unlearned, is the first and most imperative care of the Christian missionary.

Without the Bible thus to present in its richness and spiritual uplift to the different races of mankind, the missionary work could not possibly go on.

A missionary without the Bible! as well try to cook without fire or heat; as well try to sail a ship without water; as well try to propel a steamer without steam; as well try to breathe without air. If the printing and distribution of the Bible ceases, while

yet the nations are arrayed in hostility to Christ, then let it be announced to the world that the soldiers of Christ's kingdom have laid down their arms. Let it cease, and all the powers of darkness will rise and claim the victory as nearly won. Aye, the very imps of hell will hold a jubilee, for it is darkness that they love, and the Bible gives light.

But again, take the Bible as *an engine devised for the performance of a certain work*, and test it well, and see whether it does that work or no. The Bible contains a plan devised for the redemption and elevation of all mankind. Take the Bible, then, as an engine thus devised for the performance of a certain work, and test it fully and see whether it does that work or no. And it is to this view of the subject that I now particularly ask attention.

Is this old Bible, given centuries ago among the Jewish people, now calculated to do the work for which it was designed? or, in this day of progress and of the intermingling of nations, do we find it antiquated, and its day of adaptedness and usefulness passed away?

This is, emphatically, an age not alone of change, but of improvement. Fast mail-trains and the telegraph have taken the place of the old mounted mail-carrier, with his mail-bags thrown over the horse upon which he rode. The four and six-horse stage-

coach has given way to palace cars. The quiet stitching of the seamstress is replaced by the hum of the sewing-machine. There is scarcely a piece of machinery, of any kind, now in use that was used even by our grandfathers. New books, new systems of sciences, new methods in the arts, all, all is new. Have we made a mistake, then, in holding on to our "Old Bible" too long? If so, let us acknowledge it like men, and try to replace it with something better; but first let us put it to the proof and see.

Now, in testing a machine or engine it is necessary to try it in all the different circumstances in which it is to be employed, especially in the worst. For example; while I was in India, during the Civil War in America the government of India sought to introduce the best machinery for ginning, and spinning, and weaving the cotton growing there. A proclamation was issued, and published in every country where machinery was made, offering a princely premium for that machinery that should best do the work. And when, after nearly a year of preparation, the machinery was gathered from the four quarters of the globe on the banks of the sacred Ganges, when the Viceroy and his council and the judges had assembled to test it, it was tried not alone with the cotton grown there on the banks of the Ganges, but cotton was brought from the base of the Himalaya Mountains, and from the plains of Tinnevelly, near

Cape Comorin, from the hill country of Berar, and from the plains of Bellary, and the country about Bombay; and the machinery that best did the work in all, the long staple and the short, the coarse and the fine, it was that that won the prize, and it is that that is now doing the work in India. So if an ocean steamer be launched, it must be tried not alone on the smooth waters of the bay or river on the banks of which it was constructed, for until it has crossed the ocean, breasting the mountain billows in a storm, no one can tell whether after all it really will be a safe vehicle for human life. So with every kind of machinery, it must be tested in the worst circumstances in which it will be called to act.

For the last twoscore years I have been engaged in putting the Bible to just such a test, and that under the most unpropitious circumstances.

India is Satan's stronghold. Hinduism, with its handmaid caste, weaves iron fetters around its votaries. With much of truth in its scriptures, the Védas, it has degenerated into the worst of polytheism and idolatry; with its defective view of God and man, it has had no conservating, elevating influence over its votaries. The Hindus are at once a very religious, and a grossly immoral, people. Intelligent, sharp, quick-witted, immutable in their nature, wedded to their ancient system, which is a splendid one though false, the Brahmanists are the most able

and determined adversaries of what they term the "new religion." If the Bible will work in India then, we may safely conclude that it will work anywhere. How, then, does it work in India? Let us test it in various ways and see.

And first: Does this "old Bible," given so many centuries ago among the Jews, describe the human heart of to-day, and the condition of man in different lands? or is it antiquated and defective in this respect?

On a certain occasion, many years ago, I went into a native city in India, where the name of Jesus had never been heard, there for the first time to show them and give them these Scriptures, and to preach to them of Jesus Christ and His salvation. As an introduction, when we had assembled an audience in the street, I asked my native assistant to read the first chapter of Romans, that chapter which those who call themselves liberal minded tell us is too black to be true; that chapter that describes the heart of man wandering away from God, and into sin, and conceiving vile conceptions of God, and then wandering away farther, until at last, "though they know the judgments of God, that they which do such things are worthy of death, not only do the same, but have pleasure in them that do them";—the chapter which many tell us is a libel upon human nature. That chapter was read. The most intelligent man in the audience, a Brahman, stepped forward and said to

me, "*Sir, that chapter must have been written for us Hindus. It describes us exactly.*" The photograph was recognized. It had been taken centuries before, and among a Jewish people; but the artist was divine, and the heart that was photographed was that, not of a Jew, but of a man.

On another occasion, I went into another city, there also for the first time to proclaim Christ as the way of life. As we entered the native town and passed up the main street, I noticed a small Hindu temple, built upon the side of the busiest street, with its door open and the idols in at the farther end, so that passers-by could worship as they went. At the side of the door sat the Brahman priest of the temple on a pedestal, unclad down to the waist, that he might receive the homage, the semi-divine worship, which the people were wont to render him, with a platter by his side to receive their offerings as they went in and out of the street to their business or their work. I noticed it and passed on. Going up the main street, and looking here and there and finding no better place, we came back to this temple; and as I politely asked permission of the Brahman to address an audience from the steps of the temple, he as politely gave his permission; and singing a song to bring the people together, we soon had the street packed with these who wondered what we had come for, and preached to them. I took for my theme

"the character of any being whom the intelligent mind of man in any land would be willing to call God;" and from the necessities of our natures, I attempted to show them that in order to call any being God, we must believe him to be stronger than we and stronger than any power that might be arrayed against us; that he must be *omnipotent*, or we could not trust him; that he must be wiser than we and wiser than any intelligences that might be combined against us; that he must be *omniscient;* that he must be able in all parts of his dominion, at the same time, to be and to notice all passing events; that he must be *omnipresent;* that he must be a God of *love*, a God of *justice*, and so on. I had painted to them the character and attributes of God, as we find them given in our Bible—not telling them where I found the picture, but drawing this characterization of God from the necessities of the soul of man. The intelligent men in the audience at once acknowledged the picture to be a correct one, as I went on from point to point, and admitted what I said to be true. At last, completing the picture, I said to them, "Now *who* is God, and *where* is God?" The Brahman priest sitting there on his pedestal seeing how intently the audience of his worshippers were listening to my description of God, so different from that enshrined in the temple at my side, and seeing at a glance, with his keen mind, that if this

description of God was accepted as true his employment was gone, sought to create a diversion, and, straightening himself up, and with his finger drawing a line around his stomach, he said, "Sir, this is my God ; when this is full, my God is propitious ; when this is empty, my God is angry. Only give me enough to eat and drink, and that is all the God I want." Turning to this same "old Book," I gave him that scathing denunciation by Paul of those "whose God is their belly, whose glory is in their shame, and whose end is destruction." And then turning again to the audience and reminding them of the pure and holy character that I had described, I told them that "this poor, miserable man here is willing to call his belly his God." Amid the sneers and scorn of his own worshippers, he sprang from his pedestal, slank around the corner of the temple, and vanished down a side street. How the audience listened while I described to them Him in whom all the fullness of this Godhead was manifested bodily, even Jesus of Nazareth, the Saviour of all of them, in all the world, that will believe in Him !

On another occasion, I was reading from the seventh chapter of Romans that declaration of Paul of the power of sin over us, where he says, "When I would do good, evil is present with me, and the good which I would I do not, but the evil which I would not that I do." As I read it, the most in-

telligent man in my audience spoke up, saying, "That is it! that is it! That is exactly what is the matter with us Hindus. Now, does your Book tell us how we can get rid of that evil disposition, and do the good we would, and avoid doing the evil that we would not?" How gladly, from the same "old Book," did I point them to Him who can create a new heart and renew a right spirit within us; who can give us not only the desire, but the power to do good: "For I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me."

On another occasion and in a different city, I read the description, in the forty-fourth chapter of Isaiah, of the making and worshipping of images. When I had completed the reading, a sharp man in the audience, a Brahman, stepped out and said, "Now, sir, we have caught you! You told us that this was an old book, given long ago in another part of the world to tell men how they might find God, and, how worshipping Him, they might attain to peace with Him; but, sir, that that you have just read you have written since you came here and saw how we Hindus managed it." The photograph once more was recognized.

But again, *can this Book be understood by high and low, rich and poor, learned and ignorant?* Can this Bible that was given to a people prepared through generations by a special training, and standing on a

very different moral plane from the Hindus of the present day, this Book with its pure and holy doctrines, its strange, though beautiful and simple plan of salvation, can it be understood by those Hindus who have sunken through centuries of moral pollution?—can it be understood so as to affect their lives and their character?

Come with me to a little town one hundred and fifty miles to the northwest of my station at Madanapalle, in India. Some forty years ago there lived there a Hindu, an uneducated man; he could simply read and write, and that was all, but he felt the burden of sin and desired relief. He had tried all that his system taught him, and still found no peace of conscience. There came the time of the annual drawing of the idol car (usually called by us the car of Juggernaut), in a city some thirty miles away, and this man, mourning over his sin, went there, for they told him if he would engage in the ceremonies there and join in the drawing of the car, the burden of sin would be gone and he could find relief. He went there. The first day passed, and the second day of the festivities was nearly through. That night it would close, and he felt yet the burden of sin. He knew that he had not got relief. He saw standing in the crowd a man with a book, wrapped in his handkerchief under his arm, he saw the end sticking out, and asked:

"Stranger, what book is that you have got there?" Said he, "They call it the '*Kotta Nibandhana*'" (the New Testament). "What is that?" "Why, they say it is the '*Satya Véda*'" (the true Véda, as we term the Bible in India, in distinction from their Védas which we do not acknowledge as true).

"Have you read it?" "No, I have not."

"What does it tell about, anyhow?"

"Why, they say that it tells us how to get rid of sin."

"Does it; will you sell it?" "Yes."

"How much will you take for it?" "Well, give me half a rupee" (sixteen cents). "All right." He took out the money and gave it to the man and took the book, wrapped it up, put it under his arm and went away. When he got home he opened it at the first chapter of Matthew, and stumbled over those difficult names in the genealogy of Christ, worse for a Hindu than they are for us to pronounce. He thought that after all there was not going to be anything in the book that he could understand, and that he had lost his money; but he got through that genealogy at last, and came to the story of the miraculous birth of the child Jesus. That he could understand. He read on, and read the story of His wonderful childhood, and His marvellous life, His miraculous deeds, and the messages of mercy that He gave to all around Him; and then, when he was be-

ginning to think that He must be the one that should redeem all lands, he came to the story where He was killed and nailed upon a cross. Oh, it was all up then, he thought. But he read on amid his tears ; he read of His lying in the grave, and then of that wonderful coming forth again from the grave, and of the scene when He appeared to His disciples, and with astonishment he read how, on Mount Olivet, parting the clouds, He ascended to heaven ; and then he turned over and read again in the next Evangelist, in fewer words, the story of the same life. Then he read on in a third Evangelist that same story, that is never repeated too often : Luke's graphic life-picture of Christ on earth ; then he came to the fourth Evangelist, and there he read of the Divine Sonship of that Jesus of Nazareth, the Word that became flesh and dwelt among us ; and he learned there of our connection with Christ, the branch with the vine, how He would remain with us. Then he read the story of the founding of the early Christian Church. That gave him still more light. He read the doctrinal epistles, and feeling the burden of sin as he did, he did not stumble over those hard doctrines as some in Christian lands do. He read that story, that wonderful revelation of the New Jerusalem coming down from God out of heaven ; the home of all those that believe in Jesus when they shall arise and meet Him.

Ah, that was the book for him. He read in the

book that they were not to forget the assembling of themselves together on the first day of the week, as the manner of some is, of some perhaps in Christian countries too, and on the first day of their week, which, singularly, synchronizes with our Christian Sabbath, he gathered his neighbours in his own house to hear him read from "The Wonderful Book." He taught his wife to read, a strange thing for a Hindu to do, as they never used to teach their women to read; but he taught her to read in order that she might be able to read from "The Book." He learned in that, "When ye pray thus shall ye say, Our Father which art in heaven;" and as they assembled thus on each Sabbath day they joined, after reading the word, in repeating that prayer.

Some years passed by, and the man died. When he died he told his wife that they must not burn his body as the Hindus are wont to do, but bury it, for Christ was buried; that they must not perform any heathen ceremony over his grave, but read from "The Book" and repeat "The Prayer," and leave him there with God; for as Christ arose from the dead so would he some day arise and meet that Christ in heaven. His wife kept up the reading, on the first day of the week, to the people from this Book. Years more passed by. At last there came two missionaries into a village some fifteen miles from this place. They were preaching there to the people, as they sup-

posed for the first time that they had heard of Christ and His salvation, when two men that happened to be there in the market-place stepped forward and said, "Why, sirs, what you say is exactly what 'the man of "the Book,"' down at our village used to teach." They asked about it and learned the story. They went down there and found to all intents and purposes a little church of Jesus Christ established. It was "The Book" that had done it. They had not received baptism, nor the Lord's Supper, to be sure, but they had that life in their hearts that was the baptism of the Holy Ghost. The Book had shown that it could be understood and could produce its effect.

That was among the lowly; how among the higher classes that have the Vêdas, with their purer teachings, the Brahmans of India? How does this Bible work among them? Is it adapted to meet their felt wants?

Many years ago I took a long journey of five months through a native kingdom that had never before been traversed, so far as I could learn, by any missionary, and where the Scriptures had never been circulated. We were warned that we would meet dangers and difficulties. We did meet them abundantly; but on the way the Master gave us such cheering signs of His presence that we were willing to go on. We had been warned not to go, because of

the danger, and were told that we would never all of us get home alive; but I read in my commission, "Go ye into *all* the world and preach the gospel to every creature." It did not say, "except Hyderabad;" and believing my commission was to be carried out I went, taking with me four native assistants. I well remember one Saturday when we had attempted to cross a wide river in basket-boats, and had been swept down the stream three miles in crossing. At last, we gained the shore, but we had been delayed so long that it was midnight, Saturday night, before we reached the town where we wished to spend the night. Camping outside the city we spent the rest of the night. Sabbath morning, in our camp, we held our prayer-meeting, myself, and four native preachers and our attendants, reading from the word and talking over the power and goodness of Christ; and in the afternoon we thought that though we had intended to rest that Sabbath we must go out to the bazaar and tell the people of the divine word. We went.

A large audience assembled around us. We preached to them of Christ and His salvation. We distributed Scriptures and tracts among them, and came back before sundown to our camp, intending to lie down to rest early, as we must start on our journey at half-past four the next morning, as was our wont; when, ere the sun had set, a group of men

came out of the town with books in their hands, saying to us, "Sirs, this is such wonderful news that you have told us. Won't you please come back and talk to us some more about it? The idea of a way of getting rid of sin without ourselves, by the help of a Divine Redeemer! It is wonderful. Please come back and talk to us some more about it." We went back.

Part of the market-place was covered with Indian and Persian rugs, and with pillows for us to sit upon, for they said they wanted us to talk longer than we could stand to talk. There were stakes driven in the earthen floor, with little native lamps on them to light when it should grow dark, for they said they wanted us to talk long after it was dark. They kept us reading and talking until ten o'clock at night, and would not let us go. When at last we told them that they must allow us to rest, for we were weary and had to start very early in the morning, they allowed us to leave, and we went and lay down to rest.

At half-past four in the morning we had arisen; our carts were packed and we were just starting at break of day, when out came a deputation from the town with books in their hands, with the leaves turned down here and there; for they said they had been reading the books all night long, for they were sure they would never have another chance to ask questions about them; and it was such strange news,

and so good if true, they wanted to be sure that they understood all about it, and they had come to ask some questions before we started. I said to my native assistants, "You go on. Three miles north of here, I understand, is the town of Pebéri. As you are walking and I have a horse, you go on, and I will stop and answer these questions, and then canter on as rapidly as I can and overtake you. If you get there before I do, go into the town and preach and offer the Scriptures and tracts for sale." We could not give them away there. There was a reason for it that I need not stop here to explain. "You go on, and I will join you as soon as I can."

They went on; while I stopped and answered the questions. They asked a great many earnest questions. When I attempted to mount my horse, they put their hands on my shoulder and said, "No, sir, you cannot go until you answer some more questions." I answered a few more and tried to spring on my horse again and go on, as I did not like to leave my native assistants to encounter danger alone, if there were danger, and wished to hasten on. But they said, "No, sir, answer a few more questions; don't go yet." I stayed three-quarters of an hour further and then went forward to join my assistants. I cantered on as rapidly as I could, and as I approached the town of Pebéri, which was a walled town with gates, I saw my native assistants coming away from the

town accompanied by some townspeople. Speaking in the Tamil language, which was not understood by the people there, I said to them, "Would they not let you go into the town? would they not let you preach? could you not dispose of any books?" "Yes, sir," said they, "we preached to a most intensely interested audience, and when we offered our books and tracts for sale they bought every one of them; we haven't one left; they paid for them all and wanted more. We told them you had your saddle-bags full of books, and they have come out here to meet you and buy more books."

Turning to them, I said (in their own language, the Telugu), "Brothers, I have plenty of books, and you shall have all you want. But first let us go back into the town, and I will tell you some more about this 'wonderful news.'" We went back into the town. I saw that they were the chief men of the place. There, in the square before the gate, was the platform for the elders of the city to sit upon and administer the affairs of the town, as in ancient Jewish times. They escorted me to that platform and wished me to sit with them. As I preferred to stand and talk, so that I could be heard by the larger audience who had gathered around they said they would stand too, for they did not wish to sit while their teacher was standing; it would not be polite. Standing there, I proclaimed to them again the gospel of eternal life

through Jesus Christ. When I had done speaking, I took my saddle-bags from my horse and offered them the books, and at once there was a rush for them. I gave out book after book, and still they pressed upon me until every book was gone, and then there were forty hands held out, over the shoulders of those before them, with money in them; and they said, "Here, sir, take what money you please, only give me a book that tells about the Divine Father that you have told us about." "Give me a book that tells about Jesus Christ and His salvation." "Give me a book that tells about heaven and how I can get there." "Take what money you please; only, do give me a book."

I told them, "Brothers, I am very sorry I did not know there were so many educated men here, and that so many books would be wanted. I have a cart-load of books that have gone on in advance, which I might have stopped for you to buy all you want."

"How far has the cart gone?" asked they. Judging from the time, I said that it must have gone about three miles.

They said, "If we go on and overtake the cart, will you stop it and let us buy the books?"

"Certainly," said I.

They at once appointed a deputation to go on and buy the books. Five were appointed. As I had

been talking, I had particularly noticed two who stood upon the platform, almost in front of me, a Brahman, with venerable white hair and noble brow, a very courteous and intelligent gentleman, and his son, as I judged from his countenance, standing at his side. They had interrupted me courteously now and then, as I was preaching, saying to me, "Wait a moment, sir, won't you explain that point a little farther? this is such strange news, we want to be sure that we get it exactly right." I would explain the point and then go on, and soon they would stop me again, asking pertinent questions, anxious to understand everything I said. They were among the deputation that were appointed to go forward. The people put money in their hands, each one telling them, "Don't you forget to buy me a book." "Buy me a book that tells of Jesus and His love." "Buy me one of those books that tell about the Creator, the Divine Father, that loves us." "Get me a book that tells how I can get rid of my load of sin." So they commissioned them and sent them. We went out of the gate of the city and turned into the pathway where my carts had gone—native carts with solid wooden wheels, drawn by young buffaloes.

We walked on for a time, they asking earnest questions and I answering them, when they said, "Sir, we are going no faster than the carts are; would you mind cantering on to overtake the carts and stop

them; and then you must talk to us some more." I put spurs to my horse and rode on.

I had gone perhaps a mile and a quarter and got into a thick jungle that intervened between one town and the next village, and was passing up a little tortuous cart-track through the jungle when I heard the step of a powerful horse approaching me from the rear. I had been warned that in just such a place as that I would be assassinated. Thinking it always safest to face the danger, if there be danger, I stopped my horse on one side of the path and turned around and waited for the approach. Soon, around a bend in the road, I saw a powerful Arab charger coming with a saddle and bridle bedecked with ornaments of silver and gold. Its rider had a turban, with gold-lace trimmings, and with a necklace of pearls around his neck, with a jacket of India satin interwoven with threads of metallic gold. He rode rapidly on, and apparently was about passing me when he saw me, and pulling up his horse almost on to his haunches, he said:

"Are you the man that has been in my town this morning with this strange teaching?" I said, "I have been in the town of Pebéri, sir."

We had been told that this town was the summer residence of a petty Rajah, a feudatory of the Nizam of Hyderabad, but that at that season of the year the

Rajah was at his other capital. He said to me, for it was the Rajah himself, "I came in late last night from my other capital. I suppose the people did not know I was there, as I got in so late last night and we were not stirring when your people came so early. I suppose those were your men that came about sunrise with the books; but some of my courtiers were astir, and bought some of the books and brought them to the palace, and we were so busy reading the books that we did not know there was any second gathering in the streets. I wish I had known it, I would have sent out and asked you to come to the palace to tell us the news there; but when you had gone they brought some larger books, saying that the white man himself had been there and given them those books, and I was so anxious to see you that I ordered my swiftest horse, and I have outridden all my courtiers, as you see, to overtake you. Now, tell me all about it. *Is it true?* Is there a Saviour that can save us from our sin?" We rode on together, I on a little scraggy country pony that had cost me thirty dollars, looking up to him on his magnificent Arab charger worth a thousand, and as I trotted along talking with him, I could not help thinking of Philip and the Eunuch; and I tried as earnestly, I believe, as Philip did to tell my companion of Him of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did speak, even Jesus of Nazareth, the Saviour of all

those in all the world that would believe in Him. Finally we overtook the cart.

"Now, sir," said he, "let me have one copy of every book you have; I don't care what the price is, I will pay for them."

One box after another was opened. He took out a book about the size of a small pulpit Bible, and said he, "What book is that?" "That is the holy Bible, the '*Satya Véda*,' or true Véda, in the Telugu language,"—the language in which we were conversing. "Give me that," and down it went on the ground.

He took up another, of one-third the size. "What is that?" "That is the New Testament in the Kanarese language." "Give me that;" and down it went.

"What is that?"—taking up another. "That is the New Testament in the Hindustani language." "Give me that."

"What is that?" "That is the New Testament in the Tamil language." "Give me that."

"What is that?" "That is the New Testament in the Marathi language. But," said I, "you don't want all those, for this large one contains the whole story. These others contain part, the best part, to be sure, of the large one, in the different languages. But it is the same thing, verse for verse and word for word, only that each is in a different language. You

know the Telugu language best. If you take the large one in that language you have the whole ;" for I wished to save some of my books for use further on in my journey.

"No," said he ; "if you were to be here so that I could ask questions, that large one would be enough for me, but you are not going to be here, so I shall have no one to ask questions of, and I will take it and read it in the Telugu language, and will perhaps not quite understand it, then I will take it in the Kanarese language, for I can read that just as well, and it will be a little differently expressed, and by comparing the two I will understand it ; if not, then I will read it in the Hindustani language, and comparing the three I will understand it better ; or in the Marathi, or Tamil, language, and comparing the four or five I shall be able to understand it all, for I have those about me who can read them all. I don't care what you ask for them, only let me have the books, I will pay for them." So he took them all.

In the meantime there came up the deputation from Pebéri desiring to know more of the new teaching. I found that a Brahman whom I had noticed very particularly was the prime minister of the Rajah, his general manager, or *Mantri*, as they call it in India, and the son was being educated to succeed him in office. They asked earnest questions, and kept me answering question after question and explaining the

books for an hour and three-quarters, there in the road, before they would allow our oxen to be hitched on to pursue our journey. When they had bought and paid for their books, and at last had consented that we should pursue our journey, we bade them good-bye. But as we went on our way we could not help thinking of them and their earnest questions, and wondering whether the words thus scattered had done any good. We journeyed on, however, and at last after five months we came around to our homes, stricken down by disease, to be sure, that we had contracted in those jungles, but all of us were alive. We came back to our homes, and still we could not forget those people. We wondered whether in that town, where they had so gladly met us and heard us preach Christ, there would be any fruit from the seed we had scattered.

Three years passed by, years of sickness with me, as it happened, resulting from that journey, for I had not yet recovered from it. We were still thinking of and praying for them, when the Lord allowed us to hear news from them. A chance traveller came that way, not a chance traveller, nothing ever happens by chance. God ordered, for the strengthening of our faith, and perhaps that of others, that a Christian traveller should come down through that unfrequented way, and that he should be overtaken by night at that very town of Pebéri. He was a

half-caste, half-Portuguese and half-Hindu. He stopped in the rest-house built for travellers by the gate of the city. In the evening that very *Mantri*, the Rajah's prime minister, hearing that there was a stranger there who dressed and appeared differently from his people, came out to meet him, and said he, "Stranger, you seem to have come from a distance; do you know anything of the people they call Christians?"

"Yes, I am one myself."

"Are you? I am glad of it. Stranger, do you know anything about a white man that came through here three years ago, in the month of August, with a book that he called the 'True Véda,' telling about the Divine Redeemer, that he called '*Yesu Kristu*'?" (The Telugu for Jesus Christ.) "Yes, Dr. Chamberlain is the only missionary that has ever been through here preaching. He came this way about three years ago." "Do you know him? Have you ever seen him? Is he living now? and will you ever see him again?" "Yes, I met him years ago away up north, and in about a month I shall pass within a few miles of where he is now living."

Said he, "If you get as near him as that, you turn out of your way and find him, for I want you to carry him a message.

"Tell him that from the day he was here, neither my son nor I have ever worshipped an idol. Tell

him that every day we read in that New Testament that he left with us, and every day we kneel and pray to that *Yesu Kristu*, of whom he taught us, and tell him that through His merits we hope to meet him in heaven. Tell him the Rajah has the Bible read every day in his palace, and we think that he, too, at heart, is a believer in Jesus. Tell him we hope to meet him by and by when we can tell him all about it, saved because he came here and brought us those Bibles: but if you go anywhere near him you turn out of your way and find him, and give him this message now, for it will do him good."

And, oh, friends, it did do me good. When I heard that message I forgot the difficulties and perils of that journey. I forgot how we had been surrounded by tigers at night, keeping the camp-fires burning bright while we heard them roaring for prey in the jungles around us. I forgot how I had been swept away in the river. I forgot how we had been taken by the jungle-fever and deserted by all our coolies. I could not remember any of these things then. I thought of souls redeemed, and heaven's mansions peopled, and I said, "If in that one village the Bible has done this, why not in hundreds of other villages where we have left it?"

Aye, methinks I can see the throng assembled around the great white throne, and it may be, that among that throng some of those dusky sons or

daughters of India may come to one of you, who read this, and grasping your hand, say to you, "Brother, sister, you gave that dollar to the American Bible Society that printed that Bible that came away out to Hyderabad, and told me how to reach heaven." "Child, you gave that dime that printed the New Testament that told me how to get to heaven." And in the gladness of that hour, oh, friends, will one of us ever regret that we have done so much for our Master? Will we not rather wish that we had joined hands in sending this word of God into every palace and every hut on the whole globe?

Again, *does this Bible change the character and the lives of those who embrace it?* Does it give new motive power? I would I could take you to a little village near my station where they had embraced Christianity in a body only a year before, and where the high priest of the temple near by, to whose revenues our villagers used formerly to contribute, came secretly to me in my tent and asked me, "Sir, will you please impart to me the secret: *What is it that makes that Bible of yours have such a power over the lives of those that embrace it?* Now, it is only a year since these people joined you. Before that they were quarrelsome, they were riotous, they were lazy, they were shiftless, as are still the villagers around here, and now see what a difference there is in them. Now

they are active, they are energetic, they are laborious, they never drink, they never quarrel. Why, sir, *I* joined in the persecution when they became Christians, and tried to stamp out Christianity before it gained a foothold here, but they stood firm, and now in all the region around here the people all respect and honour them. What is it that makes the Bible have such a power over the lives of those that embrace it? *Our Védas have no such power.* Please, sir, give me the secret."

Again, *does it sustain its recipients?*

Our first convert in the new region, in the Telugu country where I went in 1863, was a young Brahman. We knew that there was danger of his being murdered and tried to guard him. But after a while—I will not stop to relate the story here—he was decoyed away and taken over one hundred miles to a town where his relatives lived. He was immured in a close room. Nothing was left him but a cloth around his loins. In the room there was naught but a grass mat for him to lie on, with nothing to cover him. Day by day just a little rice and salt was placed there for him to eat, just enough to keep body and soul together while he was getting ready to recant, as they said; and he was told that he should never come out alive unless he abjured his newfangled doctrines and came back to orthodox Hinduism. His grandfather, a wealthy man, offered half his fortune to the Brah-

mans if they would reconvert him. They brought the best logicians, the rhetoricians, and priests to argue with him. They had taken away his Bible. They argued with him, and kept him confined for months. I will not here tell the thrilling story of his escape, which is given in a subsequent chapter, but at last he got back to us, all skin and bones; he had lost all his flesh, but had not lost his faith and his trust in Jesus, nor his love for his Bible. He had never denied Him. A year after that two of us missionaries met his uncles who had imprisoned him. They said to us, "Sirs, what is it in that Bible of yours that gives such strength and courage to those that embrace it? Now, we had that nephew of ours right in our power. We told him that he should never get away alive unless he renounced Christianity, and there was no probability that he would. He expected to die from starvation there; but, sirs, every day, no matter who were there, he would kneel in his cell and would pray to that *Yesu Kristu*, the Divine Redeemer that he called God, and when he arose there was no doing anything with him. You never saw such a stubborn fellow. What is it that makes this Bible give such nerve and such courage to those that embrace it?"

Again, *does this Bible quell opposition?* Is it indeed, "quick and powerful"?

I would I could take you to a scene, in that same

kingdom of Hyderabad, that I witnessed many years ago. There, in a city, a walled town of 18,000 inhabitants, the people had risen in a mob to drive us out, because we sought to speak of another God than theirs. We had gone to the market-place and I had endeavoured to preach to them of Christ and His salvation, but they would not hear. They ordered us to leave the city at once, but I had declined to leave until I had delivered to them my message. The throng was filling the streets. They told me if I tried to utter another word I should be killed. There was no rescue; they would have the city gates closed, and there should never any news go forth of what was done. I must leave at once, or I should not leave alive. I had seen them tear up the paving stones and fill their arms with them to be ready, and one was saying to another: "You throw the first stone and I will throw the next." By an artifice I need not stop here to detail, I succeeded in getting permission to tell them a story before they stoned me, and then they might stone me if they wished. They were standing around me ready to throw the stones when I succeeded in getting them to let me tell the story first. I told them the story of all stories, of the love of the Divine Father that had made us of one blood, who "so loved the world that He gave His only forgotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him might not perish, but have everlasting life." I told them the

story of that birth in the manger at Bethlehem, of that wonderful childhood, of that marvellous life, of those miraculous deeds, of the gracious words that He spake. I told them the story of the Cross, and pictured, in the graphic words that the Master Himself gave me that day, the story of our Saviour nailed upon the Cross, for them, for me, for all the world, when He cried in agony, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" When I told them that, I saw the men go and throw their stones in the gutter and come back, and down the cheeks of the very men that had been clamouring the loudest for my blood I saw the tears running and dropping off upon the pavement that they had torn up; and when I had finished the story, and told them how He had been laid in the grave and after three days He had come forth triumphant, and had ascended again to heaven, and that there He ever lives to make intercession for them, for us, for all the world, and that through His merits every one of them there assembled could obtain remission of sin and eternal life. I told them then that I had finished my story and they might stone me; but no, they did not want to stone me now; they did not know what a wonderful story I had come there to tell them. They came forward and bought eighty copies of the Scriptures besides the Gospels and tracts, and paid the money for them, for they wanted to know

more of that wonderful Saviour of whom I had told them.

Again, *what do our opponents say of the Bible?* those keen-witted Brahmans, who know their own Védas, with all their beauties, and are capable of judging of what they read. What do these opponents of ours say of this book? I will tell you what they say, I will give you the testimony of one of their Brahmans, who was not a Christian.

I had been delivering a series of lectures to the educated men in my region, on their Védas and the Christian Scriptures, compared and contrasted. I had shown them by quotations from their Védas and Shástras, as given in the second chapter of this book, that their scriptures too pointed out one God, pure and holy and good; the creator and preserver, and controller of all things; that their scriptures pointed out man in a state of sin and rebellion against that holy God. I had shown them that their Védas pointed out the fact that sinful man could not be at peace with holy God until that sin was in some way expurgated. I had shown them that their scriptures brought man up to the edge of the gulf that yawned between sinful man and sinless God, and left him there yearning on the brink, anxious to get over, but with no means of crossing; that the Christian Scriptures pointing out God as a God of purity and holiness, and man in a state of sin, had brought man to the edge of

the same chasm, but that they, in and through Jesus Christ, the God-man, had bridged that gulf; that Jesus Christ, in His human nature resting on man's side, in His divine nature on God's side, had bridged the gulf, and that we could all pass over, dropping our sins into the chasm as we went, and be at peace with holy God. There had been, in that concluding lecture, a most profound silence. The room was packed, and the windows, which were all open, and reached down low, were filled with the heads of those standing outside who were anxious to hear. There were no Christians present except my singing band; the audience were all Hindus. When I had finished, by offering a short prayer to the God of the truth to bring us all to understand the truth, whatever it might be, and rose to leave, a Brahman in the audience—Venkayya, by name, a minor official—asked permission to say a few words. I said to myself, "Now there will be a tough discussion, for that man is the most learned man in the audience, and the best reasoner in all the region." But I determined to stand my ground, for I had reserve ammunition that I had not yet used. I expected him to attack me all round, for I had taken strong ground that night as to the insufficiency of their Védas; but, instead of that, he gave one of the most beautiful addresses that I ever listened to in any language. It was so graphic, so beautiful, that I went home and at once wrote it

out in the English tongue, preserving the phraseology and idiom, as far as I could, and I wish here to give a few sentences of the address to show what he thought of the Christian Scriptures. He said:

"Behold that mango tree on yonder roadside! Its fruit is approaching to ripeness. Bears it that fruit for itself or for its own profit? From the moment the first ripe fruits turn their yellow sides towards the morning sun until the last mango is pelted off, it is assailed with showers of sticks and stones from boys and men, and every passer-by, until it stands bereft of leaves, with twigs knocked off, bleeding from many a broken branch, and piles of stone underneath, and clubs and sticks lodged in its boughs, are the only trophies of its joyous crop of fruit. Is it discouraged? Does it cease to bear fruit? Does it say, 'If I am barren no one will pelt me, and I shall live in peace'? Not at all. The next season the budding leaves, the beauteous flowers, the tender fruit, again appear. Again it is pelted, and broken and wounded, but goes on bearing, and children's children pelt its branches and enjoy its fruit.

"That is a type of these missionaries. I have watched them well, and have seen what they are. What do they come to this country for? What tempts them to leave their parents, friends, and country, and come to this, to them unhealthy, climate? Is it for gain or for profit that they come? Some of us country clerks in government offices receive more salary than they. Is it for the sake of an easy life? See how they work, and then tell me. No; they seek, like the mango tree, to bear fruit for the benefit of others, and that, too, though treated with contumely and abuse from those they are benefiting.

"Now, what is it makes them do all this for us?

It is their Bible. I have looked into it a good deal at one time and another, in the different languages I chance to know. It is just the same in all languages. The Bible!—there is nothing to compare with it in all our sacred books for goodness, and purity, and holiness, and love, and for motives of action.

"Where did the English-speaking people get all their intelligence, and energy, and cleverness, and power? It is their Bible that gives it to them. And now they bring it to us and say, 'This is what has raised us; take it and raise yourselves!' They do not force it upon us, as the Mohammedans did with their Koran, but they bring it in love, and translate it into our languages and lay it before us, and say, 'Look at it; read it; examine it, and see if it is not good.' Of one thing I am convinced: do what we will, oppose it as we may, it is the Christian's Bible that will, sooner or later, work the renovation and regeneration of this land."

"Verily, their rock is not as our rock, even our enemies themselves being judges."

The Bible has always had its enemies; so has everything that is good, in the moral or physical world. In Robert Fulton's time the wiseacres of his day proved to a demonstration, as they thought, that his invention of a steamboat was worthless; that the plan was faulty; the machinery was defective, and that it could not work. But when, on the morning set for its trial, the banks of the Hudson River were lined with the anxious throng who had come to see it put to the test; when the steam was turned on, and the wheels began to revolve, and the boat glided

out, cutting its way through the placid waters of the river, shout on shout from river-bank and window and roof rent the sky. What did they care for the demonstrations of the wise men? *The steamer worked*, and that was enough.

So we will let the so-called wise men of this day prove to their own satisfaction that the Bible is worthless. *But so long as it works—redeeming, elevating mankind, causing the moral desert to blossom as the rose*, so long we will stand by it, so help us, God! It has had attacks before, and has survived them. At the close of the seventeenth century there were those who, after demonstrating, as they said, that it was antiquated, and defective, and effete, prophesied that before the middle of the next century it would be found only on the shelves of the antiquarian; *but yet it survives and works.* And while your existence and your names, oh, enemies of the Bible, are fading from the remembrance of mankind—verifying the prophecy contained in that Word, that, "the memory of the wicked shall rot"—the Bible that you despised, translated since your day into over four hundred languages, is coursing through the world, conquering and to conquer, till all the earth shall be subject to its sway.

Brothers, sisters, friends, *we have this Bible. It is our priceless heritage. Let us read it more. Let us study it more. Let us love it more. Let us live it more;*

and let us join hands in giving it to all the world, to every creature.

This is the book that can, and will, supplant the Védas and lift the Hindus up to God.

IV

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD, WHAT IT IS, AND HOW IT IS PENETRATING INDIA

WE propose now to spend a little time in considering "The Light of the World!" What it is; how it is made effective in dispelling the world's spiritual darkness; and how the believers share in the work and in the consummation.

Jesus said, as recorded by John, "*I* am the light of the world."

Jesus said, as recorded by Matthew, "*Ye* are the light of the world."

The Psalmist said, "*Thy word* is a *light* unto my path."

About the middle of the third year of our Lord's ministry, or in the October before the April of His crucifixion, occurred the Feast of the Tabernacles. He had been for the most part of a year in Galilee. His brethren there who did not half believe in His Messianic pretensions, challenged Him to go up to Jerusalem, to that feast, and there perform His mighty works and there openly proclaim His real character and His claims.

His reply was, "Go ye up unto this feast, I go not up yet." But, as St. John tells us, "now about the midst of the feast Jesus [having reached Jerusalem] went up into the temple and taught."

The multitude of worshippers at that, the great Harvest Festival of the Jews, had come up from all the cities of Judea and Galilee, yea of Asia Minor, of Greece, of Rome, and from Alexandria and the cities of Egypt, and from all parts of the then known world.

The assembled people were amazed at the tenor and at the boldness of our Lord's preaching and at the challenge which He threw down, "If any man will do God's will, he shall know of My doctrine whether it be of God."

The Pharisees and chief priests had wondered whether He would dare even to come to the feast. Now, astonished beyond measure at His boldness, and at the hold He had gained over the listeners in the temple, they had sent officers to arrest Him.

Not intimidated by the presence of the soldiery, as we read in the thirty-seventh verse, "On the last day, the great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried, saying, If any man thirst let him come unto Me and drink," and added: "He that believeth on Me, as the Scripture hath said, from within him shall flow rivers of living water."

The officers who had been sent for His arrest stood

LAYING THE CORNER STONES FOR AMERICAN COLLEGE BUILDINGS IN INDIA

Present at the services were American and Indian guests, English and Indian officials, and well-known missionaries from all parts of India

listening to these and the other gracious words that He spoke for a little and then slinking away without making the arrest gave in their report to the chief priests, declaring, "Never man spoke like this man."

So thought the multitude that remained in the temple listening to His voice, and were hushed, and in that hush the Nazarene, in loving, convincing tones, set forth His supreme claim. Divinity could go no farther. "I am the light of the world. He that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness but shall have the light of life. *I am the Light of the World.*"

To the world buried in the darkness of sin, of unbelief, of ignorance as to God, as to man, his origin, condition, needs and destiny, Christ came to give the true light, for He declares, "I am come a light into the world that whoso believeth on Me should not abide in darkness."

He reveals God to the waiting world, "For in Him dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily." He Himself proclaimed, "He that hath seen Me *hath seen the Father also.*"

Not alone to His countrymen nor to the men of His day was He a light :—Isaiah saw His coming afar, and sounded out Jehovah's decree, "I will give Thee . . . for a light to the Gentiles." Good old Simeon, taking the infant Jesus in his trembling arms and blessing God, declared Him to be "a light

to lighten the Gentiles," and in that light we distant Gentiles are now permitted to bask: and when the number of the redeemed shall be completed, the elect from every kingdom and tribe and language, gathered in the New Jerusalem, shall dwell forever in the sunlight of His countenance, for they shall have no need of the sun, neither of the moon,—for "the Lamb is the light thereof."

But this Christ, the Wonderful, the Counsellor, the Revealer of the things of God, gave utterance, on another occasion, to a teaching that had to the ear a distinctly different sound.

During His Galilean ministry, as recorded by Matthew in the fourth chapter, after choosing His twelve apostles, as we are told in verse twenty-three and on, "Jesus went about all Galilee teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the Gospel of the kingdom and healing all manner of sickness among the people," and there followed Him great multitudes of people; and seeing these multitudes He went up into a mountain (leaving the people at its foot) and when He had sat down *His disciples* came unto Him." It was thus to a company of believers that He preached that wonderful sermon that is still the marvel of the whole world, as it is the inspiration of all who receive Him —"The Sermon on the Mount."

After proclaiming to them the blessedness of humility, of meekness, of mercy, of purity, of peace

even coupled with persecution, He electrified them with the startling declaration, "*Ye are the light of the world.*" "*Let your light shine!*"

When Christ declares, "*I* am the light of the world," we yield ready and glad assent. We can measurably apprehend that declaration.

But how can we fathom the mystery, how can we yield assent, when He says, "*Ye*,"—finite, mortals, sinners, "*Ye* are the light of the world"?

The mystery is profound, and only God's word can reveal it. That does give us the key.

In the account of the creation, in the first chapter of Genesis, at the sixteenth verse, we are told, "and God made two great lights . . . and God set them in the firmament of the heaven to give light upon the earth, and to rule over the day, and over the night . . . and God saw that it was good."

Thus was proclaimed the creation of the sun and the moon. So radically different and yet both are called "*great lights.*" One has light in itself. The other has none. It can shine only by a borrowed light, and yet, for the light of both the same Hebrew word is used, for it *is* the same light. The moon's light *is* the light of the sun, only mirrored back by the moon.

So it is with Christ and the believer. In the original Greek no lesser word is used for light when Christ says: "Ye are the light of the world," than

when He said, "I am the light of the world," *for it is the same light.* In both cases it is Christ's light.

We, you and I, poor, ignorant, weak, erring creatures of a day that we are, we stood appalled when we first heard Him say, "Ye are the light of the world," for we knew how utterly impossible it was for us, of ourselves, to emit any spiritual light.

But when the Master whispers to us, "Ye shall be moons to Me, the sun; to reflect back My light in the dark places of the world around you," then do we, dazzled indeed by the glory, yet with glad rejoicing, lift up our hearts in thanksgiving to Him who has placed upon us such exceeding honour, while with earnest petition we pray that we may be given grace to fulfill our exalted function.

The prophets saw the glory of that Sun about to dawn. Malachi perceived and proclaimed with clarion tone those to whom it should appear, for he said, "*Unto you that fear My name* shall the Sun of Righteousness arise."

To none others was He thus to appear.

To no unbeliever *can* Christ be the Sun of Righteousness.

In a general sense, He has indeed been a great light to all the world. Well and truly may we say: "The people which sat in darkness *saw a great light.*"

Through Him: His influence in matters physical, moral, social, commercial, political, yes, and re-

ligious, too, have the remotest nations even, though non-Christian, been already touched, aided, uplifted, benefited. Through Him has there been in all the world some alleviation of the darkness and the burden of sin, but this is incidental to, is an outcome of, that spiritual light with which He shines into those who believe in Him.

That brilliancy, that glory, the believer alone can catch, can receive within, can mirror back upon the world, and that is the believer's first duty and first joy.

Christ said, "Ye," believers, for He spoke to His disciples: not to the strong only, but to the weak, for Peter was there: not to the wise only, but to the unlearned, for they were simple fishermen, "Ye are the light of the world." "Let your light shine." "Let your light *so* shine that men may . . . glorify your Father which is in heaven." We are each to shine back His glory—not to shine forth our own. Each to be a true moon to Christ, the sun.

But here there is a real difference to note: the earth's moon has phases. It is to each part of the earth's surface, alternately full moon and dark. It varies, it *must* vary, in the light that it can give to one spot. It is not its fault that it does so. It is its law; for the earth has but one physical moon to cheer the night on its alternate sides.

In the spiritual world there is no necessarily dark-

ening revolution. The enlightening, vivifying rays of the Sun of Righteousness are always shining out, seeking to flood with light the soul of the believer and to be reflected back from that soul.

It is we, it is we, that allow ourselves to be darkened by unnecessarily intervening clouds of indifference, of disobedience or neglect of duty, of unbelief. It is not God's plan for us that we should ever intermit to shine back the Saviour's light, nor that we should ever shine with feeble or perverted ray.

To the natural sun the moon is really a great mirror, mirroring back the sun's rays upon the earth. The true believer stands thus related to Christ. He is a mirror for reflecting back the image of the Christ to those who have not themselves beheld His glory, to any who may need such light, the ideal light of Christ, illustrated and made more appreciable by passing through the medium of human thought and action. Full many a soul too dulled to take in the undimmed glory of Immanuel can, and does, comprehend it when filtered through the life of a fellow mortal.

Paul had hold of the same idea when he wrote to the Corinthians, "Ye are our Epistle, known and read of all men." Christianity, in the abstract, men find difficulty in grasping, Christianity in the concrete, as manifested in the life of a true believer, they can comprehend: yes, and be moved thereby.

We then, fellow believers, are, by the Divine decree constituted as *mirrors* of Christ to the world around us. It is in this sense that Christ declares: "Ye are the light of the world," and adds, "Let your light shine!" As mirrors then we may test ourselves.

We doubtless all remember with what childish glee we used to behold ourselves reflected in the curved side of some brightly polished metallic teapot or coffee urn, at one moment finding our image drawn out to a supernatural length, with no breadth, and anon, our cheeks broadened out so as to reach almost from the handle of the teapot to its spout, and as we have grown older, in many a curved metallic surface have we seen distorted and hideous visions of beauteous objects.

I remember years ago going into a rented house in the city of Madras, with cheap bazaar furniture, and standing before a mirror of irregular and defective glass, imperfectly silvered with impure quicksilver.

The absurdity and painfulness of the image reflected back held me spellbound. One cheek protruded like a glassblower's: the other was sunken and wizened. One eye was round and benevolent: its companion was small, sinister and malignant. The nose was twisted: the mouth contorted. It was an ogre that stood before me, where my image should have been, and I said, "Alas, alas, is not this the way

in which some of us Christians at times throw back the image of our Master?"

You and I, fellow believer, you and I are taken; it is inevitable that we are taken as reflecting with some accuracy the image of our Christ. Let it be our daily prayer, our constant effort, that the mirror we present be not defective, cloudy, soiled or warped, and may we in truth *so* let our light shine before men that they may see our good works—in imitation of the Master, and so glorify our Father which is in heaven.

The Apostle Paul tells us as in the English revised version, "we all . . . *reflecting as a mirror* the glory of the Lord are transformed into the same image."

Thus may we Christians be transformed, and in verity become as Christ ordained, in some appreciable degree at least, "*The Light of the World.*"

Again we are taught that, in a somewhat different sense, *The Bible is the Light of the World.* The Psalmist says, "Thy Word, O God, *Thy* word *is a light unto my path*," and again he says, "The entrance of Thy Word giveth Light," or as the revised version has it, "*The opening of Thy Word giveth Light.*" St. Peter speaks of "*The sure word of Prophecy*" as "*a Light that shineth in a dark place*," and David says: "The Commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes," while Paul writes to Timothy

of "*The Holy Scriptures, which are able to make one wise unto Salvation.*"

Yes, in this Book, and in this alone of all books, does light glow forth that can make one indeed "wise unto salvation."

Other books do contain light: God hath not left Himself without a witness in any age or nation, and for all that there is of light in the sacred books of non-Christian religions are we missionaries devoutly thankful. But that light is now uncertain and misleading: it is true but insufficient. It stops short of the soul's direst need, and yet man is so constituted that he rejoices in any light. Well does Solomon say, "Truly the light *is* sweet." It is sweet, whether it be spiritual light or natural light.

A Hindu poet tells us of a little bird upon the western coast of India that builds its nest in the tuft at the top of the tall Palmyra tree, which, in a beautiful way, seeks to afford light and cheer to its little nestlings. As the dreary nights of the monsoon, or rainy season, come on, the mother bird flies afar in the dusk in search of a firefly, and, tenderly bringing it in its beak to its nest in the lofty tree, it impales it gently in the pellet of moist clay which it has already placed upon the side of the nest and retains it there throughout the long and gruesome night to give light to its little birdlings. The poet tells us that, as the dawn is breaking, the mother

bird, grateful for the light that has been bestowed, gently taking the firefly once more in its beak, flies back and safely places it whence it had brought it away.

Yes, the light is sweet, and fireflies do emit light, but it is sometimes misleading and destructive.

One dark monsoon night, thirty years ago, as I was going by the highway to one of my stations, I came to a low place with a large unwalled well upon one side and rice fields with a ditch upon the other. I knew the road well and thought I could follow it even if it were dark, but as I came into this hollow, the air in the intense darkness was alive with the flashes of myriads of fireflies circling all about and soon I found myself confused and dazzled, and, seeking to avoid the well on one side, I tumbled into the ditch on the other.

Such are many of the flashes of light that sparkle out from the Sacred Books of the East: beautiful but delusive. Others there are, true and helpful, indeed, but, alas! insufficient.

As given in detail in another chapter I once, on a belated tour in India, as five of us were long waiting for the arrival of our carts, with our beds and lanterns, took a large glowworm which I chanced to see crawling in the grass at my feet and making it crawl slowly down the page of my pocket Testament, by its light I read a chapter from the Divine Oracles

and we knelt and commended ourselves to the Shepherd of Israel so as to be ready to retire as soon as the carts should arrive. But who would use the glowworm's feeble glimmer when he could have the glorious light of the Orb of Day?

The light that shines in the choicest of Eastern Books falls short when the immortal soul is clamouring for more light, and cannot take another step without it.

The Védas, the Shástras, the sages, the poets of India, all have such glimmerings of light, and we missionaries come upon some such in unexpected places, which have made us glad.

The Telugu farmer poet, Vémana, who wrote some seven centuries ago in the Cuddapah District, and who is still the beloved of all the Telugus, descants of God and holiness as might a Paul or a John.

But Vémana never had a conception of God like that of the Psalmist, in his exultant cry, "Like as a father pitieth his children so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him." He never had a conception of the Evangel, "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life."

He did indeed long to see God, and knew that this could not be by the impure, for, as before quoted, he said: —

"But thine own heart must thou make pure, and then and then alone,
Shalt thou see Him no eye hath kenned : shalt thou behold thy King."

He had indeed caught the accent of the Beatitude, "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God," but with him, alas! it was "Thine own heart must thou make pure."

The repentant king of Israel had pleaded, "Create in me a clean heart, O God." Nicodemus had been told, "Ye must be born again." Philip had said to the jailor, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." The Nazarene with winning voice had called, "Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest," and Paul had shown that "in Him we have redemption through His blood—the forgiveness of sins according to the riches of His grace."

But in no other religion than that of Christ is it taught that God Himself will do this for the penitent believer.

Aye, even in that land of the lauded Védas has it been left that now through the agency of His messengers, should Christ, to that people also bring life and immortality to light through the Gospel. Thus the Bible there and everywhere now and always of all books, is "The Light of the World." In the 119th Psalm we read : —"Thy word is a lamp unto

my feet." Another version renders it still more aptly, "Thy word is *a lantern* unto my feet."

A lantern can go anywhere, through wind and rain, through desert and jungle, as well as through humble hut or stately palace. So it is with the Bible.

In these days of electrical invention we are told of a new electric lantern made to work with a small storage battery concealed in its base. When closed, and not in use, it appears somewhat like a hand camera, a kodak. When its light is wanted, one has but to open back one of its sides, revealing a clear crystal slide beneath it. By the opening a contact is formed and an ample electric light is emitted, which continues until the outer door is once more closed.

The lantern may be sent anywhere. It works equally well thousands of miles from any electric plant. No energy is expended while it is closed and not at work. Could it now be arranged that the electricity of the clouds circulating all about us, should keep this storage battery forever charged, that lantern would be in some respects a fitting illustration of the working of the Divine Word, for in the 105th verse we read, "Thy word is a lantern to my feet," and in the 130th verse, "The *opening* (R. V.) of Thy Word giveth light."

To show its working, even after long disuse, on being opened, let me give an instance. Christ said, "Ye shall be witnesses unto Me," as a witness to

"The Light of the World," do I give this illustration.

In 1863, four native assistants and myself, on a five months' preaching tour, went up through the till then unvisited dominions of the Nizam of Hyderabad, to preach and distribute Scriptures and tracts through the length of his kingdom. We took two cart loads of Bibles, Scripture portions, and tracts, in five languages with us for distribution, chiefly by sale.

Four hundred miles from our starting-point we came to Warangal, the capital of the old Telugu Empire, which was standing in all its glory, its walls being twenty miles in circuit, with a million of inhabitants, when Columbus discovered America, but now for centuries decaying, though the old iron gates still swing on their hinges. It was the first time the Christian Scriptures had been seen, or the name of Jesus Christ heard, in all that region.

We halted four days in the old capital, preaching in all its remaining streets and suburbs, and selling the Divine Oracles—"God's lanterns" from morning until night.

At sunrise each morning we took several boxes of books on an open cart, and, mounting it ourselves, drove into the streets. Stopping in the centre of a street and all standing up on the cart we sang a "Gospel Call" to one of the old but sweet Telugu melodies that have come down through thirty gener-

ations and thus gathered an audience. As it was so novel there, the people came in crowds. One of my assistants would read from one of the Gospels and explain it. I would follow, standing up on the cart to be seen and heard of all, setting forth as clearly and forcibly as I could, God's plan of salvation through His own Son, Jesus Christ, and then, opening the book-boxes, I said, "Brothers, we have come a long way to tell you of this Divine Redeemer. We cannot remain here. We may never come again, but we have brought with us the history of this '*Parama Guru*,' this Saviour of the world, yes, and the whole *True Véda*, which God has given us to tell us all about Himself and how we may get rid of sin and find Him. We will sell these to you at a marvellously cheap price, for we must go on. Here is a history of the Divine Redeemer, the '*Parama Guru*,' written by the physician Luke. The price is only one *dub* (about half-a-cent); who will have one?"

Out came the wallets; up came the *dubs;* out went the books; down from the cart sprang three of the native assistants, with arms full of books and pressing through the crowd, sold to the distant ones as we sold to those near by.

After some twenty minutes, another book was explained and then sold in the same way, and then the Bible for fifty *dubs* or the New Testament for twenty *dubs.*

When all had purchased who wished to in that street, we drove to another and repeated the process and so on until eleven o'clock, when we returned to camp for breakfast and to rest until 4 P. M.; then we would go to still other streets and work on thus till dark. Four days of this work resulted, as my records show, in the sale of 1,225 books, chiefly Gospels and large tracts, but including nine Bibles and six New Testaments, and we had preached thus to forty audiences in those streets.

Twenty-eight years passed, there came to my house at Madanapalle a man of twenty-eight or thirty years of age, of the merchant caste, with a singular story. He was from that part of the old Telugu capital where we had sold the largest number of books. He may have been an infant when we were there; he may not have been born: he did not know his exact age. His father had died when he was a child. His father's brother had brought him up as a son. When near twenty years of age he was one day rummaging in a cupboard of his uncle's house when he came upon an old book. It was called the "*Kotta Nibandhana*" (the New Testament).

He asked his uncle about it.

"O it's a book I bought many years ago."

"Well, what is it about, uncle?"

"They said, when I bought it, that it told of a new way of getting rid of sin."

"Have you read it?"

"No, after I bought it I showed it to our family priest and he persuaded me not to read it. You had better not read it either. Our fathers' way is good enough for me, and for you, too. Put it back where you found it."

The young man put it back, but every now and then, secretly at first, he took it out and read parts of it. He became interested, then absorbed. He would talk with his friends about that Divine Guru, *Yesu Kristu*, and wanted to find where he could learn more about Him. His uncle and friends became alarmed. They would not have him embrace a new religion. They tore up and burned the New Testament. They raised a sufficient purse and bade him to go on a pilgrimage, first to Benares and then to the other holy places of the Hindus, to reëstablish his faith in his own religion.

For two years he thus wandered visiting the most sacred places of the Hindus. At last he came to the holy mountain of Tirupati, with those massive temples on its summit, only sixty miles from my station, Madanapalle, and worshipped there. His mind had become more and more dissatisfied with the Hinduism which he saw exemplified at the successive holy shrines. He asked some of the other pilgrims if they had ever heard of people who were proclaiming a divine redeemer whom they called *Yesu Kristu*.

At last he found a man who said, "Yes, there are some people of that sort sixty miles west of here, at Madanapalle, who go all around the country preaching about their *Yesu Kristu* and trying to make us give up our Gods and these our holy shrines. There are not many people who believe them, but they keep at it. You keep clear of them! Our father's gods are good enough for us, their children. Hari! Hari! Govinda! Vishnu! Jaya" (to Vishnu be the victory).

Secretly, by night, he slipped away and, walking the sixty miles across the country, he came to Madanapalle. For several days he stopped in a native rest-house in the town, while reconnoitring the ground and making enquiries about these strange people and their teachings. Finally he fell in with one of my assistants, one of the very men who had stood with me on the cart and sold Scriptures in the old Telugu capital twenty-eight years before, and with him he came to see me and told us his story. Earnestly did he study God's word for some weeks under our guidance, and then he asked to be baptized into the name of that *Yesu Kristu* whom he had so strangely learned about and had come to love and trust.

As I pronounced the Triune name over him, in the holy ordinance, I thanked God for this new evidence of the verity of His promise, "My word shall not return unto Me void," "For I watch over My word to perform it."

That was the work of one of these God-given "Lanterns," that had been piled away with rubbish for nearly a generation, but which, once opened out, shone forth to the illuminating of at least one human soul.

The Divine Word; a lantern that first lights our path, to be then, by our agency, passed on to others, emitting light to every one in all the world who opens it with desire; this is the agency for the illumination of this sin-beclouded world; this the enginery at our command for awakening all the dark lands of the world and uplifting them to Christ.

How can we make this God-appointed enginery still more efficient than even in the past for those about us; for all whom we can reach?

First by ourselves being *more Spirit-filled*, and thus, in the technical language of the day, increasing our own candle-power.

The Christ about to suffer had told His disciples: "It is expedient for you that I go away," "but I will pray the Father and He shall give you another *Paraclete*, that He may be with you forever, even the Spirit of truth." "He shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you." "He shall testify of Me: and ye also shall bear witness."

The risen Christ announced to His disciples: "Ye shall receive power when the Holy Spirit is come

upon you: and ye shall be My witnesses . . . unto the uttermost part of the earth," and a tender voice is wafted in upon us. "Have ye received the Holy Spirit?" Have ye received that power?

The Apostle says: "Your body *is* the Temple of the Holy Spirit." Is that true of you; of me? Will we, by God's grace, make it true?

Stephen, before the Sanhedrim, was, we are told, "full of the Holy Spirit," "and all that sat in the council looking steadfastly on him saw his face as it had been the face of an angel." God can make this true of any one of us.

Nor is it the Holy Spirit alone that may dwell in us. Paul, in his glowing prayer for his Ephesian converts, prays, "that ye may know the love of Christ, that passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled *with all the fullness of God.*"

In that wonderful prayer of the Christ about to suffer, He said, "The glory which Thou gavest Me *I have given them*, that they may be one, even as we are one: *I in them and Thou in Me*"—the Father in the Son: the Son in us: the "Other Paraclete" abiding in us: *The Holy Trinity thus making His abode in us.* Then shall we be indeed true moons to the Sun of Righteousness, with ever-increasing brilliancy radiating back His light. Then shall we realize to those about us the Saviour's declaration, "*Ye are the Light of the World.*"

V

PRESENTING CHRIST TO THE HINDUS; THE BRAHMAN HIGH PRIEST

ALL through the country do we missionaries go, presenting Jesus Christ as the "Light of the World," as the only Saviour from sin who can and will save all mankind, if they will but accept Him as their Saviour. We meet with varied receptions, and have to present the truth in different ways to different audiences, of different grades of intelligence and diverse attitudes of mind.

We endeavour never to abuse their gods nor needlessly to attack their systems as an angry man will not well listen to, or take in, the truth. We seek to present, with courtesy and kindness and love, a higher truth than any they have, satisfied that if that truth finds an entrance, their system will go. If specious objections are brought forward, we sometimes have to turn aside and answer those before they will listen to the truth.

Sometimes we are received with real courtesy, but more often we are treated at first with scorn, and sometimes with real abuse. We are obliged to vary the weapons we use, according to those utilized by

those who attack us, always having however at hand the whole panoply of God to draw upon as needed, for the missionary in a close place does reverently recognize sometimes the fulfillment of the Saviour's promise, in Mark 13 : 11, "for it is not ye that speak but the Holy Spirit."

I desire here to give an incident as a sample of the methods we use on occasion, though, as I have said, they are very varied.

Two of us missionaries were once on a preaching tour in the Telugu country, and had gone into a native state in that part of which missionaries had then never before preached and had pitched our tents under a mango grove, just outside the chief city gate of the walled town of Chintámennipet. We had been told that on an eminence in the northern part of the city was a famous school for training young Brahmans as priests, with a noted Brahman high priest at its head.

Pitching our camp in the morning, we had remained through the heat of that August day in our tent under the grateful mango shade, and when the sun began to approach the western horizon we, with our native assistants, went through the gates to the market-place in the centre of the town, and taking our position on the wide stone steps on its north side, we together sang a rallying gospel song to one of their favourite old Telugu tunes, and, reading from the

VILLAGE SCHOOL FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

Gathered, with their teachers, in the shade of a cocoanut palm grove

word of God, we began to preach to the large throng that had assembled, on God, and man, and sin, and redemption.

The audience was listening attentively as we were speaking of the nature of sin and how it could be got rid of, when down the street leading from the Acropolis on which stood the "school of the prophets," we saw approaching a venerable Brahman priest in his robes, surrounded by some thirty young Brahmans who seemed to be his disciples.

Slowly approaching us through the crowd who made way for him with his disciples, he came up to within a little distance of the market steps upon which we were standing, and making a snort of utter scorn, which the Brahman knows how to do with emphasis, he addressed us, "Yes, talk to *us* about *sin*, do you, you old *beef-eaters*, you revilers of our gods?"

"We have not been reviling your gods, my venerable friend," replied one of the missionaries; "ask these people who have been listening to us; but we have been courteously talking about the matter that is of the highest import on earth or in heaven to every man that lives, and we desire to go on and speak farther of that matter which concerns you and your disciples as well as those that were listening, but since you have interrupted us we will, before resuming, ask you a few questions.

"You charge us with being *beef-eaters*, as if that were the most heinous of sins. Now, will you kindly tell us in exactly what the heinousness of that consists? Is it in the taking away from a creature the principle of life, with which it has been endowed by the Creator? for while we are not ourselves in the habit of killing and eating beef, we acknowledge that most English people in India do so, and we should like to know just in what the essence of the sin consists. Is it in the depriving a living being of the principle of life with which it has been endowed by its Creator?"

"Yes, that is just it. You Europeans take life and eat the dead animals just to satisfy your own appetite."

"I understand," said the missionary, "the real sin consists in depriving a living creature of life. Now, does it make any difference how large or how small that animal is? Is the sin any more heinous if one kills an elephant than if he kills a calf?"

"No, not at all, the act is the same."

"You are sure, are you, that the sin is the same, whatever be the size of the living thing? I wish to be clear on that point."

"Yes, there can be no difference in the character of the act. The sin is the same; it can only be intensified if one takes such life for his own benefit or convenience, or to save him trouble."

"My venerable friend! You know not into what

a position this puts you. If this be true and you wish to avoid heinous sin, you have but one thing to do. You must very cautiously and circumspectly pick your way home and spread down your mat and lie down on it and expire, for you cannot live another day without committing mortal sin, yes, multitudes of such sins."

"Why, how is that?" said he, quite startled.

"I will tell you. It is now approaching sunset. As you turn to go back to your abode the sunset-ants will be running in myriads over the streets, as is their wont, for their evening meal, and, walk as carefully as you may, you will step upon some of them and crush them. When you reach your home your wife will spread down your dining mat upon the floor, and place your evening meal upon it, and you will sit down to eat, and in doing so you will inevitably crush some of the many insects which, unseen by your wife, were upon the floor when she spread the mat down. But, far worse than that, in cooking that delicious pot of rice and curry your wife had used many dried *bratties*. Now, as we all know, *bratties* are made from rice husks coarsely mixed with cow dung, and stuck up on the wall in the sun to dry. Into their interstices multitudes of small insects crawl, to avoid the heat of the sun, and remain in their hiding-places when the *bratties* are dried. Your wife used those dried *bratties* as fuel to boil your rice,

and thus your evening meal was cooked by a holocaust of living beings, which were sacrificed for the delectation of your palate. Your wife brings to you your little brass water-pot for you to quench your thirst; in each drop of water are multitudes of infinitesimal living beings, animalcules.

"If you will bring a sample of your choicest drinking water to our tent to-morrow at midday when the sun is bright we will show you with our magnifying lens, or microscope, hosts of these infinitesimal living beings, these animalcules in each drop of water. When you take that water into your stomach to quench your thirst the gastric juice kills myriads of those animalcules, so that your stomach becomes a veritable cemetery.

"No, my friend, you cannot live another day without destroying the principle of life in some living creatures, and you say that it makes no difference what is the size or character of the living creature, the taking away of its life is murder. The only thing then for you to do, if you wish to avoid what you have declared to be mortal sin, my venerable friend, is for you to have these your disciples go before you to your home, very carefully sweeping a path before you all the way, and spread down your mat, and expire. I am telling you what all learned men know to be true."

The venerable priest fairly gasped as this picture

was completed and his group of disciples looked at each other with deep concern.

"I admit," said the old Brahman, after standing thinking for a time, "that you have brought forward matter for which I was not prepared. I must have time to look up the Védas, but I will meet you here again to-morrow, at the same hour, and then I am sure I can demolish you."

"Very well," said the missionary, "we will gladly waive that matter for the present. When you came we were talking about sin and how to get rid of it, and that, you will admit, is the most important question that can engage the attention of mortal man, and now, my venerable friend, let us resume its consideration, and see if we cannot together, in a kindly spirit, find some light upon the matter. I am going to ask you, as I have asked many of your venerable men, what is the real meaning of the Sanskrit slóka that you Brahmans devoutly chant, as you go to the river for your daily ablutions? What you chant is this, is it not?" and the missionary chanted in the rich Sanskrit:

"Pápóham pápakarmáham, pápátmá pápa sambhavaha,
Tráhimám krupayá, dévá, sharaná gata vatsala.

"Is not its real meaning this? (speaking in Telugu), 'I am a sinner, my actions are sinful, my soul is sinful, all that pertains to me is polluted with sin. Do

Thou, O God, that hast mercy on those who seek Thy refuge, do Thou take away my sins.' "

"Yes, that is it," said he, with very evident respect for one who could correctly chant the holy texts, and his disciples looked at one another and smiled approval.

"Now," said the missionary, "we are agreed on that point, that we are all of us sinful, and that we cannot of our own selves get rid of our sins, but must have God's help.

"The next great question is how to obtain that help. Your own beloved poet, Vémana, says (intoning it in *Telugu*):

" 'Tis not by roaming deserts wild, nor gazing at the sky ;
'Tis not by bathing in the stream, nor pilgrimage to shrine,
But thine own heart must thou make pure, and then, and then alone,
Shalt thou see Him no eye hath kenned, shalt thou behold thy King.'

"Now how can our hearts be made pure so that we can indeed see God? That secret has been revealed by the great God in the Holy Bible, the true Véda, and my ancestors have learned it; shall I tell it to you?"

All were now attentive while the missionary went on to tell them the story of stories, the story of redeeming love. He told them that sin was not, as so many regarded it, simply the violation of the cere-

monial law; but that sin was any disobedience of that only one true God who had created, preserves and blesses us, and who alone was entitled to our perfect obedience. He told them how, when man had fallen into sin and lost all harmony with God and become His enemy, that God of love had determined Himself to save him, and how God had sent His own Son into this world as a divine Guru, a divine Saviour, for our sins, and opening one of the Gospels in his hands he read out distinctly in the melodious Telugu, "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life." "That only begotten Son of God," continued the missionary, "was not born in England or America, so that this could not be regarded only as a white man's religion. He was born in a land midway between here and England, in Asia, your own continent, so that He was more akin to you than to us."

And then the missionary went on to tell of that wonderful virgin-birth, foretold by God's prophets hundreds of years before, and for whose coming God had prepared a people by centuries of discipline, and he further told of the wonderful life and works and words of that Jesus Christ while here upon earth; of His deeds of love and mercy; of His giving sight to the blind, causing the deaf to hear, healing the sick, raising the dead, and yet how He was rejected by

those He had come to save, and how He was crucified, and buried, and how on the morning of the third day He rose again from the grave by His own divine power.

During this recital there was absorbed silence, and at its close the missionary said :

"This, venerable friend and all who hear me, is the Christian religion which my people beyond the sea have received and believe, and because they believe it and want you to know the glad tidings and share the same salvation, and in obedience to their Saviour's last command to go into all the world and tell the news to everybody, they have sent us here to tell this best news that mortal ear has ever heard to all you people, that you too may be able, by His help, to get rid of sin and gain heaven. It was not to revile your gods that we came, but to give you the cap-sheaf of the highest aspirations of your Védas, your seers, your poets, who have longed to know of a surety how to be able to get rid of sin, but to whom it was not then revealed. Do you wonder that having this good news we were anxious to tell it to you?"

The old priest was evidently much touched, and so were his disciples, and continued quiet and thoughtful for some time. At length he spoke.

"Sir," said he, "you read from your Véda that God has sent His Son into the world that all who be-

lieve in Him might be saved. Are there then two Gods, the Father and the Son? We have three, Brahma the creator, Vishnu the preserver, and Siva the destroyer. You, it would seem, believe in two. Am I right in this?"

"No, my friend, there is but one God, who has revealed Himself to us in the true Véda which He has given us, but He has revealed Himself as one God in three persons, God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, three persons in one godhead."

"Can you explain how that is?"

"No, my friend, I frankly tell you that that is a 'mystery' that no human being can fully comprehend."

"How then can you believe it if you cannot understand it?"

"Because God Himself has taught it in the true Véda, the Holy Bible, which He has revealed to us. We cannot understand all about God. If we could, we would deem ourselves His equals. We must take many things by faith, and believe them simply because God says so—even though we cannot with our finite minds understand them fully."

"You, too, believe many things that you do not understand. You take a dry mango seed; you put it in the ground and pour water upon it. You believe that pretty soon a tiny shoot will appear, that it will grow up into a tree, that the tree will blossom,

that small fruits will appear, that they will grow and ripen, and that you will have delicious mangoes to eat like those the seed of which you have planted. But do you understand how all this is brought about? How it is that that mango seed and the common earth, with ordinary water poured upon it and sunshine, will make that fine tree and that delicious fruit? Do you understand how it is that when your mind feels angry or mortified your face becomes red and burns, as yours did a few minutes ago as we were talking about your going home and spreading out your mat and expiring?

"There are myriads of mysteries all about us that no man can understand. It is enough for us to know that God says so—especially, when He teaches us about Himself and about the way to get rid of sin, and come into harmony with Himself.

"Your great concern and mine should be, how we can get rid of sin and get into harmony with God, so that we shall be prepared to dwell with Him forever. God has told us all this in His Holy Word. Would you like to take some of these Gospels, which contain the life and teachings of Jesus Christ, home with you and read them carefully and think them over, and see if they do not give you more soul-satisfying news than anything you have ever heard before?"

Other objections had been thrown in, and searching questions asked us, as "Your religion may be good

for you, and ours for us," and "Does not Fate or Destiny, after all, control all things, so that a man is not responsible for his actions, and God cannot justly punish us for what we do?" and the like, to each of which the missionary had been able, with the promised aid, to render such answer as had silenced the opponents, but which space does not allow to be detailed here and which consumed the time until darkness was coming on, when the missionary said, "But it is getting late and you have proposed that we meet here again to-morrow and talk more about this most important of all themes. We will bid you, meantime, good-night."

The venerable high priest accepted one each of the Gospels, and bidding us an unexpectedly courteous good-evening withdrew with his disciples, and we, bidding good-bye to the large audience, turned back to our tents, promising to be there at the same time the next day to tell them some more about this "good news."

The next day at midday when everybody was indoors at their noon meal the missionaries noticed as they looked through the meshes of the *tattie*, or hanging screen at the door of their tent, a well-dressed man cautiously picking his way on the ridges of the rice-fields, approaching the tent. Coming up to the *tattie* and pausing, a courteous voice, which seemed to sound familiar, asked, "Sir, may I come in?"

"Certainly," was the reply. Raising the *tattie* and stepping in, the venerable high priest of the previous evening appeared, but without his priestly garb, and looking cautiously about asked, "May I close this tent-curtain?"

"Certainly," was our response.

"Is there any one within hearing?" "No, our people have all gone to their midday meal." His whole bearing changed to one of frank friendliness, as he now said:

"Sir, I promised to meet you at the market-place again this evening for farther discussion, but I have been thinking it over since, and I have read those little books you let me have, and I am not going to meet you there. Our system cannot stand the light that you are letting in upon it. Some things you said last evening cannot be answered. I made the best show I could at answering them there, as I was surrounded by my disciples and had to appear to be holding my own.

"But, sir, I am not going to meet you in discussion in public again. Your system seems so pure, so holy, so good, it appeals to the best there is in man. It so satisfies the soul's highest desires that it seems as though it must be, as you say it is, a revelation from a God of purity and love, who really seeks the highest happiness and good of us sinful men. It does seem as though through that God-man, Jesus Christ,

about whose birth, life, words and works I have been reading all night, we sinful men might find hope, and pardon and peace, and, as you say, eternal life.

"But, sir, we Brahmans cannot afford to let you succeed in introducing your system here in India. Just look at the plight in which it would leave us. Now we are looked up to as demi-gods and are worshipped by all the people. We reap the rich revenues of all the temple endowment lands. At every birth, marriage, and death, at every family ceremonial, we receive rich fees and presents. We live on the fat of the land.

"But let your religion prevail, which teaches that we are all children of one God, and all equal in His sight, and we Brahmans fall from our high pedestal and will have to mingle with the ignoble throng and struggle with them for our existence. No, sir, good as your system is, and I admit that it really seems far better than ours, we Brahmans cannot afford to let you succeed in introducing it. We must fight you," and this he said with seemingly real sadness.

"But, sir," he went on, "the character of Jesus Christ so appeals to me; the system of morality in these books is so high and noble, that I must have these books to teach their precepts to my disciples. You said last night that you would sell them to any one who wanted them. I have brought the money to purchase one for each of my disciples. You will let

me have them, will you not, even if I cannot join your religion?"

How gladly did we furnish him with those copies of the "Word of Life." How earnestly did we again talk with him of Jesus Christ and His salvation, and press upon him the acceptance of that Jesus Christ as his own personal Saviour.

He listened reverently but, as he finally took his leave, he said, "It does seem, good sirs, as though it must be true; but, sirs, as I before said, I cannot bring myself to give up the position I hold as high priest of all this region, and as the preceptor of this school of young Brahmans. But I am going to teach them the morality of these books and to admire and pattern after the character of the Jesus Christ of whom they tell such winning stories.

"But I must go back to my school now, for I do not want any one to know that I have been to see you, and that is why I left off my priestly robes and came around from the north gate through the rice-fields to your tent at midday when no one would be likely to see me."

And, tying the Gospels he had purchased, one for each of his pupils, in one end of his turban cloth, which he had loosened for the purpose, he bade us a very courteous farewell, and wended his way again around through the rice-fields to the north gate of the city unobserved.

We never saw him again, for the next touring season we took a very long journey in another direction, anxious to sow the Gospel seed "beside all waters," and, our work developing greatly in another direction, we were not able again to visit that region.

Whether he ever personally accepted Jesus Christ as his Saviour, we do not know, but we are comforted by remembering that in another case a venerable Brahman *Mantri* and his son, to whom we had proclaimed the same "good news" in another native state, sent word to me four years later by a chance Christian traveller, who was benighted at their town and who they learned was journeying to the region where I lived, that since my visit and talk with them and giving them the New Testament, they had read in that blessed book every day, and every day they kneeled in prayer to that Jesus Christ of whom I had told them, and that through His merits they hoped to meet me in heaven where they would tell me all about how they had been led.

No word has ever come from that Brahman high priest, but it may be that he too has accepted Jesus Christ as his personal Saviour, and that we may meet him too in glory, saved by faith in Jesus Christ as the Son of God.

What an incentive this gives us for prayer that the many throughout India who have thus heard of

Jesus Christ and been drawn towards Him, may have grace given them to accept Him, at no matter what personal sacrifice to themselves, and in this we are encouraged by God's own promise that "My word shall not return unto Me void."

VI

MEDICAL MISSIONS A HANDMAID TO EVANGELIZATION: THEIR SPHERE AND THEIR WORKING

THE sphere, *par excellence*, for medical missions, that sphere where they are most needed, where their influence is most felt, is in the entering upon new fields, the opening out of missionary work in new localities, where one wishes to become acquainted with the people, and to gain their good-will, both towards himself and his message and his Master, as soon as he can. Not that medical missions are not of exceeding value, even in an old established mission; but they reveal their greatest power for good, their greatest immediate results, where a missionary, usually a foreigner, in going among a strange people of a different religion, is likely to be looked upon with suspicion, treated with coldness, if not with disdain and opposition, and where he finds his message listened to with only partially concealed aversion. It is in such circumstances, above all, that the missionary needs most closely to follow in the footsteps of his Master, who "went about all the cities and villages—preaching

the Gospel of the kingdom and healing every sickness and every disease among the people."

The *theory* of medical missions can just as well be presented by one who has not been in mission fields. It is, however, *as a witness on the stand* that I present this chapter of personal experience; and this necessitates my detailing what my own eyes have seen; and somewhat of what my hands have done; for hearsay evidence is of little value; and what I present shall be what I myself have seen and passed through, even though it might not be seemly, under other circumstances, to speak so much of one's own work.

Going to India in 1859, after three years of service and the acquiring of the language, it fell to my lot to go on some sixty miles beyond where missionary work had ever before been done, and open up entirely new territory, with headquarters at Madanapalle. The intention was that itinerating and evangelistic labours should be our chief work, for our mission had a large medical work and hospital eighty miles to the south.

Living with my family in tents while I built a temporary home, my assistants and myself had busied ourselves in preaching in the surrounding villages, as well as in all the streets of the town of ten thousand people. We were received coldly. The people did not wish their ancient faith disturbed. The Brahmans spat as we passed through their street,

and would scarcely deign to listen to us as we preached at the open corners of their highways. I had not then designed undertaking medical work: the Lord, however, ordered otherwise.

Scarcely were we settled in our temporary house when the annual drawing of the idol car in the town occurred. At eleven o'clock at night, as with torch-light procession the car was being drawn by the multitude it came to a standstill. The ropes had snapped, and the car could not be moved. "The gods are angry! The gods are angry!" shouted the priests. "Run and bring cocoanuts to break over the wheels and propitiate the deities or we are cursed."

Off ran the people to get cocoanuts for the libation. They were broken on the big wooden wheels, and the milk ran down freely. A well-to-do farmer had brought his. In striking one on the wheel to break it, it had slipped and fallen on the ground inside the wheel. He reached his hand under the front of the wheel to get the cocoanut. The people were straining at the mended ropes. Just then, "the gods became propitious"; the car moved forward with a lurch, and passed over the hand and forearm of the farmer reaching for his cocoanut, breaking the bones and mangling the flesh.

From my treatment of some of the workmen who had met with an accident in the building of my house, the people had come to know that I was a

doctor. Friends carried the wounded man to his house in the main (farmer's) street of the town, and ran a quarter of a mile to my house to waken me and ask me to come and save the man's life, and if possible his arm and right hand. Taking restoratives and necessary appliances, I hastened to his house to find them already singing the death-wail over him. From nervous shock and loss of blood he had fainted, and they supposed him to be dead. The Lord gave me that man's life. How I worked over the case! There were ten bone fractures, besides the mangling of muscles, sinews, nerves, and blood vessels. How our few Christians prayed! The man recovered and regained the use even of that hand, his plough hand.

He was a member of a large and influential family of landed farmers. Not one of that family, we were told, ever joined in the idol car observances again. Few Sabbaths passed on which some of them were not seen at our Christian service. None of them openly embraced Christianity; but from that day they all were the Christians' friends and defenders, and a few years later one of them, *Musalappa* by name, the village magistrate, died calling on the Lord Jesus. One of his cousins afterwards told me that he had begged them when very near death to send for the missionary doctor. They feared that he would be baptized, and break caste, and bring them into dis-

grace, and hence refused to do so. I knew naught of it till long after, but they then told me of the words of faith and hope in the Lord Jesus he had uttered with his last breath, exhorting them all to yield to Christ, and I was glad.

Later, after I had been compelled by Providence to begin organized medical work, there came to me, at my house at midday, one of the leading Brahmans, *Venkayya* by name, a well-educated man, a minor official, saying with deep emotion, "O sir, my wife is dying. Do come and save her." I asked about her case and he told me, adding, "Our native doctors say she cannot live the day through, but you can save her if you only will. Do come, I implore you." I told him I could do nothing without going right into her zenana apartment, to her bedside and carefully examining her. "Do anything you like, only save her," was his reply. Obtaining my promise he went home. After earnest prayer that God would use this opening to His glory, I followed. Venkayya received me at the corner of the main street and conducted me openly to his house and directly into the zenana, to his wife's bedside. She was very, very low. God heard my prayer, guided the treatment, and blessed the remedies. In a few weeks she was about the house a smiling happy wife and mother. That opened the Brahman houses of the town to the missionary doctor, and many a case

of midwifery, fever, and accident, did I attend in the highest Brahman houses from that day forward.

I knew that this Brahman was intensely grateful, but was hardly prepared for a testimony to the missionary and his motive power, the Bible, which he gave at a large gathering of his co-religionists in Madanapalle, a few months later.

At the close of an address which I had given to a large audience of non-Christian Hindus, in which I had set forth as in the first chapter of this book, the insufficiency of the Védas and the all-sufficiency of the Bible to lift a soul to God, he gave that remarkable address on the Bible given in some detail in a previous chapter.

A few months later, a Mohammedan police officer, *Moideen Saib* by name, came to me as I was very busy in my hospital one day, begging me to come to his house and see his young wife who was very sick, saying that their hakims (Mohammedan doctors), had just told him that she could not possibly live. I had treated him, two years before, for a very serious ailment and he had recovered, and now, in full confidence, he appealed to me to save his wife. My chief assistant was absent on leave, my second assistant was himself down with typhoid fever. There was an epidemic of cholera, another of smallpox, and still another of typhoid fever in town at the time, and I was driven with work to my wits' end.

I said, "You see how driven with work I am, and how many are crowding around me all the time at the hospital. I cannot go to your house. Bring your wife here and I will do my best to save her."

"No, sir, we are of the *Gósha* sect (the most secluded). I cannot bring my wife out of the house." "But," said I, "you can bring her in a curtained *jutka* (native coach) which can back right up to the side door of the women's private ward, and I will do the very best I possibly can for her. I cannot go to your house."

"Then she will have to die where she is," he groaned, "for we would be outcasts if I let her pass through the streets even in a closed coach; that is our law." And he burst into tears.

I went. She was one of the most beautiful oriental young women I had ever seen. God again had a purpose to accomplish and gave me her life. I visited her once or twice a day for ten days. At my final visit, as I bade her good-bye, she, seated on her Persian rug on the floor, threw herself forward, clasped my ankles and kissed my feet, saying: "You have saved my life; what can I do to show my gratitude?"

From that day the secluded Mohammedan houses were open to the missionary doctor and many a one did I enter on errands of mercy. The sullen hatred of the Mohammedans then ceased to be manifested;

the *Moulvi* even becoming my friend. Mohammedan children, moreover, began coming to the missionary's school, and Mohammedans listened respectfully to our preaching.

A wandering Hindu Sanyási, an aged man, was taken ill as he came to our town on his circuit. He was brought to our hospital. Long treatment was required. He heard the daily reading of the Divine Word, and the proclamation of salvation through Jesus Christ. After some weeks, he privately asked the Christian assistant more and more about this Jesus. When dismissed from the hospital cured, he came to our church and was baptized in the name of the Triune God, and old Shántappa lived and died a happy Christian.

But how about the distant villages? Does it not hinder the work in and for them? Nay, it helps.

In the early days of my dispensary work, I was seated in the prescribing room, shortly after sunrise one morning, with fifty patients already present, waiting for treatment. I had read from Holy Writ and had preached to the patients, and offered prayer for guidance in diagnosing and prescribing for the diseases and in administering remedies, that all who were treated in the name of Christ might recover, and that He, the Great Physician, would Himself heal the maladies of their souls. While I was prescribing for the patients, one by one, the tooting of

trumpets and blowing of horns announced that some great man was coming, and soon up to the rear door of the dispensary, where I was sitting, drove the travelling coach of the old Nabob of Gurramkonda, who lived twenty-five miles to the north. His *Mantri*, or prime minister, came in, saying that his master, the Nabob's son, was in the coach ; that ten days before he had got his jaw out of joint ; that there was not a blacksmith nor a barber within ten miles but had had a tug at that jaw, though all to no avail ; that last evening they had heard of this new foreign doctor, who was said to do such wondrous things, and the Nabob had ordered him to get up the big bullock coach, and, travelling through the night, he brought the young man right to my hospital, to see if anything could possibly be done for him. The young man came in. His jaw was wide open, with some webbing tied under the chin and over the crown of the head, and a stick put in and twisted up as tight as possible, lest it should get still wider open ! This was taken off before I examined him. Every surgeon knows what a simple thing it is to set a jaw, if one knows how. My thumbs, wound in napkins, went into his mouth and the jaw came instantly into place. The old *Mantri*, and all his followers declared that it was a *miracle*, and went back home noising abroad the wonderful tale. The next time we went on a preaching tour all through those villages to the

north, nearly every village turned out a fine audience of interested listeners, eager to know the truth, taught by "the great doctor." We felt the effects of that one slight operation all through that tour.

In June, 1869, there was brought to my hospital in a hammock-like blanket tied to a long bamboo, borne on the shoulders of four of his kinsmen, a two-days' journey from their village, a young man, *Rámudu*, whose life could only be saved by a critical surgical operation, so critical, that I at first declined to undertake it, believing that he would die under the knife. I however laid the case before the Master, and He seemed to bid me go on. I performed the operation. To my joy, if not surprise, the young man recovered. His uncle, a tall, spare man suffering from loss of vision had come with him. I was able to restore his sight by treatment.

When both were cured, they came to my house to express their thanks and bid me good-bye. They asked me to let them have some of the Gospels they had heard read daily, and some tracts explaining them, to take home with them, as they said they were never going to worship their old gods again, and they wished these Gospels to read to their fellow villagers, that they, too, might know the true God. They took them and went home. I asked my assistant if he had recorded the names of their village, and *Táluk* or county, for when the hot season was

over, and we could tour again, we would go out into their region for a tour and visit them, for they were evidently in earnest.

We went to the Táluk recorded, but could find no such village. There had been a mistake in the record. We lost sight of them. Three years elapsed. We were out with our tents on a tour in another Táluk. At a weekly fair our two patients found us, and begged us to come to their village, four miles away among the hills, for all the people of the little village or hamlet wanted to embrace Christianity. The next morning at sunrise, we were there. Every householder came forward and signed a covenant for himself and family, renouncing heathenism, giving up their idols, and promising to obey the precepts of the Gospel, so far as they knew them or might be taught them—we promising to give them a teacher to instruct them in the way of God more perfectly. Of the worthy life and triumphant death of those two men time fails me to tell. Two other hamlets of the relatives were brought over to Christianity by their influence. The surgeon's knife had cut the bonds of their hereditary superstition, and they became free men in Christ Jesus.

In 1873, I was once riding rapidly on my horse, twenty miles from my station, on my way to attend a case of an accident out in the district, when I saw a venerable Brahman walking in the road towards

me. Looking intently at me as I rapidly approached, he held up his hands to arrest my progress and eagerly asked me, "Sir, are you the missionary doctor from Madanapalle?"

"I am," said I.

"Well, sir, will you please stop, and let me talk with you a little? I have come in on foot eighty miles to see you, and now you are going by, away from your home. I know not where I could find you again; will you please let me have a little conversation with you?"

The Master's business is always my business, so I sprang from my horse to let him rest for the farther journey while we sat under a banyan tree and conversed.

"Sir," said he, "I have never before seen a missionary. I have never seen your Véda. But one of our townsmen went to your hospital some time ago and was healed, and brought back your hospital ticket that you give your patients, on the back of which was printed a statement of your religion. Here it is." And with that he produced the ticket, worn and soiled. On its back was printed a succinct statement in Telugu of which this is the translation:

"There is but one true God. He created, controls, and preserves all things that exist.

"He is sinless; but we are filled with sin. He, to take away our sin gave His own Son, Jesus Christ, to

come into the world as a Divine Redeemer. That Divine Redeemer, Jesus Christ, gave His life a propitiatory sacrifice for us; and now whoever believes in Him, and prays to Him, will receive remission of sins and eternal life. This is what the true Véda, the Holy Bible, teaches us.

"Your own Telugu poet, Vémana, has truly said:

"'The soul defiled with sin, what real worship pays it?
The pot unclean, the cookery who eats it?
The heart impure, though it essays devotion,
Can Deity receive it? Nay, nay, be pure, O man.'

"To give us this very purity of soul, our Divine Redeemer, Jesus Christ, came into this world. Believe in Him!"

"That," said he, "is all I have ever seen of your religion. Our townsman told us what he had heard of your preaching at your hospital. That is all I have ever heard. It has shown us that Hinduism is not the complete soul-satisfying system that we had imagined it to be, by pointing out a nobler way. Sir, Hinduism is doomed. It must go by the board. Now I have come all this way to ask you what are you going to give us in its place?"

The medical work had reached far out, nearly one hundred miles, by this ticket, to bring a seeker in.

Still wider-reaching is its influence if, in new regions, a travelling dispensary is utilized. When my staff at the hospital was so arranged that the work there could be carried on for a time without me, I organized a travelling dispensary with three well-stocked, large

medicine chests, containing altogether thirty thousand doses of medicine, and went out to regions twenty, thirty, and fifty miles beyond, and while preaching for the first time in a new locality of Jesus, administered as well to their physical necessities, sending in to the hospital such cases as could not be treated in camp. During one such tour, pitching my tent in five different centres, I treated, in three weeks, 713 different cases; giving each patient an average of five days' treatment. The patients had come from 130 different towns and villages, and we sold on that trip 1,013 books, Gospels and large tracts, to tell them more of the Divine Saviour.

At sunrise each morning, we would go out to some of the villages surrounding our camp and preach in two or three, and coming back about eight o'clock, we would find our tent surrounded by patients, to whom we would first preach, and offer prayer to God for guidance and help, and then treat all those present, then preach again to the new arrivals and treat them, and thus "The Message" was made known to hundreds of patients from scores of villages who might otherwise never have heard of the Way of Life.

There is much more that could be said—especially with reference to the new openings for women's medical missionary work, and its marvellous opportunities, but I have shown, by illustration, the sphere, the opportunities, and the effectiveness of medical

missions. The incidents I have given are not unique, but could be duplicated by almost any earnest medical missionary in India. I have spoken of *my* experiences, because I seem to be put on the witness stand, and must state that of which I had positive knowledge. But I speak for the host of medical missionaries in India who would be glad to testify to similar experiences.

In all this chapter I have assumed one thing as an axiom, about which I need not dogmatize; no one can be a true medical missionary, without putting special emphasis on the word "*Missionary.*" While his immediate object is to relieve suffering and cure disease, his higher and far more important object, of which he will never lose sight, is to bring all his patients to the Physician of souls, and make his loving Master their personal Redeemer.

There may be circumstances in which medical missions may perhaps properly be held in abeyance. In some parts of India, hospitals and dispensaries have now been established in every Táluk, or county, by the government, under "Local Boards," and are doing excellent work. In such regions, in missions well established by the aid of medical missionary work in their early stages, the good-will and confidence of the people have been gained; seed has been widely sown, and is germinating, and the pressure is upon us to tend the growing grain, and gather in the

harvest. All the strength of the mission staff, may, for the time, be needed for this all-important work, so that there being less necessity and less available strength to devote to that work, it may have to be curtailed. But none the less the effectiveness of medical missions is acknowledged, and in all new regions they are one of the most important agencies of which the Church of God can make use. The power of medical missions is just beginning to be thoroughly appreciated. Their future, who can predict?

VII

DO MEDICAL MISSIONS REALLY PAY? THE MISSIONARY DOCTOR'S RETURN WELCOME

THE question is sometimes asked, Do medical missions really pay as a true missionary agency? Instead of arguing the case, I propose to give an incident that occurred years ago in one mission station in India, and let my readers draw their own conclusion.

The missionary doctor had been obliged by a breakdown in health to return to his home land to recruit. Three years later he was rejoiced to be permitted with his wife again to return to his old station to resume his loved work.

News that they would arrive at their former home in India on the afternoon of a certain day had preceded them, but they had been detained by a river which, in the unusual rains, was unfordable without a long detour, and they did not arrive at their little bungalow until long after dark.

They then learned that their compound had been thronged by multitudes of non-Christian townspeople all the afternoon waiting to welcome them back. They had hardly got into their old home before the

leading town and county (non-Christian) officials came in, having had messengers waiting at the gate to run and announce the arrival, and these officials expressed the joy of the Hindu community at the return of the missionary doctor and his wife.

They had asked, casually as it seemed, whether the doctor and his wife would be going over to-morrow to visit the hospital he had established on the opposite side of the town, and, if so, at about what hour, and whether they would drive through the town, and not by the road that skirted it, and so be able to see what improvements had been made in the town during these years.

The doctor told them that he and his wife intended to go to see the hospital at about 5 P. M., and that they intended to drive through the town. Bidding a courteous good-night, the visitors withdrew.

Promptly at five o'clock the next day the doctor and his wife drove across the little river that ran between their bungalow and the native town, and found on the town side of it a very large concourse of the people of the place, with the town and county officials awaiting them and greeting them with garlands and music.

The doctor noticed that there was an arch of "welcome" over the entrance to the main street through which they had to drive, and that the houses on both sides of the street, as far as the eye could see, seemed

MISSION HOSPITAL FOR WOMEN

The Mary Taber Schell Memorial Hospital for Women and Children in Vellore, where 2,500 in-patients and 27,500 out-patients are treated, and 1,200 operations are performed annually

to have been newly whitewashed and decorated, and he asked in all simplicity whether the chief magistrate or the chief judge had lately been visiting the place on inspection.

"No, not for some months."

"For what, then, were all these adornments and appearances of festivity?"

"For yourselves," was the reply, "for everybody wished to express their gladness that you have both at length come back to us."

As they turned from the chief business street into the principal Brahman thoroughfare, another arch of welcome spanned the street where, when they had first come to this town as their mission station, only scowls and abuse had met them as they entered.

At the first street corner in the Brahman street stood a well-dressed Brahman, who was making the most demonstrative salaams of welcome and goodwill. The doctor, not recognizing him, asked the town magistrate, who was walking by the side of the carriage, accompanied as it was by a crowd of happy-looking people, who that man was.

The man himself stepped forward, saying: "Do you not remember me? I am the man who was brought to your bungalow seven years ago, near midnight, bitten by a cobra. Those that were carrying me —for I was insensible—thought that I was dead of the cobra poison, as they laid my body upon the veranda

in front of your study door, where you stood awaiting them with remedies in your hands, for a messenger had run swiftly in advance and wakened you, and you were all ready. They told me afterwards that they had told you, as they laid my body down, that it was too late, as I had died on the way, but that, if you would allow them, they would lay the body down and rest a little before they carried it away to be cremated; but that you immediately pried wide open my set teeth, and dashed in some of your marvel-working medicine, and went to work to produce artificial respiration, and kept it up while your vigorously administered remedies, external and internal, could have time to take effect, and within about an hour I got up, and with a little help walked back home. If anybody in the town has reason to show his gratitude and to welcome you back, I am that man."

A little farther up the street, standing on an upturned flat packing-box, so that her feet and ankles could well be seen, was a venerable old lady kicking out her right foot vigorously, and showing her ankle and shin.

Here the doctor had no difficulty in recognizing an old Brahman lady, who, when he first came to that station, had been brought to his house before he had opened his hospital and before he had any proper appliances, with a compound, comminuted fracture

of both bones of the lower leg, caused by being knocked down and trampled upon by a herd of clumsy Hindu domestic buffaloes passing through the street. The doctor had gone to his little carpenter-shop room, and himself made a box-splint suited to the case, and set the broken bones, and put up the leg, and, in answer to his prayer, so complete had been the recovery that the woman had been able ever since to walk about freely without crutch or cane; and there she was now to welcome him back.

At the next street corner, on another extemporized platform, was a very venerable old Brahman gentleman, with a thin, gray Brahmanical tuft of hair on the top of his head, who as the carriage came near arose and made the Brahman's most cordial and grateful salutation. He had years before been brought in on a small bed "borne of four," from a village twenty miles away, lying, as was believed, at the point of death. He had been cured, as he said, by "the missionary doctor's medicines and prayers." He had now come those twenty miles to greet the doctor's return.

Down another street, as they turned into it, stood a farmer exercising his right hand and arm very vigorously, who had been brought to the doctor with his right hand and arm crushed by the wheel of the chief idol car of the place at its annual drawing, before the doctor had been three months at the

station. The hand and the arm had been so restored that he had been able to do his farm work with it ever after, and he had never since, as was averred, raised that right hand in worship to any Hindu idol.

Farther on, was a younger man opening and shutting his mouth rapidly, whom the doctor did not at first recognize. On his turning again to the town magistrate the reply came, "He is the young man whose lower jaw was necrosed, and your honour took out a good portion of it, and caused a new one to grow in; and he is showing how good a jaw you gave him."

As they finally reached the hospital which the doctor had built on a little knoll just beyond the town, an arch of "welcome" was seen over the gate-posts, and the patients were out on the front veranda in gala attire to greet the returning doctor and his wife, and to render a just meed of praise to the faithful apothecary who had so nobly and successfully carried on the hospital all the time the doctor had been gone.

Here, too, former patients gathered. One fine, robust young Hindu claimed to be the very man who, a short time before the doctor had broken down, was brought into the hospital on a litter borne by friends from a distant village, when he was at the point of death with hectic fever, caused by stone in the bladder. After some days of preparatory treatment the doctor had operated on him and taken away a

very large double calculus. This had been the most serious case of the kind the doctor had ever seen, and he had feared that the patient, in his low state, might not survive the operation. It had been the last severe operation the doctor had performed before leaving India, and the man had not yet been discharged as completely cured when he sailed. But here the patient was, after these years, in splendid health, and loud in his grateful salutations.

Then there was old Shántappa, a former Sanyási, or wandering Hindu mendicant priest, who on his travels had come to the hospital some years before from more than two hundred miles away, with what was supposed to be an incurable disease, and had asked to be admitted into the hospital. After long treatment he had been cured, and from the preaching he had heard while convalescing he had been led to accept Jesus Christ as his all-sufficient Saviour. After instruction, he had been baptized and afterwards married to a Christian widow, and the two had been living witnesses to the power of Christ to change the lives of those who have by Him been healed of the diseases of the soul.

Then there were, as representatives of a mountain hamlet among the hills on the western horizon, the two leading men of which had been saved and cured by surgical operations and medical treatment, and who on their return to their hamlet had so told of

the good news of the Divine Redeemer, of whom they had heard while in the hospital, that all the eleven families of the hamlet had united in sending for the missionary, had embraced Christianity, and had witnessed through severe persecution to the sincerity of their new-found faith.

Others were there, to tell how they too had been treated and cured, and to welcome again the Christian missionary doctor and his wife. What touched these the most was the fact that the welcoming demonstration all through the town streets had been got up and arranged entirely by the non-Christian community, without any communication with the mission people, who had separately arranged their own welcome, not knowing that the non-Christians, who had formerly been so opposed to the missionaries' opening work in their town, had any desire to welcome the missionaries back.

As the missionary doctor and his wife quietly drove home and entered their little bungalow, their eyes were filled with tears and their hearts with thanksgiving that God had allowed them at length to return to such a people and such a work ; and they could not keep back the expression of a wish that those who questioned whether medical missionary work really pays among the worshippers of the Hindu triad, could have witnessed the afternoon's proceedings.

VIII

WOMAN'S WORK AN ESSENTIAL FACTOR IN INDIA

HINDUISM is indeed a most ancient system; for in the days when Moses was gathering together the traditions and, guided by the Divine Spirit, was penning the account of the creation, of the fall of man, of the coming Saviour promised to those first sinners; ay, while he, on the summit of Mount Sinai, was receiving from the Divine hand the Ten Commandments, that law that to-day controls the legislation of all the Christian world; at that same time our ancestors, the Aryans, were chanting, as we are led to believe, the earlier hymns of the Védas, those old books of beauty and light that are the marvel of oriental scholars at this day. At that time, the Aryans were a simple pastoral people, dwelling on the uplands of Central Asia with their herds about them, in pastoral life much as Abraham lived in "the south country" and in the Holy Land. There is a pleasant little reminder of that time in one of the sweetest words that comes upon a father's lips, "daughter"; for the peculiar spelling of that word leads us back to its history. In those early

times of our Aryan ancestors the eldest daughter had charge of the dairy, and she was called the *dahtri* in Sanskrit, which means the "dairy maid," and that has passed down through the languages and is now our "daughter." For all oriental scholars agree that our sweet word "daughter" comes from the pastoral life before the Aryan women had been secluded and cut off from their fair share of family affairs, and when they had not yet fallen into idolatry, superstition, and consequent degradation.

After our ancestors had migrated into Europe, the other branch of the Aryan family, passing through the Himalaya Mountains, migrated down upon the northern provinces of India, and, conquering them, held them under their sway for a time. But, determining not to go on conquering, they scattered themselves all through the peninsula of India, not as military conquerors but as priests and teachers, introducing their religious system, Hinduism or Brahmanism, all through India among the forty or more distinct languages and peoples then inhabiting that land, inducing them all to embrace their religious system. But during this migration over into India, and before they had gone on downward into the peninsula, a second series of religious books was evolved, known as the Shástras and the Puránas, which, though theoretically of secondary authority, in time took the place of and in effect buried the

MISSIONARY LADY DOCTORS

A group of lady doctors and their assistants who carry their beneficent ministry into the streets and houses of the cities and villages

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Védas, so that the Védas have hardly been known through the last 2,000 years, not known at all to the people, and only partially known to the Brahman priests.

These later books were those in which was first inculcated the idea of the Hindu triad, Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva; Brahma the creator, Vishnu the preserver, and Siva the destroyer, of all things. They first introduced the millions of subordinate deities, ranged under the headship of the different members of the triad. They also first introduced idolatry and the division of all the people of India into castes. They first taught that there were different creations, the Brahmans being created from the brain of Brahma, a separate creation of holier beings, and the other castes created one after another, each less in dignity as well as in purity and in worth.

Thus did caste and polytheism and idolatry, and the dethronement and the seclusion of womanhood, originate in that land, for from that day the women of the higher castes have been almost shut out from the light of day. They have lost the position that they held under the earlier Vedic Aryans, and, as is known, are almost enslaved in India; for in the higher castes a girl from the time she becomes marriageable until she is a grandmother, or until she has sons that are married, is secluded from the world and cannot

enjoy the light of the sun, except as it creeps in at the barred windows of her zenana.

Among those Shástras were "the Laws of Manu." Manu was the great lawgiver of the Hindus, whose laws are to this day more binding upon the Hindus than ever were the laws of Moses binding upon the Jews. He gave a code of laws affecting every sphere and act of Hindu life. In those laws is defined the position of woman. Time fails me to make extended quotations, as I might do, to show the position to which woman has been reduced, and to what enslavement she is still subject. I will give but a single instance, from the fifth chapter of the laws of Manu, the 146th and following verses :

"Hear now," says the lawgiver ; "hear now the laws concerning women. By a girl, by a damsel, by a woman nothing must be done, even in her own dwelling-place, according to her own pleasure. In childhood must a female be dependent on her father ; in youth, on her husband ; her lord being dead, on her sons ; if she have no sons, on the near kinsmen of her husband ; if he have no kinsmen, on those of her father ; if she have no paternal kinsmen, then on her sovereign. A woman must never seek independence—an iron-bound law that holds and enslaves Hindu women even to the present day.

She must never think for herself ; and, as we read on in his code, we have the declaration that a woman

can never seek for and never attain immortality of herself, that her only chance in a future life is as the slave of her "lord," that is her husband; for all must marry. There are practically no old bachelors in India; there are no "old maids"; it is Manu's decree that every one *must* marry.

Manu's rule for marriage is specific with reference to men as well as to women; for he says in the book on the course of study of the young Brahman, the fourth and tenth verses:

"Let the student of the Védas, having finished his course of study with his preceptor, espouse a wife of the same class as himself and endued with the marks of excellence;" and then he goes on to tell what those marks are:

"Let him choose for his wife a girl whose form has no defect, who has a name of good omen, whose body has exquisite softness, whose hair and teeth are moderate in quantity and size, who walks gracefully like a young elephant." And though he does not find one of that kind, he must nevertheless marry; for a proverb, one quoted on all occasions, says, "Get a good wife if you can; if not, take a bad one; marry you must!"

Woman in India, even at the present day, is socially ignored. A native judge came one day to make a call of courtesy upon me. As we were talking I said to him, "Have you a family?"

"No."

"Aren't you married?"

"Yes, I have a wife."

"But," said I, "who were those little girls that I saw playing around your house the other day as I passed?"

"Oh, yes, I have some girls." He had no *sons*, and therefore said that he had no family.

The Hindus look, as you will judge from this, upon boys as a blessing and upon girls as the opposite; upon boys as a sign of divine favour, upon the birth of a girl as a sign of divine displeasure. When you hear from your neighbour that there is a birth in his house, you send to ascertain whether it is a case for condolence or congratulation. If a boy, you send congratulations; if a girl, it is a case for condolence. When our fifth son was born in succession, there was no little talk all through that region, for I had had patients from nearly every town within sixty miles. But when the sixth son was born, a round half dozen "without a single girl to spoil it all," as they said, it caused no small stir among all the people, and messengers came to me from distinguished people and old patients from distant places, with little presents, and incense, and such things, with their special congratulations, for they thought it well to stand on good terms with a man that evidently was so highly appreciated up yonder as to have six sons and no daughters.

There came among them a mounted messenger from a native Rajah, whose dominions were adjacent to my headquarters, and who had been a patient of mine in former years, a mounted messenger, in brilliant livery, bringing the royal congratulations and diverse gifts, and asking that the Rajah might be permitted himself to come in and see the distinguished little stranger. In a few days in he came with his retinue, his camels and elephants, and bedecked attendants, and was not satisfied until he was seated in my library, with the sixth son in his arms. As he sat there dandling him and making very fulsome speeches which I did not enjoy, thinking to bring him to a better mind, I said: "But, your Highness, both his mother and I are very much disappointed that it was not a daughter." "*Abba! abba!*" he said, striking his hand over his mouth, the gesture of utter consternation. He thought I was getting daft, because I wanted a daughter instead of a son. Wishing still to convince him, I said, "But, your Highness, where would you and I be were it not for our mothers?" "Ah, yes," said he, "but there are sinners enough in the world, so that there is going to be no dearth of girls. There is no need for the excellent to have daughters." Family discipline in India is rather a peculiar thing; for a man includes his wife among those over whom such discipline must be exercised.

One day, as I passed by my well-to-do Hindu neighbour's house, I heard significant screams and blows. The screams, I knew, were not those of a child. The next time I saw that neighbour I courteously reproved him for beating his wife. "Well, yes," he said, "she did make me awful angry that day, and I suppose I did beat her a little too hard."

"But you should not beat your wife at all."

"Not beat my wife? How in the world would family discipline be maintained if I did not?" he said.

"But I never beat my wife," said I.

"Oh, she! She is a different sort of creature." I thanked God that she was.

According to the laws of Manu, according to the immemorial custom of the Hindus, a woman, up to within the past few years, could not be allowed to learn to read. The lawgiver Manu expressly forbids a woman ever to read the Védas. When I first went to India, to ask a Hindu female if she could read was an insult, for then none but the dancing-girls—and every one knows who they are—none but the dancing-girls were ever allowed to read. They were taught to read and sing and to be adepts in every physical grace, and bewitching gesture. There is the sore spot of India, a spot that can only be healed by the touch of Christ's daughters, coming there and rescuing those three millions of dancing-girls; there are

said to be that number, even in this day of dawning enlightenment, scattered throughout India. And what makes it still worse is the fact that good, respectable native families do not hesitate to devote one of their daughters, ay, the choicest one, to that temple service "for the gods," as they term it, giving them over to live the life of a temple courtesan, under the name of devotion to the deity.

When I first began practicing medicine and surgery in India, before I had learned as much as I now know about their religious ideas and customs, there came one day a mother of a respectable merchant's family in our town, bringing her daughter to the woman's ward of my hospital to be treated for a disease, the result of sin-impurity. I said to the mother, "Where is your daughter's husband?" There was a smile at once around among the females who had come with her. "Oh, the temple gods and temple Brahmans are her husband;" was the reply. And there, without a sense of shame, she was parading the fact. I learned that when her husband was sick, a little after this daughter's birth, they made a vow to their gods that if he recovered they would give that daughter to that temple service. Oh, the sore spot of India; how it makes one's heart ache as we see it there! how the odour of it reaches up to heaven! Even Hindus who still cling to their system are now acknowledging the fearful wretchedness of

this practice, and are inveighing against it. The *Daily Hindu*, an orthodox Hindu newspaper published in Madras, recently said in one of its issues, in speaking of the Hindu priesthood as it now exists (I quote the exact words of its editor):

"Profoundly ignorant as a class, and infinitely selfish, our priesthood is the mainstay of every unholy, immoral, and cruel custom and superstition in our midst, from the wretched dancing-girl, who insults the deity by her existence, to the pining child-widow, whose every tear, and every hair of whose head, shall rise up against every one of us who tolerate it, on the Day of Judgment. Of such a priestly class *our women are the ignorant tools and dupes.*"

If a missionary had said that, he would have been prosecuted for libel. The Hindu editor said it, and was guiltless, for all his readers knew it was true, and yet the dancing-girls are still immolated day by day in India, for the mothers of India, still held in that superstition in which they have been reared, helped on by this very Brahman priesthood, whom they fear and dread, will still consecrate their loveliest daughters to this "service of the gods."

Woman is indeed the stronghold of superstition and of this clinging to the ancient religious ordinances in all circumstances, and women, in religious matters, have the power. Though enslaved in all other respects, as I before said, woman has in this her un-

disputed power, and well does she exercise it. "Well," did I say? Ah, the devils would say amen to that, for she throws her influence in their behalf, and thoroughly does she exercise that power in her family and out of it. The only time I believe in my life in India where I utterly failed at last in securing an audience in street preaching was once when two of us missionaries went at dawn of day to a village of farmers where the women who were mothers could go outside after they were mothers. We had gathered an audience of men and were preaching of the way of getting rid of sin through a crucified Redeemer.

The women seeing at once that their faith was threatened by these foreigners; that their gods would be deserted if our preaching were received; flew to the rescue of the men, and coming out in force, began to abuse us in the foulest language that it was possible for human lips to utter. Seeing that we were not driven away by that, but were determined to go on preaching, and that the men were still inclined to attend to what we said, they turned their tactics upon the men who were listening and drove one and another away. Some of them still stood hearing what we were saying. They then began to say to one and to another, "Ah, yes, you are listening there, are you? Yes, you listen a little longer, and I will tell your wife what house I saw you coming out of about daylight this morning as I was pass-

ing by;" and though the man knew it was a lie and his accuser did, too, for she had never seen him under those circumstances, yet, dazed, he slunk away around the near-by house and disappeared. And then they began upon another man and told him if he didn't leave there they would tell his wife what they saw him do in such a bazaar town at such a time; and so they went on singling them out one by one until every man in the street had disappeared and the women were masters of the situation. Yes, the power they have over their husbands and their sons in matters of their religion is wonderful. You in America can scarcely understand it. It stands as a wall of adamant barring the progress of the Gospel.

Yet a rift in that wall is becoming evident. An opening for women to enter has been made within the last forty years. The young men of India have largely been gathered in mission schools and educated for the last seven decades. Their white brothers, missionaries, have gone forth from America, from England, from Germany, from many Christian lands, and established those schools, and have been instructing the young men. The missionary's wife has established schools for the children, the boys as well, and they have come and learned and have become to some degree emancipated. Some forty or fifty years ago when we had prize-givings in our Christian girls' schools and invited non-Christian gentlemen to come

in and witness the examinations and the prize distribution, these educated Hindus, officials many of them, would come and listen to the answers that these girls gave to the questions, and to the sweet songs that they sang, and noting how their countenances gleamed with intelligence and joy, would say to one another, "Well, if education can do that for the low-born Christian girls, what would it not do for our high-born wives, our daughters, our sisters;" and so they began to desire an education for their sisters and daughters.

This work gives the opening for the daughters of England, America, and Germany, for the daughters of all Christian nations, to come in there and wield a power that no male missionary can wield for Christ in India; for soon there were organized separate schools for high caste Hindu girls as they feared to come into our Christian girls' school and they were lovingly, diligently taught, and those missionary ladies that went there and taught them . . . I know, for I have seen scores and hundreds of these schools in all parts of India; and have helped to found them and carry them on . . . those missionary ladies would never teach in such a school without teaching the highest of all wisdom, the knowledge of God. Those Hindu girls coming to these schools would with their other lessons learn to sing the songs of redeeming love, would learn verses

and chapters in the Gospels, would learn about the life of Jesus Christ on earth, and the wonderful words that He spoke, the deeds that He did, and would go to their homes and repeat them in the zenanas.

I would the reader might go with me to one of those schools, where two American college girls with the love of God in their hearts, secured a foothold and began their work. I would that you could go with me to one of those schools and see the scores of high caste Hindu girls, and see their beaming faces, and hear the story of one of them as I heard it afterwards.

She had learned in the school a sweet Telugu hymn. As she went in to her home one day from school she was singing that hymn, and as she went in her grandmother said, "Why, little Lotus Blossom, little Kamala-Pu, that is a nice song you are singing; come sing us some more of it, so that we all can hear it." And there in the zenana, where no ray of divine light had ever entered, where the name of Jesus had never been heard, where they worshipped only the gods that were enshrined within the house, there the little girl sang, in Telugu:

"Yesu nannu premistu
Tana yodda pilchenu,
Danni satya Védamu,
Naku bailu partsunu.

"Yesu premintsunu,
Nannu prémintsunu,
Nannu prémintsunu,
Má Véda cheppenu."

In English it is :

"Jesus loves me, this I know,
For the Bible tells me so.
Little ones to Him belong,
We are weak, but He is strong.

"Yes, Jesus loves me;
Yes, Jesus loves me;
Yes, Jesus loves me;
The Bible tells me so."

"Who is that Yesu that you are singing about?" asked the old grandmother as the mother and the aunts and sisters were all gathered around listening, for it was at a time of day when they had no housework going on. "Who is that Jesus? Tell us all about it."

"Why, Yesu is the one the missionary ladies say is the Son of God, who came from heaven to earth and took upon Himself our form, the form of man, and lived in this world for more than thirty years. They say He came and lived here that so He might take away our sins and make a way for us to get to heaven."

"You sang 'the Bible tells us so.' What is the Bible?" asked the mother. "The missionary ladies

say the Bible is the book God has given to tell us how we can get rid of sin, to tell us all about this Saviour, Jesus Christ, and how, when we die, we can go to heaven," answered Kamala-Pu. "Can we women go to heaven? Does Jesus love women?" "Us, old women, too?" asked the grandmother. "Yes, yes, just as much women as men;" replied little Lotus Blossom; and there light first penetrated that household, and each day, as she went home, they would have her sing, and their souls were enlightened in that dark house by the light let in by some of the missionary number who had gone on that God-sent mission.

And then our medical work: Some of our missionary lady doctors could tell of the grand openings that God has given them through their Christlike service. It opens the hearts as it opens the houses. When the body is healed how tender the heart is towards the one that has effected the healing. I could give many instances of results gained by such medical work. Let me cite but one from my own experience as a sample.

My camp was pitched in a mango grove fifteen miles from my station and I was going out from it every morning at sunrise preaching in two or three of the surrounding villages, and coming back at eight or nine o'clock. I would spend the remainder of the day in treating the sick that had come together; for,

by the time I got back to my tent, the tent would be surrounded with those that had come from the near-by villages, yes, and from six to eight miles away, too, for treatment.

On the second morning—for I remained a week or ten days in that one centre, there being so many villages around, as I came back to my tent from the morning preaching, among those that were waiting to be treated I saw a beautiful faced old Brahman grandmother, for they can appear in public after they are grandmothers. She had in her arms her little grandson, who was suffering from an acute form of tropical dysentery, and as their doctors said he could not live, she had brought him to the foreign doctor to see if I could save him. I examined into the case carefully and gave the needed medicines. Always before treating the sick I took out my chair and sat down with the people under the trees, and read from the Bible and preached to them of Him who could heal the maladies of the soul, as well as the diseases of the body. How that old lady drank in the message! I was much attracted to her day after day. How grateful she was, and how she listened to the story of Jesus Christ the Saviour! I passed on with my tent to another centre. Within a year a village near by that of the old Brahman lady peopled by Mála (low caste) farmers and weavers, came over to Christianity. I sought to obtain a piece of

land to build a little schoolhouse, and a house for the catechist-teacher to live in, and was surprised that the Brahman head official of that village, the adjoining caste village (for the land was between the caste village and the Mála village) favoured our purchase, and enabled us to get the land. I could not understand why he had done so, for Brahmans usually oppose us; but on enquiry I found that he was the son of the old lady that had brought her grandson there for healing, and it was his little son that was cured.

A catechist and his wife, a thorough-working Hindu Christian woman she was, one of the most spiritually minded women I knew, were sent there, and lived in that little house, instructing the new converts and preaching to all around. Through the interposition of this Brahman lady, they were allowed to draw water from the caste well of the town, a strange thing, and yet it was done. And night by night, when all was still, out from her street in the caste village would come this old grandmother. The grandchild's mother was dead, and she had charge of him. When the grandchild was asleep she would come out to the catechist's house. Sometimes as late as ten o'clock at night, as they were about to retire, there would be a gentle tap on the door. On opening the door they would see the countenance of this old lady. "Oh, sister," she would say to the cate-

chist's wife, "won't you let me hear you read a little more about your Jesus?" And in she would come and sit down, and they would read and talk about Jesus Christ the Divine Redeemer. So it went on for weeks and months. Tears would often run down her cheeks. "Oh," she would say, as they pled with her to become a Christian, "Oh, I do believe in your Jesus, I do love your dear Jesus, but how can I come out and be baptized and openly embrace Him as my Saviour. My Brahman son would kill me. If he did not kill me the other Brahmans would cast him out, and he would lose everything. No, I cannot do it, I cannot do it. But will not your dear Jesus accept me as I am? Oh, I do love Him; I do wish I could take His name upon my forehead; but don't you think, don't you think, that He will receive me without it?"

It was but a few months later that the catechist and his wife had to leave the place on transfer. There was to be no catechist there for a time. The last night before they left she came for her final interview—the final reading about Jesus. As the tears were rolling down her cheeks, "Oh," she said, "sister, sister, how can I let you go, for nobody will tell me any more about that Jesus, and I do love Him." I was then ill and had to leave for America. When I went back, I at once visited that village and found that the old Brahman lady had died, during

the famine that had intervened, not of starvation, but of disease following the famine. Her son remains our friend to this day, in spite of those who counsel him to oppose us. The old lady had gone, and there among the redeemed I believe that she is found, for she was, I doubt not, one of "Christ's hidden ones" in that dark land. Ay, many a doctor in India, many a lady doctor who has gone into the zenanas and cured diseases, who has gone in desperate cases and relieved anxieties and wounds, knows that there are, here and there, those whose hearts have been touched, whose hopes and desires and prayers have gone up to that Saviour whose name they dare not utter, for such is the bondage in which all those women are bound.

But a bright gleam of hope for India now gladdens the horizon, for India's daughters and wives and mothers are at last being reached and educated, and never again will they be held in that superstitious bondage in which their mothers have been so long enthralled. The rising generation of sons will not have to face that fearful opposition from their mothers that the present generation has had to face. Young man after young man has come to see me, saying, "Sir, I would be a Christian but my wife would not come with me. She opposes me in everything pertaining to my inquiries into and leaning towards Christianity. My mother, too, would

curse me, would curse the day of my birth, would kill herself, if she did not kill me, in case I became a Christian. No, sir ; let your ladies come and bring our women to the light, as you are bringing the men, and then we will come together and will all be Christians."

IX

HIGH CASTE HINDU GIRLS' SCHOOLS, AND THEIR FRUITAGE: VISHNU SIRÓMANI

TO illustrate one phase of woman's work in India, to which reference was made in the preceding chapter, and to show how it aids in the progress of "the Kingdom," I give here the story of Vishnu Sirómani, as I had it from the zenana missionary lady who was the most concerned in her conversion, who knew the most about her persecution, her escape and her subsequent history, and who vouched for the facts.

In the large inland town of Pudupetta was a high caste Hindu girls' school, under the supervision of Miss B., in which was a very bright girl named Vishnu Sirómani (Vishnu's crown-jewel) daughter of a rich *Kómati*, which is one of the highest merchant caste.

This school had been established just off the Kómati street of that town a few years before. Some of Vishnu Sirómani's playmates had begun to attend, and Sirómani, as she was usually called, had one day gone with them as a visitor. She had with envy watched the girls read and write, and with delight heard them sing some of the sweet songs of Jesus,

A MISSION CASTE GIRLS SCHOOL

With a Brahman head mistress and male assistants, a most unusual circumstance

and had seen them do the embroidery work which was being taught them. Begging a sample of the latter as a loan, she had taken it home with her to show her parents and asked them to allow her to attend the school. Her father was one of the most bigoted of that exclusive caste, and angrily refused his permission, and told his daughter that education was not for women; that of course her brothers must go to school to learn to read and write and keep their accounts as merchants, and to write letters to order their goods; but that girls did not need learning. "Look at your mother! She cannot read, yet is there a better mother or a neater housekeeper in all Pudupetta than your mother? If you learn all household duties well, that is enough for you. Give up this nonsense and behave yourself, child, if you wish to make your father happy and yourself to be highly thought of by our caste people, from whom we shall, one of these days, wish to ask one of the young men as your husband. Be a good girl."

But Sirómani was not satisfied. Though for the time she dropped the subject, she went quietly every now and then to see her mates, who were attending the school and envied them their progress, and determined in some way to gain her father's consent to join them in school. She got them to show her the alphabet and the first book, and, being very bright, she soon learned from them her letters, and

to read simple sentences. One day she produced the book and read a few sentences to her astonished father and earnestly begged him to let her go to school.

At last he consented. She was then twelve years old. She soon took first rank in the class of beginners and was promoted and went on rapidly in her education.

Nothing in the school, however, so interested her as the singing, and though nearly all the songs sung by the girls were lyrics in praise of Jesus Christ and setting forth His love, she learned them rapidly and sang them with real fervour. The Gospel stories of the birth and life, and doings and sayings, of this Jesus Christ also entranced her, and though she said nothing of it at home, for fear of being taken out of school, she soon began to wish that she too could be a disciple of that Jesus, and have Him as her King and Lord, and her Saviour from sin. She was now one of the older girls in the school, as others were being taken out to be married, as is the wont of Hindus.

Before the end of the second year, she came one day to the missionary lady in charge of the school, and said that she wanted to become a "Jesus' Girl," and from that time the desire grew stronger and stronger in her mind and would not be put down. Almost daily she came to the missionary lady's

house on her way home, to have another talk about Jesus and His love, and after a time asked if she might not be baptized and become a real and outspoken Christian.

The missionary lady (Miss B.) knew what a storm would be raised, and perhaps the girl would be murdered, and that it surely would cause the utter desertion of the school by all the Kómati pupils, their parents taking them away because one had been "bewitched into becoming a Christian." But she dared not discourage this soul seeking after Jesus. She, however, felt the need of caution for Sirómani's own sake, and for the sake of the other girls who might yet be reached if they were not suddenly taken out of the school.

The law of India fixes fourteen years as the age of discretion in the case of a girl, when she is at liberty legally to choose for herself in matters pertaining to her own welfare, though this legal enactment is not known to many of India's daughters, and few of those who do know it ever dare to act upon it, or are allowed to by their parents, who resent the giving of such liberty to their daughters, and manage, in one way or another, to make the provision of non-effect.

Still Miss B., knowing the law, wishing to be able to protect the girl legally as much as possible, and being in doubt whether she were yet fully fourteen,

asked her without letting her parents have an inkling of her purpose to get from her father her "horoscope." This is always made out on the birth of a Hindu child of high caste by the family priest or "Purohit," who consults the stars and writes out the day and hour of birth and the exact position of the chief planets at that time and what they indicate as to the future of the babe. This is considered in the courts as definitely settling a person's age, if it prove to be genuine. Sirómani made her request to her father one day when he was exceedingly good-natured, to be allowed to see her horoscope. As it was an exceedingly favourable one, promising her a happy marriage with a rich young Kómati in due time, the father unlocked his private strong box and took out the horoscope, and placed it in his daughter's hand, telling her to be exceedingly careful of it and give it back to him to lock up again when he should return from his bazaar in the afternoon.

This was in the morning, a little while before she was to start for school. As soon as her father had left the house for his bazaar she hastily dressed in her school clothes and, making some excuse for starting earlier than usual, she hastened to Miss B.'s bungalow on her way to school and showed her treasure.

Miss B., knowing that in some cases of converts the horoscope had been altered to conceal the age

or new ones forged on old and yellowed paper, at once had her Christian Munshi take an exact copy of it, which copy he and she attested, and placing a secret private mark upon the original that would not be noticed gave it back to Sirómani on her way home from school, and she returned it to her father who again locked it in his strong box, not suspecting that it had been out of the house.

As there were still several months lacking to her being fourteen years of age, the girl was advised to keep her purpose absolutely to herself until she had well passed the birthday, coming as before for Christian instruction, that she might be fully ready for baptism when the time should arrive.

One month after her fourteenth birthday she came to Miss B., and begged that she might now take Jesus' name upon her. The ordained missionary in charge of the station had already seen and freely talked with her, and avowed himself as well satisfied with her Christian purpose and character and knowledge, and promised to baptize her the following Sunday morning in church.

Early Sunday morning Sirómani, clad in white and making some excuse for her absence, made her way to Miss B.'s bungalow, and after Miss B.'s farther instructing her, and praying earnestly with her and for her, they went together to the mission church for her baptism at the morning service.

They sat together in a seat near the pulpit, and after the opening services the missionary, descending from the pulpit, asked the pre-baptismal questions and was just about to administer the ordinance, when the front door of the church was burst open, and an angry crowd rushed in, headed by two lusty bullies who had been hastily hired for the occasion by the parents, the latter having in some way obtained information of what was going on.

One of the bullies seized the trembling girl and, throwing her over his shoulders, rushed down the aisle, a clear way being made for him by the crowd, who at once closed in after him to prevent any one following him, while the other one of the bullies, with a stout club and others to help him, kept the missionary and the lady missionary prisoners near the pulpit.

Poor Sirómani was carried on the shoulders of the stout captor down a side street and out of the town where a *jutka* (native rapid vehicle) was waiting and placed her in it, in spite of her struggles, and the driver was ordered to be off as fast as possible. The jutka was driven rapidly out on a road going south. The frightened girl peeking out through a hole in the cover, discovered that they had come into and were going rapidly out upon the road which led forty miles north to Kótur, where her mother's brother lived. After dark, she was landed at the

house of her uncle, who had been warned by a hasty messenger sent on before, and was put into a windowless room and locked up. In the morning, her father, who had travelled through the night so as not to be seen, came in a towering rage and poured his wrath upon the head of the defenseless girl. In vain she pleaded that she was now fully fourteen years old, and that she had a legal right to choose for herself. He sneered, in reply, that no one knew or should know where she was and that no "legal rights" should avail her unless she renounced her "newfangled notions" and came back to her ancestral faith and her family, as an obedient Hindu girl, in which case as she had not yet eaten with the Christians and had been saved from pollution in baptism all should be forgiven her, and he would give such a dowry as to win the best young man in their caste as her husband.

She told him of her faith in Jesus Christ, and that she would never give it up, no matter if they killed her, and long and earnestly did she plead with him to let her go and be a follower of Jesus. He, however, became harder and harder, and at the end of an hour had the village blacksmith called and an iron ring rivetted around her ankle and a chain from it securely fastened to a block of wood. She was then told that she should not be released until she renounced her mission friends and their strange

doctrines, and that now he, the father, was going back home during the night, so as not to be seen; that no one should know where she was, and that release to her without her recanting was impossible.

The following day she was allowed to come out into the inner court of the house, but could only move around by dragging the block of wood after her. The outer door of the house was always kept locked, and she was told that she would die there, with the fetter still on her, unless she recanted.

Six months passed, with her still dragging the block of wood around by her foot wherever she went, but while she was submissive and kind in all her actions to her uncle and aunt she continued firm in her inner purpose as a Christian.

Meantime, the missionaries had in vain made every effort to ascertain what had become of her. They had shown an attested copy of her horoscope to the authorities, proving that she was of legal age to choose for herself, that she had been kidnapped, and the superintendent of police, a Christian gentleman, had promised to make every effort to find her and secure her release. He placed his most astute officer in charge, ordering him to find and follow every possible clue and to keep reporting progress. The father of the girl, the rich Kómati, learned of the efforts and obtaining an interview with the officer, a Hindu, placed a sufficient sum of money in

his hands with a promise of twice as much more if the girl were never found, to induce him to play false to his superiors.

The officer reported to the superintendent that the girl had been put in a close jutka which had been driven south at a great pace, and had search made in every place on that southern road for a hundred or more miles, but declared to the superintendent that, much to his chagrin, no trace of her could be found. Then he feigned to have just discovered that the jutka had turned off on to the west road, and diligent and spectacular search was made, but all in vain. Six months of search were ostensibly kept up.

These six months had been passed by poor Sirómani dragging that block of wood around with her fettered ankle. She had by obedience and gentleness so won upon the love of her uncle and aunt that they deeply pitied her, and, as her ankle was very much galled by the fetter and very sore, and she had shown such a submissive and docile spirit, and seemed to accept the situation with such quietness, they determined to release her from the fetter while keeping the outer door locked, telling her that if she attempted to get away she would be killed, and that if she did get back to Pudupetta her enraged father would kill her there. The village blacksmith was again called and the fetter was filed off.

Sirómani determined to seem obedient and ame-

nable to their desires, and went about the house quietly trying to do everything in her power to help and please them, and bide her time.

Soon they thought that she had given up "her nonsense," and that if not crowded too fast she would before long settle down into her old ways. She skillfully forefended any request to present offerings to the household gods, but performed all other household duties with alacrity and zeal, and completely won their hearts.

There was a very prominent young Kómati in that village and they began to talk with her about marrying him. She made no objections, and, they thought, seemed to be pleased with the idea. They sounded the young man's parents and found them favourable, and began to talk of arrangements for the marriage. She offered no objections, but suggested that it would be necessary to wait until her own parents should come and see the young man and give their consent. To this they readily agreed, and wrote to her parents that their daughter had now come to reason, and was willing to marry a very nice young Kómati in Kótur if they would come and see him and give their consent.

They were overjoyed at the news and promised to come after a few weeks. The guardians, thinking that Sirómani was eager for the marriage, which would soon be accomplished, gave her more and more liberty.

One morning, however, they arose and found that she was not in her room, nor anywhere about, and that in some way the outer door had been opened.

Sirómani had indeed made her escape, and as fast as her still lame ankle would allow, she made her way through the still night, alone, along the road over which she had been brought as a prisoner only seven months before. When the morning dawned she made her way into a thick clump of trees at a short distance from the road, but on the opposite side of a tall field of grain which cut off the view of the clump of trees from those passing in the road. In the clump of trees was a dense thicket of low bushes. Once in going to visit her uncle a few years before she and her mother had stopped one midday to rest in that very grove of trees. So she knew the place.

Now, to conceal herself more effectually, she crawled under the branches of this thicket of bushes and lay down to get some sleep, after her long night's weary tramp. It was near noon when she awoke, and she was delighted to find that the berry bushes under which she lay concealed were laden with berries just ripe. These, together with a couple of bits of native bread which she had managed to secrete in anticipation of her flight, were enough to satisfy her hunger and give her strength for her farther journey, and the little trick-

ling stream which ran through the clump of trees from the foot of the adjacent hill, was there to quench her thirst. Taking out from her bosom the small New Testament which she had in some way managed to conceal through all her imprisonment, she spent the afternoon, in her hiding under the bushes, in reading her favourite Gospels, and in prayer to the Jesus, whom she so loved, to aid her in completing her escape and getting into circumstances where she could openly avow her faith in Him and serve Him.

Waiting in her concealment until nearly ten o'clock that night, she came out into the road and pursued her way. By early cock-crowing she reached the bungalow of her beloved teacher. Coming up quietly into the veranda off from which Miss B.'s bedroom opened, and gently tapping the venetian blinds of the room she called in a low voice "ammá, ammá" (missy, missy). Soon she was overjoyed to hear Miss B.'s well-known voice respond, "Who is there? Who is calling? What is wanted?"

"It is I, your Sirómani," she responded. "Jesus has brought me back to you. Isn't He good?" With that the low French window was thrown open, the dear girl drawn in, and her story was soon told to her sympathizing friend.

Miss B. was surprised to find that though the girl

had spent a day and two nights on the way no enquiries or angry visit from the girl's parents had been made. Well knowing, however, that a tremendous uproar, with probable mob violence, would ensue on its being discovered that Sirómani had escaped and come back to her, instead of longer talking with the tired girl she hastily completed preparations for leaving Pudupetta for a distant place.

The uncle and aunt on arising and finding that Sirómani was missing, not imagining that with her lame ankle she could possibly have made her way the long distance to Pudupetta, had spent the day in making diligent search in all the villages around Kótur, thinking that she must be somewhere concealed near by. Not until late that night, after twelve hours of fruitless search, did they decide to send word to her father and mother of her disappearance, for they dreaded the reproaches that would be heaped upon them for having had the iron ring removed from her ankle.

Miss B. had been preparing to make a long visit to far-distant friends, and was to have started on her journey two days later, but now she determined to start by the earliest train that same day and take Sirómani with her, away from the peril that awaited them.

Thus before her parents had any inkling of her disappearance from Kótur, Sirómani, clothed as an

ayah (a family servant), was safe on the train and speeding away with her protector to a far distant place. From a railway junction she sent back a letter to her parents bidding them good-bye, and telling them that since they would not let her be a Christian at Pudupetta she was on her way to a far distant place with her beloved missionary lady, where she would be free to serve and acknowledge openly that dear Saviour, Jesus Christ, to whom a year before she had consecrated her life, and that before they could hear of her again she would have been baptized and be living openly with Christians, so that she could never be restored to caste.

Her father, when the news from Kótur reached him, found that she had already gone beyond his reach. When the letter came, with no clue as to where they had gone, the father gave up all efforts to pursue and recover her. He had her funeral rites performed as though she were dead, while she rejoiced at having found life in Jesus Christ. At the end of her journey, she was baptized as "*Yesu Siró-mani*" (Jesus' crown-jewel), for had not Jesus rescued her even as a precious jewel from the bondage of Vishnu, whose name she now abjured? Henceforth she would live for Jesus.

X

NATIVE LEADERS AND FORCES APPEARING: THE UNBAPTIZED VOLUNTEER MISSIONARY

IN the cool season of 1861–2, a catechist came to me one day saying that a cousin of his, not a Christian, was passing through the place on a business trip for the purchase of plowing oxen, and had stopped to see him. He asked if he might bring him to see me. He soon came with him, and we had a long and earnest talk.

The cousin's name was Kórnapáti Souri. He was a young *ryot*, or farmer, living in a village near Madras City. He had attended a school among the Roman Catholics near his native village, obtaining a good primary education, and was the leading man among the cultivators of his village, and the one whom they always selected, on account of his education and his intelligence and probity, to conduct any case of theirs before government officials or in suits in the courts. They had now united in sending him up to the Zemindari, or Native Kingdom, of Punganur, just beyond Palmaner, to purchase oxen for them all for the coming season, they agreeing to do all his farm work for him in his absence.

I was much drawn to the young man. He

seemed so honest, so genuine and sincere. He had learned considerable elementary Christian truth from the Roman Catholics, and, as I talked with him, he acknowledged his personal need of a Divine Redeemer who could and would actually take away his sins.

I pressed the claims of Jesus Christ as such a Redeemer upon his immediate attention. He seemed much affected, and readily promised to call and have another conversation on his return from his expedition. He left, taking with him the Gospel of John and some practical Christian tracts to read while he was gone.

Ten days later, returning with six or eight yoke of plow bullocks, he spent a night at Palmaner, and came to see me, himself reopening our conversation about the Divine Redeemer. We talked long and earnestly into the night, and when, after a prayer with and for him, he took his leave, intending to drive on his purchased bullocks in the early morning, he gave me a promise that he would try and find that Redeemer as his own. I felt sure that he meant what he said, for he seemed, like Nathaniel, to be "one in whom there was no guile."

A couple of months later, he came up again to purchase more bullocks and, as before, at once wished to see me. As he came into my study and took his seat on the rug, his countenance fairly beamed, as he

A PRESBYTERY OF AN INDIAN CHURCH

American and Indian pastors and elders, constituting a Presbytery, and representing the first step in the organization of an Indian Church

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said, "I have found Him. I have found Jesus Christ as my own Redeemer. He has taken away all my sins, and I am His!" It was a joy now to talk with him of his new-found Saviour, and an earnest conversation we had about the Redeemer who was so precious to us both. "And now," I said to him, "what are you going to do for that dear Saviour who has done so much for you?"

"I," said he, "*I*, what can I do for Him?"

"You can make Him known to others, and get them also to accept Him," said I.

"How can I do that?" said he. "I am not a catechist, nor a preacher. I am only an uneducated young farmer; I could not preach. I do not see what I can do."

"Well," said I, "you are going to be out a fortnight in the Zemindari of Punganur, going from village to village purchasing cattle, are you not? You cannot talk cattle all day and all night; you will have to stop somewhere to get your dinner, and when night comes you will have to stop in some one's house for the night, and while you are thus stopping in the houses of those who have never heard of your Redeemer, can't you tell them about Him, and about the joy and peace that you have found in committing yourself entirely into His hands? I will give you some of the Gospels and some tracts that help to explain them, and you can

tell them all about that blessed Redeemer, can you not? Is it right for you? Is it fair to Him, for you to do less than that?"

"No, sir, it is not. I'll do it, and do all I can in each house where I have a meal or spend the night."

I gave him the promised books, and told him that I would be praying for him that God would give him wisdom and courage and faith to do all he could for his new-found Jesus, and he took his leave and went on his journey.

When he came back with his purchases of oxen he came at once to my study and said with evident gladness, "I have done it. I have read those books in many houses and talked evenings after my day's examining and bargaining for the bullocks that were offered me, and often the people from other houses would come into the house where I was spending the night and sit and listen until it was very late as I read from the books that brought me to Jesus. In the morning again, before I would start on to another village, some of them would come and ask me questions about what I had read the night before. I wish I knew more about the Bible and better knew how to answer the questions they ask, for I do want them to know and love my Saviour. May I take some of these books with me to my village, so that I can study them more, and have them to show and read to people wherever I go?"

"By all means, fill your wallet with them, and not only read them to people, but give a copy to any one who wants one and will promise to read it."

He filled his wallet, which he carried at his side slung over his shoulder, and went away, driving his oxen before him on the road to his village, a hundred miles east.

I did not hear from him nor of him for several months, but when later I was wishing to open a little primary school at Palmaner, I called his cousin, the catechist, and asked him to write and ask him if he would leave his farming and come to me as teacher of the primary school, and spend his spare time in studying the Bible and pursuing further his education, in which I would be glad to help him.

He came up at once to see me. He had a wife and one little son. His wife fully sympathized with him in his new-found joy and faith. I could offer him as teacher of the little school only eight rupees per month at first. But he said that with economy they could live upon that, and he wanted very much to obtain more education and have a chance to study the whole Bible. So he brought his wife and child and became our school-teacher.

I asked him where he had been during the intervening months since I had seen him. He said that the people in his village had wanted some heavier, stronger oxen than those he had found for sale in our

direction, so the village people had put together several hundred rupees and asked him to go a long way north, where such cattle were to be had, and buy oxen for them, which they could use for cart oxen as well as for plowing. He had tied the rupees in two long belt bags around his waist under his clothing, and walked all the long way up to Bezwada County, two hundred and fifty miles north from Madras, where he had heard that the kind of oxen they wanted were to be had at a reasonable price, and there he had been able in the course of two weeks or so to purchase all the oxen he desired.

He told me that he had there pursued the same course as in his second expedition near Palmaner, reading the Gospels and tracts each evening to the people in whatever village he passed the night, and that the people had listened more closely and asked more interested questions than the people near Palmaner. He seemed very happy over the seed he had been enabled to sow on that trip, and said he often prayed that it might spring up and bear fruit.

He had not yet been baptized, but now asked that he might be, before he entered upon his duties as teacher. After his family came, in May, 1862, he therefore was baptized, himself asking that the name of the evangelist John, by whose Gospel he had been brought to accept Jesus Christ as his Saviour, might be given him. He received the name John Souri,

and he and his wife were received into the little newly-formed church at Palmaner. He took hold of his duties as teacher of the little primary school with zeal and devotion, and out of school hours he was diligent in his study of the whole Word of God, and of such secular subjects as would better fit him for a mission helper. His conduct was that of a mature and zealous Christian.

The next year, in June, I was making arrangements for a long preaching and Bible-distributing tour up through the dominions of the Nizam of Hyderabad, through a region up to that time never visited by a missionary, and of whose inhabitants little was known.

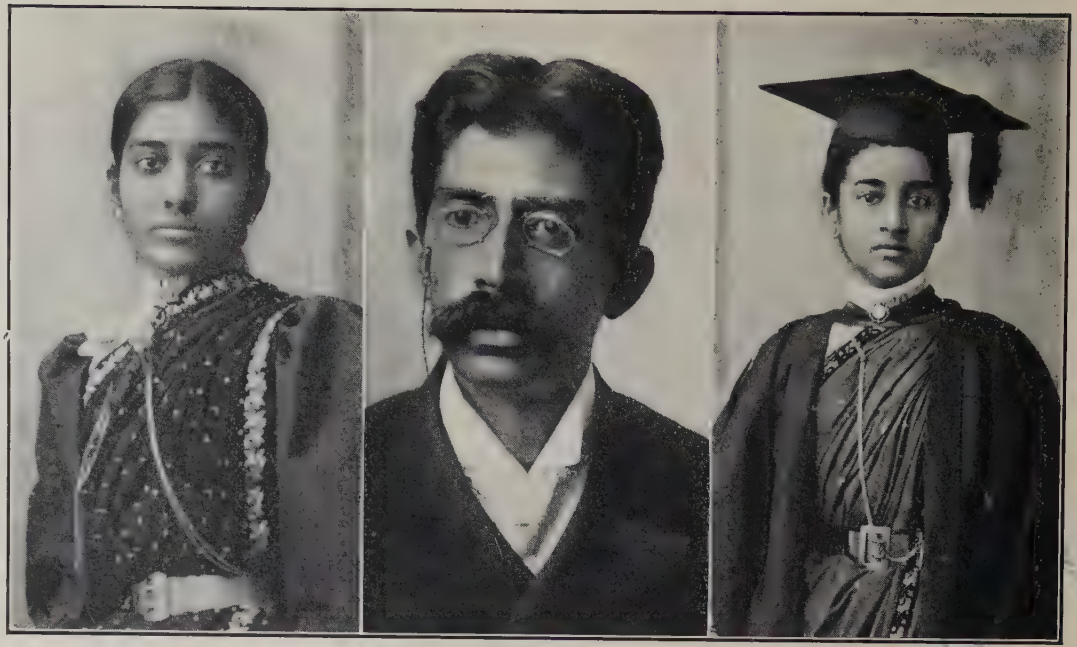
It would be so long and arduous and perhaps so dangerous a trip that I did not feel justified in designating any particular native assistants to accompany me, but called for four volunteers. John at once begged to be one of the four. He had so won my esteem that I willingly accepted him, and nobly did he merit the confidence I had put in him. The trip was not without its hardships, and not without its dangers, but his courage never failed, and he was never weary of surmounting hardships.

If the carts with our boxes of Scriptures and books and equipage became stuck in the mire, it was he, with his farmer's experience and his knowledge of the management of oxen, who would strip off his

preacher's coat and go in and get them out. When in the north of Hyderabad, we came to a place in the dense teak forests where we were told that the previous week one of the drivers of carts that were endeavouring to go through the jungle by that narrow cart-track had been taken off by a tiger, he it was who jumped on to the pole of the first cart, and, taking the whip and the driver's ropes, fearlessly drove it, with the others following through the forest and out into the next clearing. All the way through, after a tour of one hundred and fifty days, he was my mainstay in all difficulties; nor did he quail when he saw the angry mob in one town gather up stones with which to stone us.

Some years passed by. In August, 1873, the Telugu Bible Revision Committee met at Madanapalle. On our "Missionary Sunday" I had asked one of the committee, the Rev. Thomas Y. Darling, a missionary at Bezwada, to give an account of a wonderful ingathering which had taken place a few years before in the region some little distance west of Bezwada.

Mr. Darling had at Rajamandry told us how, some years previously, some men had appeared at his house at Bezwada one day, asking if he was the man who knew about and told about the Divine Redeemer, *Yesu Kristu*, and begging him, if so, to come with them to their village, some twenty or



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NATIVE LEADERS OF THE INDIAN CHURCH

thirty miles west, for they all wanted to learn more about *Yesu Kristu* and join His religion. They brought with them a copy of the Gospel of John to show what they wanted. Although it was the hot season, and not suitable for touring, they were so earnest that he could not refuse them, but took his tent and went out with them at once, great as the heat was.

He told us that to his utter surprise he found a score or two of heads of families who knew a great deal about Christianity. He found, on enquiry, that some years before, in April, 1862, as near as he could make out, a young man from far to the south had come there to purchase oxen, and had brought a lot of these books with him, which he had read and explained to them in the evenings while spending his days in buying oxen in all the villages around them, and that they had been ever since trying to find some one who could tell them more about this "new way of getting rid of sin," through the help of the Divine Redeemer, *Yesu Kristu*, whom that young man had taught them to love and to pray to.

Mr. Darling told us that he remained with them for many days and instructed them, and that before he left them he baptized between twenty and thirty heads of families, and that there were many more nearly ready for baptism. They could not tell him who that cattle-buyer was, or how to find him, for

they had themselves in vain tried to find him to ask him to come back and tell them more about this wonderful Saviour. But having casually learned that he, Mr. Darling, knew and told people about the same *Yesu Kristu* they had journeyed to him to ask him to come and instruct them.

Mr. Darling said that the work in that region had steadily gone on, until now it was one of the best-developed mission stations and congregations in their mission, and that all these years he had been trying in vain to find some clue to the man who had in such a peculiar way initiated the movement which was still spreading. He was still hoping that some time, and in some way, he might find him, for he wanted to let him know about the results of his volunteer work for Christ in that distant region.

As soon as the service closed, the remainder of us walked up to our bungalow, which was not far off, while Mr. Darling waited to have a little talk with some of our people, who had seemed so intensely interested in what he had told.

After some little time he came up, with joyous excitement, saying, "Rejoice with me, I have found him! I have found my man that I have been so long hunting for. It is your assistant, John Souri."

"How do you know?" said I.

"I stopped," said he, "to answer some questions which the others asked about the story I had told, and soon your catechist, John Souri, asked in a very modest way, 'When was it that you said that young man was in those villages buying oxen?' I told him that it was, as near as I could make out, about April, 1862. 'And what were the names of the villages?' I told him, and added, 'Why? do you know anything about it?' 'I think I do, for I spent a fortnight in villages of those names in that Táluk in March or April, 1862, and each evening I gathered all the people I could and told them what a Saviour I had found, and also read to them from the Gospels. When I came away I gave them a number of Gospels and tracts to read after I had gone, so that they would not forget, but I never knew that any of those people had become Christians.'"

A few years later, he was ordained to the ministry as the Rev. John Souri, and became pastor of the Madanapalle church, having charge of the village congregations scattered through that Táluk, several of which he had been the chief means of leading to Christianity. He fulfilled a very fruitful and blessed ministry until December, 1902, when he was promoted to higher service in the immediate presence of the King.

Many scores, and it may be hundreds, of redeemed

souls will meet or have met him in glory, telling him that he was, under God, the means of their being there. But no period of his ministry on earth was more fruitful, or did more for the salvation of the Telugus, than the fortnight he passed buying oxen and reading and teaching the Gospels in that northern Táluk, in 1862, when he was, as yet, "an unbaptized volunteer missionary worker."

XI

OBSTACLES AND HINDRANCES: A HINDU FATHER'S DIFFICULTY

AMONG the obstacles and hindrances which meet the missionary at every turn in India there is none probably more potent than caste and the Hindu family system, as may be gathered from the following narrative.

When we first went to Madanapalle to establish a mission station many of the better class of Hindus were very reluctant to allow a missionary to locate there, and took every opportunity to put obstacles in our way, even to the extent of preventing our obtaining things that we needed for ourselves or for the establishment of our work.

There was, however, one family of high caste, *ryots*, or farmers, who were more friendly, and one of them in particular, of whom I will speak as "Bógappa," warmly befriended us from the first, and always helped us when he could.

Not long after we had got into our little temporary home an accident occurred to one of his cousins at the annual drawing of the chief idol car of the place which threatened to be fatal. Bógappa, with others, came and begged me to come and see if I could save

his cousin's life. I went, the middle of the night though it was, and by God's help I was able to save the wounded man's life and bind up his crushed hand. They were all very grateful, and so far as I could learn none of that family, brothers or cousins, ever again engaged in the worship of the idol at the drawing of whose car that one came so near losing his life. Some of them came very often to our Christian services on Sundays, so soon as we had built ourselves a little church, and none came so often as Bógappa. My heart went out towards him. He was so courteous, and so true. He was a born gentleman. He was always anxious to confer more benefits than he received—so different from the typical "native," who is supposed always to seek to obtain benefits, but to render as few as possible in return. He listened so earnestly to all the services in the church, when present, and especially to the sermons, when they set forth the person and work of Jesus Christ as the one Saviour of a lost world. I used to seek occasion now and again to press upon him personally the claims of Jesus Christ and his need of such a Saviour. He always listened most interestedly, and finally assured me that he believed that Jesus Christ was the only one who could possibly save even the Hindus from their sins and the penalty due for them, and yet he did not come out openly and embrace Him as his Saviour. He seemed so

near the kingdom and yet did not enter in. His conduct was that of a Christian: he was upright, honest, truthful, and true.

After much prayer for him and for guidance I sought opportunity on one occasion for an earnest, quiet talk with him. He came to my study ostensibly upon another matter. I once more pressed upon him the claims of Jesus Christ, whom he had openly said he believed to be the only Saviour, to his personal loyalty and personal service, and urged him to come out boldly and be baptized. He sat on the rug in my study that being more comfortable to him than a chair, and looked up to me with longing and tearful eyes, saying: "Oh, I do believe in Him. He is my only hope. I pray to Him every day. I never fail. But, sir, if I were to come out openly as a Christian and be baptized it would wreck my family. If they, too, believed in Jesus Christ and would come with me, how joyfully would I come, no matter if we became outcasts and were persecuted, as of course we would be, and lose all our present friends and associates; but that we could endure for the sake of having your Jesus Christ as our Saviour and friend. But, sir, my wife and my sons and daughters do not yet sympathize with me in my acceptance of Jesus as my Saviour; and see what it would mean to them if I were to come out and be baptized.

"I would at once be excommunicated from my caste and I could never again enter that caste street nor into my own house. My wife, my sons, my daughters, would spit upon me and spurn me. That I could endure, and would gladly endure, for the sake of my Jesus, but just think what it would mean to my family! Though they cast me off they would be shunned by all our caste people. Neither of my sons could obtain any respectable Hindu girl as a wife, and they, not becoming Christians, would not and could not marry Christian girls. No Hindu father would allow his sons to marry my daughters —the daughters of an outcast! My wife, though not a widow, would be treated as a widow, and you know something of what that would mean to a Hindu wife, but you do not know it all.

"No, I cannot allow myself to bring such ruin on my family, glad as I would be to endure any persecution myself for the sake of my Jesus. I must wait. I tell them often that Jesus Christ is my Saviour and urge them to accept Him as theirs and come with me and be baptized in His name, but they do not listen to me. It will come in time. O sir, please keep on praying for me and for them, and God will also bring them in, and then we will all come out for Him; but I cannot come out alone now and bring such dire ruin upon those I love and am bound to stand by." The tears ran down his

cheeks as he said this, and I was deeply moved. I prayed with him and for him and left it with God.

Before leaving for America, some years later, I had another private and prolonged interview and urged him to come out openly and embrace Christ before I should leave, but the circumstances had not changed, and he could not bring himself then, as he said, to wreck his family.

A few years ago when an American deputation was in India and we all went to Madanapalle with them for the laying of the corner-stone of our Memorial Church, dear old Bógappa came feebly, walking half a mile to the mission house to see me, and our talk was again of Jesus Christ and His salvation.

My heart yearned for the dear old man. I have never known a Hindu, not an open Christian, whom I have esteemed and loved as I do that man. Again I asked him if he was not ready now to be baptized into the name of Jesus Christ. "Oh, I do want to," was his reply; "but what can I do in my circumstances? As I told you before, it would ruin my family, and they would not come with me. My eldest son, educated in your school, and by your aid now holding a post under the government, but not yet married, could not find a wife if his father came out as a Christian and was baptized, and might

probably be, by the united secret efforts of those in his department, turned out of his position. Nor could my unmarried daughters ever be married to any respectable men; while my wife would be made an outcast in her old age; and, besides, I am myself now so feeble and my hands tremble so that I cannot even hold a cup of water to my lips to drink. My wife and family have even to feed me. I am an old, old man, more than eighty years old; I cannot last long. Do you not think the dear Jesus will receive me when I die, even if I do not come out openly and be baptized in His name? No, I am not ashamed of Him. I tell everybody that I believe in Him, and I shall die with His name upon my lips. Don't you think He will receive me into heaven although I have not been baptized and come out publicly for Him?"

I could only reply that the merciful Jesus, and not I, was to be the judge, and I could but leave him with Him who knows all our weakness and our hedgings in, and who is our sympathizing High Priest as well as our Judge.

But oh, Christians in Christian lands! where it does not require such sacrifices and such ruin to families to be baptized in the name of the Blessed Trinity, can you not sympathize with such a case as this, and will you not pray, and pray earnestly, that God will speedily so pour out His spirit here in

India that whole families will come out boldly, gladly, into His kingdom and together witness for Him—that a nation here may be born in a day?

XII

IT COSTS IN INDIA TO BECOME A CHRISTIAN: HANUMANTA RAU

OUR first convert at Madanapalle was a young Brahman of nearly twenty-two years of age, named Hanumanta Rau. In August, 1862, the Rev. E. C. Scudder and myself had gone as a committee of the American Arcot Mission on a preaching tour to the north and west of Palmaner to visit the important towns in the regions adjacent and report as to the best one to be occupied as a second Telugu station of the mission. Palmaner was then the only station of our mission in the Telugu country, and all agreed that there ought to be at least two Telugu stations in the mission.

We pitched our tents first at Madanapalle, a town of seven thousand inhabitants, thirty-four miles northwest of Palmaner, and spent some days in preaching in the different streets of that town and in all the surrounding villages.

The first time that we preached in the Brahman street an educated young Brahman stepped forward and began to ask questions, trying, as we thought, to bring on a discussion, and so prevent our presenting the truth connectedly and effectively.

VOORHEES COLLEGE, VELLORE, INDIA

A typical mission institution, attended by a thousand students, many of them Brahmans, all under Christian instruction

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"You say," said he, "that Jesus Christ is the only Divine Saviour of men. You believe in and worship Christ. We believe in and worship Krishna. If we believe with our whole heart in either one and truly worship him, we will in the end reach heaven. There is really no such very great difference between Krishna, our God, and Christ, your God. You worship one: we worship the other. They are both incarnations of the Divinity."

We quoted from their own Shástras to show that Krishna led a life of licentiousness and infamy, so that all his contemporaries were afraid to have him around, and all pure women fled at his approach; besides it is known that in anger he killed many even inoffensive men. And then we pictured the pure life of Jesus Christ, as recorded by the Evangelists, and admitted even by His enemies, and read from the Gospels in our hands of His deeds of healing and restoration of life, instead of murder, and told of His wonderful discourses and parables and prayers, and asked him very earnestly and kindly which character appealed to a man who felt the power of sin and wished a deliverer, and pressed him to take one of the Gospels and carefully study the life of Jesus Christ for himself. He became quiet, and we went on with our preaching without further interruption.

That evening, in another street, when the audience

was listening well, the same Brahman appeared and interrupted us with other questions and objections, and seemed to be bent on preventing our presentation of Christian truth, and, after that, in each street audience he would appear and ask questions and present objections, until we began to dread his appearance, for we thought him not a seeker but a caviller.

What was our surprise, therefore, when on the last day of our proposed stay at Madanapalle he presented himself at our tent and said that he wished to become a Christian, and asked to be allowed to accompany us on our journey, that he might, on our return to our station with us, come out openly and embrace Jesus Christ as his Saviour and be baptized.

We then learned from him that he had formerly for several years been a student in a high school in his native town, Nellore, some one hundred and thirty miles east of Madanapalle, kept by missionaries of the Free Church of Scotland; that he had there studied the Bible in his class daily and that in spite of the objections that he was continually bringing up in class, he had been, in secret, greatly drawn to the character and work of Jesus Christ and had had a secret longing to embrace Him as his Saviour.

He had not had the courage to confess this there, where his near relatives all lived, but had come a

few weeks before by chance, as he thought, to Madanapalle to visit distant relatives, and seeing us preaching in the street he had come to hear what we had to say about Jesus Christ, and that in spite of the objections he had thrown in, each time he heard us, the truth had taken stronger and stronger hold on him, until now he felt that he must come out and embrace Jesus Christ as his own personal Saviour, cost what it might.

He now proposed to go back to his friends whom he was visiting in the town, and tell them that he was going to be absent for some days, change his raiment, secretly leave the town and join us on our march to our next camping-place, asking what that would be. We had decided to leave Madanapalle about 4 P. M. that day and go southwest from there, crossing the boundary into the native state of Mysore, only seven miles out, and pitch our next camp at Rayalpad, the first town in that state on our route, and preach there and in its surrounding villages. Of this he was glad, as, crossing into a native state, his friends would be less likely to follow and molest him if they heard in any way that he had joined us.

Promising to join us at a fork in the road a mile out of town at 5 P. M., he went to his friends' house and arrayed himself in three suits of clothes, which a Brahman can do with his clothing and not be noticed, and, telling his friends that he was going to

be gone for a few days to visit some other friends at Mushtoor, a town ten miles east, he went out of the town by the east road and going around through the fields joined us on the south road, as promised. We noticed that he had apparently grown stouter, and he explained that as he could never return to those Brahman friends' house after becoming a Christian, he had put on all the clothing he had brought with him, and had also thrown his sleeping blanket over his shoulder, saying that he might need it at Mushtoor, and joining the cart in which our native preachers were travelling with their luggage he went on with them, while we rode along before on our country ponies.

At 9 P. M. of that moonlit night we pitched our tents at Rayalpad, and he at once took his evening meal with the Christian catechists, thus forever breaking his caste. Early the next morning he came to our tent and, asking me if I had any scissors with me, requested me to cut off his "*Kúdumai*," or Brahmanical tuft of hair, and his Brahman's cord from over his shoulder, that he might be absolutely done with all connection with Brahmans, and be an open and loyal servant of Jesus Christ.

We had a talk with him and told him what it might cost him, while we offered a prayer for guidance and blessing. He said he knew that his people

would kill him if they could, if that would prevent his becoming a Christian, but if they killed him he would only go the sooner to his adored Saviour, whom he had now definitely taken as his own, and, on his insistence, I took my scissors and cut off tuft and cord.

We were surprised at his extensive knowledge of the Bible and of vital Christian truth which he had before obtained in the high school, and by secretly reading the Bible before, for he daily joined our preaching band and himself preached in the towns and villages we visited, to the end of our tour, being daily instructed further by us and our catechists while in camp. At the end of the tour it was arranged that he should return with Dr. Scudder and spend some months with him at his station, Vellore, and be under his instruction and be baptized there, being further away from Madanapalle and from his old home and family friends than Palmaner, and thus less likely to be molested or assaulted by his old caste people.

After three months' instruction, and being seemingly sincere and strong in the faith, he was baptized by Dr. Scudder, and after a few weeks more, as his friends had not, so far, seemed inclined to molest him, it was decided best for him to return with me to Palmaner, and pursue his studies under my supervision there in the edge of the Telugu country

that he might become a Telugu Christian preacher, for he was well educated in Telugu and seemed bright and intelligent and earnest.

It was therefore arranged that he should leave Dr. Scudder's station, Vellore, on a certain Wednesday morning, and coming as far as Chittoor, our mission station half-way, spend that night with our Christian helpers there, and the next day come on to Palmaner. Walking was the mode of journeying, as there were no public conveyances, and Hindus were as much accustomed to journeying on foot in those days as were the Jews in the time of Christ.

As he did not reach Palmaner Thursday night, as agreed, I wrote to Dr. Scudder asking the reason of the delay. A reply came back that he had left Vellore Wednesday morning, as promised, for Chittoor, and that one of the Vellore catechists had walked with him until he had passed the railway station, five miles out, where the catechist had turned back, as it was a perfectly plain road, and left him to walk on to Chittoor alone. In response to a note to Chittoor, sent at the same time, a reply came that Hanumanta Rau had not been seen at Chittoor.

Suspecting foul play, Dr. Scudder immediately applied to the police under a European inspector to try and trace him. Constables were at once put on his track, and after two days reported that such a man had been seen to pass through a village seven

miles out from Vellore on the road to Chittoor, in company with two Brahmans, but that they could be traced no farther.

We knew not what to think, but the police declined to try to trace him farther, as he was charged with no crime, and we had no legal claim upon him. They suggested that he had probably gone to visit friends somewhere and would turn up in good time.

Many months passed, and still no news came of him. We concluded that possibly he had gone back on his professions, returned to his friends denying that he had broken caste or been baptized, and had resumed his standing as an orthodox Brahman. We earnestly prayed, however, that God would give him no peace until he once more found it in an open profession of Jesus Christ.

Nearly a year later, all the facts came out. It seems that the two Brahmans who had been seen with him passing the village seven miles from Vellore were men from Nellore, who had been hired by his uncles to go to Vellore, where they had heard that Hanumanta Rau was then staying, and secretly watch their opportunity to decoy him and get him back into their clutches. Those two Brahmans had been in Vellore for weeks dogging his movements and getting all the information they could as to his plans, but keeping out of his sight, and he was not on his guard.

They had in some way learned that he was that day to start on foot for Palmaner, and their plans were soon laid. Confident that they had not yet been recognized, they followed him and the catechist in the distance until the catechist had turned back, and after half a mile, they, walking more rapidly, had overtaken him. Feigning surprise at coming across him there, they cordially saluted him as an old acquaintance and entered into conversation with him, saying that they had been to Vellore on important business of their own and were just on their way home to Nellore on foot *via* Chittoor and so walked on with him.

Hanumanta Rau, not wishing to be thought "ashamed of Jesus," frankly told them of his change of faith, and that he had been baptized and received as a Christian, and also told them of the peace and joy of heart that he had from his new faith, and that, come what would, he would live and die a Christian.

They expressed their deep regret at the step which he had taken and at his expressed determination to stand fast in his new faith until death, but said, with feigned sincerity, that in such matters each man must decide for himself and act upon his own convictions, and asked him, casually as it seemed, if his wife had joined him or was going to join him as a Christian.

He had before told us that, as is the custom with so many Hindu students, he had been married to a young Brahman girl of high family when he entered the high school and began to study Bible lessons and learn of Jesus Christ, and that when he had first begun to admire the character of Jesus he had talked with her freely about it, hoping to enlist her sympathy in his investigations and his longings for such a Saviour; but she had forbidden him to talk about it, and told him that if he did not give up all that nonsense she would leave him, return to her father's house, and never speak to him again. This was the situation when he went to visit his friends in Madanapalle, and he had told us that he feared that he would never be allowed to speak to his wife again, as her father was a most bigoted Brahman.

Now, however, that these "friends," as he was led to think them, asked him about her sympathetically, his heart yearned for his girl-wife, and he sadly told them that she had not become a Christian with him, and he feared she never would, and that he might never again be permitted to see her.

"That is a great pity," said they. "It is too bad that you have become a Christian, but that ought not to be allowed to break up a family. If you do not persuade her to go with you, you

know what will happen: she will be treated as though you were dead: her head will be shaved and her nice clothing taken away and the hated garb of a widow put on her, and she will be treated and abused as a widow as long as she lives. Are you willing that she should be made to suffer so? Come home with us and we will try and get her to join you. We are, as you know, of the same clan of Brahmans as her father, and we will persuade him to let his daughter secretly join you, provided you will promise that you will take her far away to your new-found friends and never bring her back to Nellore. We promise you that if you will come with us we will make it all right."

Overjoyed at the chance of getting back his wife, believing them to be sincere, and after further talk and promises on their part, he yielded, thinking that he would go to Nellore and get his wife and that he and she would then come together to Palmaner and together study the Divine Oracles and together enter the service of Jesus Christ.

Having thus, by guile, obtained his promise to go with them to Nellore, to avoid being seen passing any village on the road and so be traced, they told him, as they had before planned, that they knew a much shorter road than *via* Chittoor to Nellore, across country, and that if he would come that way with them he would be able to reach his

wife two days earlier, and, not suspecting their real purpose, he consented.

Leaving the main road they went by a foot-path across the fields and through the jungles, stopping to rest under a tree now and then, one of them staying with him while the other went to the nearest village bazaar to purchase food which they cooked themselves, and, putting out on a leaf plate a portion for him, went to a distance to eat their own, as caste rules required, he having told them that he had been eating with Christians. It was the moonlit half of the month and they easily persuaded him that it was better to travel by night and stop over the heat of the day in some *Chatram* (rest-house), they doing this to avoid being traced.

They planned to arrive at Nellore late in the night, so as not to let it be known to outsiders that they had brought him, having sent a trusty Brahman messenger on hours in advance to inform his grandfather that they had made the capture, and that he was to have a safe room ready.

On reaching his grandfather's house, at 2 A. M., tired and footsore, he was shown by an old servant into a room which he had never before known used as a bedroom, and told that that was to be his room for the night, and that his grandfather would see him in the morning.

A rug had been placed there for him to sleep on, and, wearied as he was, he lay down at once to sleep, only wondering as he heard the old servant lock the door on the outside, he not realizing at all that he was a kidnapped and caged prisoner.

In the morning, Hanumanta Rau's grandfather came to see him in his prison room, but, avoiding touching him, seated himself on a stool at a distance, and at first began kindly to reason with him, trying with every inducement that he could possibly offer, of wealth, honour, position, and the restoration of his wife, to induce him to promise to recant and return to his ancestral faith before it should be known that he had returned, or publicly known that he had been baptized as a Christian, for so far only the family had heard even the rumour.

Failing to obtain any indications of assent, he changed his tactics and threatened him with every conceivable evil if he continued obdurate, and finally told him that he should never leave that room alive to go back and demean himself and disgrace the whole family by associating with "Christian dogs."

Hanumanta then for the first time began to see that he had been entrapped by the men who had seemed so friendly when they met him on the road near Vellore, and for the first time he realized that he was really a prisoner.

His grandfather then left him and went at once to

the two keenest and wiliest of the Brahman priests of Nellore and offered them five thousand rupees (a fortune to a Hindu) if they by their reasoning and their logic, or in any way, would reconvert his grandson to the ancestral faith, and by expiatory rites restore him to standing in his caste. They willingly undertook the task. They were not to let any one else know that it was even rumoured that he had become a Christian or that he was now back in Nellore.

In the afternoon they came and were admitted into Hanumanta's prison room, and first with flattering words and specious arguments tried to lure him back. But to all their words he produced answers from his pocket Telugu Testament, which he had very diligently studied, and told them earnestly of the love of God, as manifested in Jesus Christ and revealed in the Gospels, with such vigour and force and evident thorough conviction that they were confounded, and finally left him, telling him that they would come again the next day, and show him his folly and prove that they and his forebears were right in believing Brahmanism God's ultimate revelation to mankind, or at least to the Hindu race. This, they added, was that all Brahmans, at all events, must do and follow, at the peril of eternal wrath and millions of transmigrations, and cautioned him that it would be at the peril of his life should

he continue in his contumacy, for that no one out of the family but themselves knew of his being again in Nellore, and that his grandfather had sworn with a great oath to starve him to death in that room, unknown to the police or to any one else, unless he recanted. He said that he knew it, but that God's own Son, his Saviour Jesus Christ, had said, "He that loseth his life for My sake shall find it," and that he was going to put Him to the proof; opening his New Testament, he read to them in their own language Jesus' word (in Matt. 10: 32–39) beginning with the words "whosoever therefore shall confess Me before men, him will I confess also before My Father who is in heaven," and told them that he would rather die and go there and be confessed by Jesus Christ than to live a long and easy life as a Brahman. The result of the interview was that they left him with curses.

The next day they came and tried again, having persuaded his grandfather to take away and burn the book "which made him so obstinate," but all to no avail; and after a week they gave their task up, threatening the grandfather with direst curses if he did not put "that renegade" out of the way.

Only a little boiled rice with no curry, and without even any salt on it, was given him to eat, and even that became less and less day by day, until the stout fellow we had known became only a skeleton.

The rich and influential old grandfather then went to the bigoted Brahman father of Hanumanta's wife and succeeded in inducing him to waive his own pride and reluctance and see Hanumanta, and promise to restore to him his wife if he would recant and accept restoration to full Brahmanhood at the hands of the priests his grandfather had covenanted with, and he poured into his ears bogus messages of intense wifely love and devotion as from his wife, if he would only come back to her, but all to no avail. Hanumanta was sorely tried, but praying for help he quoted to him Christ's words about those who have forsaken even a wife for His sake inheriting everlasting life, and said that he was looking for that everlasting life and would for the sake of that willingly forsake all things. The bigoted father went away, foiled and disappointed, and in turn cursing him soundly.

Hanumanta's own parents had died when he was a little boy and he had been cared for in the grandfather's family where his father's father and his father and uncles and their families had all lived as a true Hindu undivided household, and his grandfather and uncles had taken the place of father to him and had hitherto been very kind, but they were now as one in the determination to make him recant or starve him to death. Thus three months passed.

One day his grandmother brought his food to him

in the evening ; she had always been very fond of him and had made him quite a pet. To her he appealed so earnestly that she quite yearned to help him. He told her that she could see that he would never yield and give up his Jesus, and that when he died in their house of starvation, it must become known and the scandal would be a terrible blow to them. He therefore persuaded her that it would be far better for the family if he should escape and go far away and never be heard from, for no one in Nellore, outside the family, as yet knew that he had come back from his former long absence or had become a Christian, and it would be easy to make people believe that he had died of cholera long ago, while absent.

He finally persuaded her to let him go out for an hour that evening, he promising her to go and return before the others should suspect his absence.

He ran to the house of the nearest missionary, of another society from the one under whom he had studied, for he lived more than a mile away, and rushing agitated into his study told him his story.

The missionary (Mr. D.) had slightly known the lad before and fully entered into his plans for escape. He had been himself intending for some time to go to Madras on important business in a few days. He now determined to hasten his preparation and agreed

to go the very next night, if Hanumanta could manage to join him, which he was sure he could persuade his grandmother, who not only feared the scandal of his death and its being known that he had been starved because he had become a Christian, but who really loved the boy and was willing that he should get away, and she promised that he should have the chance to do so at the same hour the next evening.

Just after dark the following evening, the old lady, true to her promise, brought him his food and as soon as he had eaten the food she had brought she went out and made considerable noise in apparently locking the door securely as usual, but really leaving it so that he could himself open it when all should again be quiet, and going into the family room reported all quiet for the night, and that he was apparently more inclined to listen to reason, since he was now convinced that his case was hopeless. Hanumanta Rau, as soon as he discovered from the sounds he heard that the family were fairly engaged with their evening meal, and the clatter made it less likely that they would detect any slight and unavoidable noise, deftly loosened the fastenings of the door as quietly as possible, and, in the darkness, very cautiously slipped outside, almost wondering that they did not hear his heart-beats, so violently did it seem, in his intense excitement, to beat against

the walls of his chest, and, feeling his way cautiously out of the crooked back passage into the side street through the back door, left open for the purpose by the old grandmother, went as rapidly as his feeble condition would allow, and quietly to avoid exciting suspicion, once more to the house of the missionary who had promised to secretly convey him away.

Mr. D. providentially had a strong, fast horse which was already fastened to the carriage to go the first twelve miles, for he had that morning sent his travelling coach, with fast trotting bullocks, on twelve miles to be in waiting for them, and had previously arranged for relays of trotting bullocks to be posted at each eight-mile-stage all the way to Madras, so as to make the best time possible, with no chance of delay on the way.

Putting a well-filled lunch-basket in the carriage at their feet and a flask of water, they got into the carriage, and driving out of the back gate of the compound and through a byway until they had cleared the town, he turned into the Madras high-road and put the horse to his mettle to reach the bullock coach as soon as possible.

The coach, as usual with India travelling coaches for posting with bullocks for long journeys, was entered by a door in the rear, like a city omnibus at home, and, for night travel, the seats opened out together and the cushions could be arranged to cover

the whole and make a comfortable bed for two to lie upon and obtain a fair amount of sleep.

Hanumanta, however, was so fearful of being seen, or reported and followed, that he insisted on crawling in underneath with the baggage for the first two stages at least, so that people that passed them would see Mr. D. alone in the coach and think no one was with him and so report if questioned. By the promise of an extra present to each driver if he made extra speed for his stage, and giving it to him while the driver for the next stage was looking, and promising him too a present if the watch showed that he had made extra speed at the end of his route, they were able to go through in much less than the usual time, and on reaching Madras, instead of going to the mission house where he usually put up, Mr. D. had the last driver take them directly to the railway station where a train for Vellore was just about to start. Here, placing Hanumanta in the train, he watched it pull out, and then went to the telegraph office and sent a telegram to Dr. E. C. Scudder telling him that Hanumanta was on the train and asking him to meet him on his arrival and have him carefully guarded and protected. Thence he went to the mission house and lay down to rest after his anxious journey.

Scarcely had he risen from his nap before the house was surrounded by a mob of furious Brah-

mans. Hanumanta's uncles had discovered his flight before morning and had parties out making vigorous search for any clue as to where he had gone. Discovering Mr. D.'s horse and carriage coming back towards his house from the Madras highroad shortly after sunrise, they had seized the native horse-boy, not a Christian, who had gone out with them to bring the horse and carriage back, and by threats and promises of money had made him confess that his master had gone to Madras and that he had driven out twelve miles after dark the night before with a stranger, apparently a Brahman, in with him, and that on reaching the bullock coach which he had sent on the morning before, the Brahman had crawled in under the seats with the luggage, and the driver had driven off furiously with the promise of an extra present for extra speed.

Gathering that Mr. D. had taken Hanumanta to Madras, they determined to follow him there with all speed and again obtain possession of their renegade nephew, who had for the present eluded their grasp.

Hastily arranging for a very rapid journey, with post bullocks, they first found a dismissed former servant of the missionary and learned from him where his master had been accustomed to put up whenever he went to Madras. Thither, off they

went, making frantic efforts all the way to outtravel the previous party, and though they had not obtained the clue until the missionary had been gone at least ten hours, so freely did they use money and so frantically did they urge on the drivers, that, going directly to the mission house, they were there not very long after the missionary himself.

On the way through the Brahman street they had gathered a mob of their caste people, and now surrounding the house they burst in and found the missionary just risen from his nap, and angrily demanded the surrender of their nephew, telling him that they were going to prosecute him for kidnapping and spiriting away a minor.

The missionary told them that he was not here, that they might search the house and see for themselves, but as they had informed him that they were going to prosecute him in court, he would refuse now to answer any questions, reserving all answers to be given under oath in court and that he would be very glad if they would prosecute him, for it would give him the best opportunity to bring a counter-prosecution against them for wrongful restraint and starving, for that they knew perfectly well that he was not a minor, according to the law of India, for when he had entered the high school, there being some question about his age,

his horoscope had been produced and the exact date of his birth recorded, and court would take that school register's copy of the horoscope, sworn to by the head master, as conclusive evidence, and a prosecution would enable him to bring out in open court sworn evidence of his having become a Christian and having been baptized and decoyed away and imprisoned in their house, and even though they might not be convicted and punished, it would still publish to all the world the full facts in the case, which they were so anxious to conceal.

He told them that Hanumanta, being of legal age, had gone where he pleased after they reached Madras, and he was now going to reserve any further information to be given in court and trusted that they would hasten on the prosecution, for he himself would be back in Nellore the next week and ready to appear in court: that they might search the house thoroughly and satisfy themselves that he was not concealed there; farther than that he would say nothing.

No one else being in the house, they ransacked it thoroughly every room, bath room and closet and outside servants' quarters and stable, and after an hour went away disappointed and angry, with no clue whatever as to what had become of him.

Hanumanta had reached Vellore safely, and had been gladly welcomed by Dr. Scudder and the

Christian community, and had under the best medical advice been cautiously dieted until he should get over the effect of his starvation. He seemed strange and not like his former bright self, but it was thought that it was the effect of the hardships he had undergone, plus the starvation and anxiety.

But as weeks and months passed by it was found that it was something worse than starvation that he had been subjected to.

He had stood up so nobly for his new-found faith and presented the reasons therefor so lucidly and so strongly as utterly to confound the most learned Brahmans who came to argue with him. They had first taken away and burned his New Testament, but his mind was so stored with its truths and words that they did not silence him, and being unable to withstand the power with which his clear intellect so vividly set forth "the truth as it is in Jesus" and being at last convinced that his return to Brahmanism was utterly out of the question, they had had resort to the old witches of the town to wreck his intellect.

As will be more at length set forth in the sketch of Bima Row (in the next chapter), it is acknowledged by the European medical faculty of India that the witches of India have a drug which, while it does not poison one in the sense of taking away

life, will destroy the natural working of the human mind and leave one partially insane, to all intents and purposes.

This worse than poison had in the last part of his imprisonment been mixed with the small modicum of food which had been daily put into Hanumanta's cell and had had its effect, for while it had not made him a raving maniac, as it has some, had so clouded his formerly bright intellect as to make him incapable of pursuing a course of study to become a Christian evangelist as had been planned. He was tenderly cared for and medically treated by the most skilled physicians for months, but the case was finally pronounced hopeless.

His Christian character was, however, excellent, and for ordinary occupations he seemed to be all right; but every now and then the inanity of his mind would be too evident for him to be a Christian preacher.

He himself seemed to be fully aware of his present limitations and that he could not be an evangelist, and he, therefore, begged for some other employment by which he could earn an honest livelihood.

Just then the government were calling for a force of vaccinators to be enlisted, as compulsory vaccination had been introduced, and trained vaccinators were to be sent through all the towns and villages of each táluk (county), and poor Hanumanta was, with

our sad consent, enlisted and trained for that work, for which we were thankful that he proved quite competent, and, after passing his examination, he was posted to a district where there were many Christians, and with our blessing he went and took up his appointment and secured the warm commendation of his superiors as a very diligent and faithful worker.

About this period Dr. Scudder was obliged to go to Nellore on business, and here he met the uncles who had imprisoned and tried to bring Hanumanta back to Brahmanism. They had given up their nephew as hopelessly cut off from them, but enquired after his welfare, and finally they said to Dr. Scudder: "Sir, what is it that makes your Véda have such a power over those who receive it? There was our nephew! We had him entirely in our power, as we and he believed, but every morning and noon and night, no matter who was present, he would, until we burned it, take up his Christian Véda and read in it and then kneel down and talk as though he saw Him, though we could see no one, to his God Jesus Christ, and when he got up from his knees you could do nothing with him. He would not yield an atom to any argument or persuasion. You never saw so stubborn a man as he was each time after he had read in his Véda and talked to his God. How is it that your Véda makes people so stubborn?"

Yes, grandly "stubborn" had he been throughout his long and almost hopeless imprisonment and starvation, for he had remembered St. Paul's injunction to his spiritual children "stand fast in the faith, quit you like men : be strong."

And "stubborn" did he continue in his Christian course to the end, for, though his intellect was weak, his Christian character was strong, and wherever he went he was noted as a staunch Christian much given to prayer.

In his new work, both among Christians and non-Christians, he was known by all as an unflinching and consistent follower of his master, Jesus Christ.

Good news continued to come from him and concerning him from Christian workers in his new district for a year, and then one of India's epidemics swept over that region and news came that Hanumanta had died in the faith, testifying in his latest breath to the love and faithfulness of that Saviour in whose name he had endured so much. His body had been buried in the little rural cemetery of the place to await the resurrection trumpet when the body should unite again with the spirit, the intellect being no longer beclouded, "for they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament."

XIII

IT COSTS IN INDIA TO BECOME A CHRISTIAN: BIMA ROW

"WOULD you not like to come with me, and go over the Leper Hospital and the Branch Insane Asylum? It is my morning for inspecting them. You have to do with leprosy in your hospital at Madanapalle, and would perhaps like to see what we can show you here, and I am sure you would like to see poor Bima Row."

"Yes, indeed, doctor," I replied. "I would, for I have long wanted to know more about his case."

"Yes," he said, "I will tell you all about it," and he proceeded as we drove along to give me the following narrative:

Bima Row was a young Brahman of high family who was a student in the then leading missionary high school of the city, quite a number of the half-caste pupils of which, about that time, embraced Christianity under the very earnest and consecrated labours of the missionary teachers.

There had been considerable commotion when each one of the high-caste students had come out

as a Christian, and each time some fifty or more students of the same caste as the convert had left the school in a body as a protest, but Bima Row who had determined to obtain the best education possible, as a means of obtaining high government employment, and who felt secure in his Brahmanism, had remained in the school through it all, telling his friends that there was not the slightest danger of his being affected by the Christian teaching or influence.

But, in spite of himself, he had little by little become interested in the Christian teaching and the devout Christian bearing of the consecrated missionary teachers, and before he knew it both his mind and his heart were becoming imbued with the teachings and the life of Jesus Christ, as mirrored forth by the consecrated men under whom he was studying and the real earnest young converts with whom he was more and more mingling. After some months, he sought a private interview with the Christlike principal and announced his intention of becoming a Christian, and asked that he might be baptized.

Well knowing that his friends would prevent this by force, if they knew about it beforehand, Bima Row gave them no inkling of his change of views, for he was of age, and, before they suspected it, he had been baptized.

Immediately there was an intense commotion in all the Brahman quarters of the city and a mob of thousands of infuriated Brahmans had assembled and surrounded the high school and the missionaries' house, and threatened to tear them down unless Bima Row were surrendered to them, declaring at the same time that he was kept under unlawful restraint or he would himself join them.

On this, Bima Row himself appeared at a second story window, and, when they saw him, and saw that he desired to speak to them, "there was made a great silence" as when Paul obtained leave to speak to the Jews from the stairs of the castle in Jerusalem, for they thought he was going to tell them that he had been inveigled into what he had done, and that with their aid he would now obtain his liberty and rejoin them.

What was their disappointment then when in a quiet and very manly way he told them that he had become convinced that Jesus Christ was the one and only possible Saviour of men sunken in sin, and that it had been only at his very urgent request that the missionaries had baptized him, and that, come what might, he would never give up his faith in his new-found Saviour, and earnestly begged them all to embrace the same salvation.

They, however, as did the Jews with Stephen,

"gnashed on him with their teeth," and determined to work their vengeance upon him, as the Jews did upon Stephen, and threatened to tear the house down, if necessary, to gain possession of the "renegade."

Forty men had taken up a heavy timber, which chanced to be lying near, and were in the act of rushing with it against the strong door of the front hall of the mission house, which had been closed and barred on the inside, as the mob was seen approaching. Just then a bugle was heard sounding the advance of a company of British soldiers, on the quick march across the open parade ground, on one side of which was the high school and the missionaries' residence, and on the other the fort with its British garrison.

The principal of the high school, fearing from the high and bigotted connections of Bima Row, that there would be a serious uprising, had Christians out watching in all the Brahman quarters of the city. Becoming apprized by this means of very large mobs gathering, he had hastened to the city authorities, representing the unusual danger, and calling for protection. The chief commissioner of police, not daring to trust his Hindu force in such an emergency, had hastened to the fort and called on the military commandant for help. The officer in command, a Christian gentleman, lost no time

in ordering a company under arms and, seeing from the fort battlements the furious mob already assembling in thousands, ordered the company at quick march to cross the open parade ground to the scene of the disturbance. There, forcing his own way through the mob to a side door which was opened for him, he speedily appeared at the window over the front door they had been about to force, and, silence being made, he told the mob that under British rule freedom of conscience was guaranteed to every subject, and that each one was to be protected in the exercise of his right to change his religion; that if a Hindu became a Christian or a Christian a Hindu, or either a Mohammedan, they would be equally protected in the exercise of their right, and that now Bima Row and the missionaries would be protected at any cost. He at the same time warned the mob to disperse at once, adding that in ten minutes by the watch the company would be ordered to charge with fixed bayonets and clear the streets on all sides of the mission premises, and that if there were resistance they were ordered to fire with ball cartridge; that, moreover, a squad of soldiers would bivouac around the mission house until all disturbance had ceased, and that the whole regiment would be kept in readiness in the fort to march out at a moment's notice, if necessary.

As the watch showed that the ten minutes were about up, the soldiers were seen forming in line with fixed bayonets and slowly approaching, ready to make the charge the moment the order should be issued. The courage of the mob seemed to be giving way and first those on the outside nearest the soldiers and then the others began slowly and with many mutterings of future vengeance to slink away through the side streets. Soon with tents from the fort appeared a large squad of soldiers, bivouacked on all sides of the mission premises, where they remained for a week until there were no longer signs of disturbance.

Two months passed by. Bima Row had altered his purpose of obtaining a high education in order to be able to enter the higher government service, for the strong desire was in him to be fitted to be a preacher to his countrymen of the glorious Gospel of Jesus Christ, which he had made so thoroughly his own.

A three days' recess in the high school was approaching, when one day, after school, one of his old Brahman cronies came up to him in a friendly way, saying, "Bima Row, it's too bad that you became a Christian and deserted us all, but that ought not to break up old friendships. We did act like fools when you were baptized and would have killed you if we could. But that has all passed by, and

now let us be friends again. Your mother wants to see you once more, and this morning as I was starting out for school from our house next door she called me and desired me to ask you to come home and spend with her the three days' recess next week. Of course, now that you have broken caste and become a Christian, they cannot receive you into the inner family rooms, and you cannot eat with the family, but your mother promises herself to prepare your food and put it into the little veranda room where you and I used to play as children, and to spread a new clean mat there, and you can eat there and, through the open door, talk with the family while they and you are eating out of sight of each other. You can have that room to sleep in at nights and be under the same roof with the mother that bore you, and have a little of the home feeling again. Your mother told me to tell you this, and to secure from you a promise that you would come next Tuesday after school closes and spend the recess with them. You will come, will you not?"

Overjoyed at these overtures from his mother, and not suspecting that any evil could be lurking therein, he gladly accepted the invitation brought by his old chum, and the following Tuesday evening presented himself at his father's house. He was received with apparent cordiality, though they did not touch him in order to avoid contamination. He was

shown into the little veranda room that was to be his quarters. When the time for the evening meal came, before the others sat down in the main room, his mother brought in his food and placed it on a leaf plate, Brahman fashion, on the new mat, with a brass cup of water beside it, and a small brass vessel of curry to pour over the rice as he ate it, and retired, as she must not be in the room while he ate.

Soon he heard the subdued clatter of the men eating in the next room, the door not being so that he could see them or they him, while he could hear his mother's voice as she was serving her husband and sons. After they had finished, he could hear his mother and sisters as they quietly took their meal after the men.

At bedtime a rug was furnished him and he lay down in the little room and slept well, profoundly thankful that he could have so much of home life once more, if even for only three days. The next day he went to the mission house and told them how glad he was that his friends had relented even so much, and then returned again with real pleasure to his home-quarters.

The mother brought his food to him every time before she served the others, and he ate it with avidity. The second and third day he thought he noticed a peculiar taste about it, but supposed it was some new

variety of aromatic herb that his mother had mixed in the curry, and thought no more about it. The third evening, however, after eating, he noticed a peculiar sensation in his head, and the next morning when he awoke he felt dazed and confused; but he rose and, after bidding them all good-bye, and thanking his mother for letting him come home, he started once more for the mission house, where he was living with the missionaries.

He did not find his way there, and after several hours some of the Christian students found him aimlessly wandering around the bazaars and unable to give any account of himself and "out of his head," they brought him to the Principal's house adjoining the school. Here he was put to bed and a skilful doctor was sent for and all was done that could be done, but he never regained the proper use of his mind. He did not become a raving or violent maniac, but was securely held with a mild form of insanity, his mind never again working normally.

He was tenderly cared for at the mission house for some years, but failed utterly, notwithstanding the most skilful medical treatment, to recover the use of his mind, and after some years it was thought better that he should be placed in the well-managed government Insane Asylum, where he could have expert treatment all the time and improve any possible chance for betterment.

A score of years passed. All the missionaries who had formerly known him had left the country, and he was now a permanent inmate of the Branch Asylum for harmless incurables, where he was receiving the kindest possible treatment and care. At times, he seemed to have glimmerings of returning intelligence, and then he was almost always talking with those about him of the love of Jesus, and what He had done for his soul, and what He would do hereafter for him when he should wake up well in the heavenly home. He was always kind and as helpful as possible to all about him, and had won the love, yes, and the respect, of everybody.

This is the account given me by Dr. Van S., as we drove towards the Hospital and Asylum.

"But doctor," said I, "was it ever ascertained what drug was mingled in his food to produce such a result; was no searching enquiry made?"

"Yes, indeed, a commission of expert European doctors was appointed to endeavour to sift the matter, of which I was the junior member, and we tried our best to find out what had been used, in the hope that we could find an antidote, but we did not succeed. After long and exhaustive investigation, the commission was unanimous in the conclusion, not only from the searching enquiries into this case, but from many other cases circum-

stantially reported to us during our investigations by other missionaries, that the witches, or those that pass as such in India, do have knowledge of, and, on occasion, employ some drug or drugs, whether vegetable or mineral we could not ascertain, which, introduced in the food a few times, does unbalance the mind, and that often permanently, but does not take away life, and so does not bring the administrators of it under the law for homicide or murder.

"The commission found unimpeachable evidence of such cases in different missions in India where converts to Christianity had been thus mentally wrecked, their friends all conniving at it, that they might not become preachers of the Gospel of Jesus Christ."

We had now drawn up at the gate of the Leper Hospital, and after going thoroughly through that, which was of great interest to me, but of which I need not here speak, we went through the gateway that led to the Insane Asylum in the adjoining compound.

As we came along near the end of the long front veranda, Dr. Van S. pointed to a man seated at a potter's wheel, near the farther end, busily moulding a water-pot. "That," said he, "is Bima Row. We have tried to find something that he can do to occupy his time, for he is happier if engaged in

some occupation, and he seems to like this better than anything else that we have hit upon.

"He will sit there by the hour turning the wheel and putting upon it lumps of soft clay, which we have a native potter prepare just right, and with his fingers deftly form a nice water-jar, as you see him doing now. He seems to take a genuine pleasure in turning out a fine article, and when a number of them are completed the potter takes them and burns them in a little kiln at the back of the premises and brings them for his approval. They are used by all the patients, who seem delighted to have jars made by a Brahman, and they all love and revere him."

Bima Row, whose hair had grown white and whose eyes were sunken by long years of suffering, did not see us as we were approaching, for he was seated with his side towards us and his back towards the wall of the veranda, and we had a good opportunity to study the situation and observe his countenance as we quietly approached. Finishing the pot on which he was working, and placing his creation with what seemed like affection down by his side, he turned and looked up.

Seeing a stranger approaching with his beloved doctor and apparently judging from my garb that I was a missionary, his unbalanced intellect seemed to wake up partially, but in a crooked way, and

he seemed to class me with his persecutors, for, looking at me with the terrified glance of a wild animal brought to bay, he, with much agitation, addressed me: "Give up Jesus, did you say? Did you tell me that I must give up my Saviour, Jesus Christ? Never, never will I give Him up. You may kill me, but I will not give Him up," and, looking up towards heaven, with his hands clasped, he said with intensely piteous emotion: "O Jesus, Jesus: my Lord Jesus, keep me, keep me from ever saying a word against Thee, keep me to the end, and then take me to Thee."

And with that, apparently exhausted by the emotion and excitement, he fell back against the veranda wall behind him, and a perfectly vacant look came over him, replacing the alert one of a moment before, and nothing that I could say, though I tried my best to assure him that I did not want him to forsake Jesus, but to cling to Him, seemed to reach his disordered comprehension. We at length turned to go inside, to see the other patients. After a time, we came out again to see if he had at all recovered, for I did want to administer some consolation to the dear saint, but no look of intelligence had come into those set, glaring eyes, nor after an hour's inspection of the Asylum when we came out to leave, had the faintest gleam of intelligence seemed to revisit

that sad countenance. He was still leaning back against the wall behind his wheel, and the only mark of life was the regular heaving of his chest as he went on breathing heavily, with now and then a deep drawn sigh. Tears moistened our eyes as we turned away.

Never shall I forget that fine Brahman countenance, with its gleam of heavenly light, as he prayed: "O Jesus, Jesus: keep me to the end," nor the sad, sad look of vacancy that followed it, as for an hour he leaned with almost no sign of life against the Asylum wall.

That countenance has remained pictured on my mind's eye ever since, and I shall look for and recognize it up yonder, looking for it in that "great multitude" of whom it was told St. John, "These are they which came out of great tribulation and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

Will not every young disciple of Jesus, yes, and older ones, too, who read this account and who cannot himself, or herself, go to the front as a missionary, join the growing band of "Covenanted Intercessory Missionaries," and, communicating with some selected foreign missionary of his own church, enter into covenant with him and with God to labour daily in prayer for him and his work, especially for such phases of it as he shall report as specifically

needing such help at the time, and for all such as are seeking to take Jesus Christ as their personal Saviour amid the opposition and persecution of their friends, it may be as intense as that which was meted out even by his own mother to poor Bima Row?

XIV

ARE MISSIONS IN INDIA A "DISMAL FAILURE": INCIDENTS AT ONGOLE

IT was in October, 1863, that I first visited the town of Ongole, in the Telugu country of the Madras Presidency. It was at the close of my long horseback preaching tour through the dominions of the Nizam of Hyderabad.

In the course of our return journey and on the third day from Masulipatam I came to the town of Ongole, and while the palanquin-bearers were changing I took my stand in the main street, and by singing in a sonorous voice a Christian's rallying song to one of the most loved old Telugu tunes, I had gathered a fine audience. I then preached to them, taking as my theme "God and Man and Sin and Salvation," through the God-man Jesus Christ, who had come down from heaven and lived and suffered and died for us men and for our salvation.

The audience was very attentive, and after giving out a few Gospels and tracts I got into my palanquin and pressed on in my journey. While waiting, I had enquired and could hear of only two Christians, even nominal ones, in a radius of sixty miles from Ongole, and on reaching the next mission station I found this

GROUP OF MISSIONARIES

Group of the missionaries of the Arcot Mission, taken on the occasion of the Jubilee of the Mission, in 1905, with the American deputation sent out by the Foreign Mission Boards of the Reformed Church in America

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estimate confirmed. That was in 1863. Meantime, in 1864, being on business in Madras, it had been my privilege to meet the Rev. J. E. Clough and Mrs. Clough, on their first landing as new missionaries of the American Baptist Missionary Union to the Telugus. Desiring to be of some assistance to them in obtaining their needed supplies, and to see them off on their boat on the back water canal on the first stage of their journey up to Ongole, to which they were to go as the first missionaries to that station, I was glad to bid them Godspeed to that region, which I had found so neglected and yet promising.

In February, 1873, on the adjournment of our Telugu Bible Revision Committee at Rajamundry, I was to journey down by this same route to Madras. The great ingathering in the Ongole region had meantime taken place, or rather had fully begun, and Dr. Clough had then gone home in quest of health and more funds. The missionary then occupying that station in his absence, Rev. John McLaurin, had previously written asking me to plan to spend a Sunday with them at Ongole in passing, and see something of their work and its so-far-achieved results, and preach again in Ongole, this time to Christians. I was very glad to do so.

On reaching Ongole on Saturday, and coming into the mission compound, I was speedily aware of some

special stir, for the compound was dotted with tents and leafy tabernacles, which, as could be seen, were filled with native sojourners.

The next morning I was asked to conduct the Christian service in the little native church. This was their temporary church, built with dried clay walls and thatched roof. Its floor was covered with a split bamboo-woven mat, covering the whole floor, and constituting the "pews" or seats for the worshippers. On entering it by a side door, I found it already rapidly filling. Against the wall at the rear end was a row of chairs for the missionaries, and in the middle of it a small stand, eighteen inches square, on which were the Telugu Bible and hymn-book, while an equal space was left vacant at its left side for the preacher to stand in, for space was precious.

Soon the congregation was seated, the first row, reaching from wall to wall, were seated so close together that their shoulders and their knees, as they sat cross-legged on the mat, touched each other. The next row sat so close behind them that their knees touched the back of the first row, and the next row similarly, even to the farthest wall and the windows on both sides; while the doors at the front end and side were filled with the heads of those who desired to see and hear but who could not by any crowding get inside. As I carefully looked, I could not see how even a rat could crawl through the room,

so closely did they sit and so close were the knees of each row to the backs of the row in front of them. Packed thus as they were, more than twice the number were seated in the little church that could be so called if there were the usual pews or benches.

I stood in that small space with my right hand on the Bible and preached on the same theme that I had preached on less than a decade before in the street of the same town, not sixty rods from where I now stood. Then not one of my hearers was a Christian. Now not one of my hearers was a heathen, and these had come in for this Sunday from ninety village Christian congregations, in which were 2,185 communicant members of those new churches, with some 9,000 registered adherents now under instruction for baptism,—all of whom had been gathered out of rank heathenism since my previous visit to Ongole.

I had been reading, just before coming there, some of the lucubrations of certain critics of missions in English and American newspapers who claimed to have been in India and to speak from personal observation, and who declared in positive terms that "Missions in India were a dismal failure."

As I stood in that little church, so packed with earnest Christians, the delegates of over 2,000 communicants who could not come so far, and 9,000 under instruction for baptism, I said in my heart,

"If missions are a failure, and this is a sample of such 'failure,' God send us many failures!"

That was now a little more than thirty years ago. I have just obtained the statistics of that mission's work, covering only what was the Ongole field in 1873, and find that three decades after there were 48,411 communicant church-members, with about 150,000 adherents under Christian instruction; while meantime several thousand sincere believers have passed through the gates into the eternal mansion washed white in the blood of the Lamb!

This must be another of the "dismal failures" of missions in India, of which we are positively told by "unprejudiced observers," and, again all that I can say is, "God give us such 'dismal failures' in plentiful measure!"

XV

INDIA HERSELF AT WORK: THE NATIONAL MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF INDIA

INDIA is herself at length waking up to her opportunity, her duty, her privilege. After months of careful investigation, in 1904–5, it was found that in the provinces of British India and in the native states in India there were large regions inhabited, in the aggregate, by about one hundred millions of people, in which there was no Christian missionary work going on, and, after extended correspondence with all missions adjacent it was found that there was no hope of their occupying those neglected areas within this generation.

It was then that the burden seemed to fall heavily upon the native leaders in the different churches and missions all over India who had put themselves in communication and consultation with leading missionaries in the different provinces and presidencies, and, in the initial arrangements, guided by the sagacious counsel of Mr. G. Sherwood Eddy of the Indian National Y. M. C. A., native leaders arranged late in 1905 to call an All-India Conference to consider what steps should be taken to meet this state of affairs. It was eventually decided to call such a

Conference, to be held at Serampore, the birthplace of Modern India Missions, on Christ's Natal Day, in 1905.

From the Foreword or Prospectus issued by them the following extracts are taken, showing the spirit and purpose of this epoch-making movement, and the steps taken for its organization. I quote as follows:

"In Carey's historic library at Serampore, on December 25, 1905, with delegates present from each province and portion of India, Burma, and Ceylon, there was organized 'The National Missionary Society of India.' Uniting as it does the Christians of all churches and of all provinces into one great society for the evangelization of India and adjacent lands, its organization marks a new era in the history of India. It is remarkable that just two hundred years since Ziegenbalg came to India as the first Protestant missionary, exactly one hundred years is it since Samuel Mills at Williamstown with his fellow students at the 'Haystack Prayer Meeting' began the great missionary movement in America, and precisely a hundred years now since the saintly Henry Martyn landed in India and lived and laboured in this very spot, the Christians of India have now united in the first national, indigenous missionary movement of its kind ever organized in India. While the sessions of the Conference were

held in the great library where William Carey laboured, the constitution of the new Society was adopted in the old pagoda where Henry Martyn worked and prayed for the evangelization of the land. With Indian men, Indian money, and Indian management, the Society is controlled by a Central Executive Committee, and a national council with representatives from each presidency and each larger mission or Christian body in a province; and aided by the counsel of an Advisory Board of experienced missionaries. *Founding no new denomination, but preserving the strongest loyalty to the churches; soliciting no funds outside of India, but laying the burden for India's evangelization upon her own sons, we believe the Society is organized on a sound and safe basis.* Only after months of careful planning, and after securing the approval of hundreds of representative Indians and European missionaries in every part of the empire, has this important step been taken.

"Invitations had been sent out to all those who had responded favourably to the first proposal, to meet at Serampore, December 24–28, 1905. The place was selected not only for its historic missionary associations, but also as being a quiet place for prayer and undisturbed thought. Seventeen delegates from all the provinces of India came together. Ceylon and Burma had their representatives too. Scores of letters were received from leading Indian

Christians all over the country, expressing regret at their inability to be present, and wishing Godspeed to the movement.

"On the 24th of December, the men began to assemble at the old Serampore College. The gathering was indeed unique. The men came from the seven great political divisions of India, and the Island of Ceylon, speaking eight different languages, and representing five different denominations. The Church of England and the Presbyterian Church in India were the two most strongly represented. A great spirit of harmony characterized the entire proceedings. We felt that our common Lord was in our midst, and the unity that was seen was but an earnest of that which we expect to see in the near future, when the sons of India, irrespective of varying languages and denominations and political and social traditions, shall unite together as members of one body, engaged in common warfare against the united forces of evil that now reign in this land.

"After prolonged and thorough consideration a constitution was finally adopted at an evening session at the Old Pagoda, made sacred by the prayers and tears of the saintly Henry Martyn. After its adoption, the small company of delegates committed the Society and its rules to God, and once more dedicated themselves to pray and live for India's regeneration.

"The gathering was unique. The Lord was there, and in Him the foundation was laid for an indigenous missionary movement, uniting all the Christians of India, Burma, and Ceylon. In the historic library of William Carey the small band joined hands before separating, and sang, each in his own language, and all with full thankful hearts, the glorious doxology. Not a few were affected as they sang the farewell song. The assembly dispersed in silent prayer for God's Divine approval and mighty blessing on the 'National Missionary Society of India.'"

The first officers of the movement were as follows:

President: Sir Harnam Singh, K. C. I. E., Lucknow.

Vice-Presidents: K. C. Banurji, Esq., M. A., B. L., Calcutta; Dr. S. Satthianadhan, LL. D., Madras; Rev. K. C. Chatterji, D. D., North India; Rev. S. V. Karmarkar, B. D., Bombay.

General Secretary: Mr. V. S. Azariah, Palamcottah, Madras Presidency.

Treasurer: Mr. K. T. Paul, B. A., L. T., Madras.

The name adopted was "The National Missionary Society of India." The object was declared to be "to evangelize *unoccupied fields in India and adjacent countries:* and to lay on Indian Christians the burden of responsibility for the evangelization of their own country and neighbouring lands."

Its membership is to consist of "all Indian Christians who contribute annually to the support of the Society and agree to pray for its work."

Honourary members shall be "all others in sympathy with the object of the Society and contributing to its support." Among these may be Europeans, if resident in India.

The Executive Committee consists of fifteen members; one from each province and the remainder residing near the executive centre, which for the present is Madras, the largest and most advanced native Christian community being in that presidency.

An Advisory Board was also appointed, consisting of ten of the strongest elder missionaries connected with the different existing missionary organizations of all parts of India.

Thus was launched what promises to be one of the most important agencies of the twentieth century working for the conversion of India; and for the supplanting of its religions with the religion of Jesus Christ.

Its Executive Committee, consisting entirely of leading Indian Christians, is now maturing plans in consultation with the Advisory Board for sending out its first Indian Christian missionaries into these unoccupied regions.

They are to send native missionaries connected with the Presbyterian Church to unoccupied re-

gions adjacent to fields occupied by missionaries of one of the Presbyterian Boards of America or Great Britain; those connected with the Church of England to regions adjacent to Church of England missions; Methodists to regions adjacent to Methodist missions; and so on of the other existing denominational missions, that there may be no clashing of denominationalism until such time as in God's providence and by His leading there may be developed—what we are all praying and working for—first by organic union in church families, and then by federal union of all, in one, a strong united "Church of Christ in India."

Such an organization as this National Missionary Society of India is what some of us have been planning and working and praying for during close upon a quarter of a century.

Indeed at the All-India Decennial Missionary Conference, held in Bombay in 1892, the author, in a paper on the Native Church prepared by previous appointment and presented at that Conference and which elicited warm approval, said:

"Nay more, I would be glad to see our native brethren of different missions *join hands in a work exclusively their own*, and select some field at present destitute and send their own missionaries, selected by themselves, supported by themselves, managed by themselves, without any foreign control or inter-

ference. To it, I would gladly contribute from my own means, leaving its expenditure to such a society, exclusively native, guided, as I feel certain it would be, by the Holy Ghost, who guided the Church of Antioch in sending out Barnabas and Saul."

Thus was presented, fourteen years ago, practically the very outlines of the plan now adopted in this new organization, for which in the providence of God the time seems to have now ripened.

There is said to be a clever cartoon, drawn by a native Christian artist in Hindu style and colours, now in circulation among the churches in Northern India, which I have not yet seen, but which emphasizes the propriety and advantage of the native Church now taking hold vigorously of the work of self-support, self-government and self-propagation, too long held in abeyance.

The cartoon represents an old gentleman in Hindu garb, with white locks and beard, together with a stout walking stick in his hand, carrying a strapping youngster, seated as Hindu fathers carry their children on short journeys on the father's shoulders, with one leg on each side of his neck, and with his hands clasped over his father's forehead to steady himself.

The burly youngster in the cartoon, now a man grown, thus sits upon the shoulders of his vener-

able father, while the father is with difficulty trudging along the rough road, thus carrying his son.

A traveller, who meets them, is represented as saying first to the father:

"Why are you lugging that full-grown youngster? Let him walk himself." To which the old man replies: "I don't believe he can walk: he never has."

The traveller then says to the young man: "Aren't you ashamed to make your old father carry you, when you are fully able to walk yourself; shame on you!"

To this the young man replies: "Do you really think I could walk myself? My father has never had me try."

In a second picture, the young man is walking by the side of his father and is saying: "Why, how nice this is! I tumbled down several times at first, but am fast learning to go alone and stand up for myself."

The old man then says: "He is fast learning to walk for himself, and now I can give my strength to carrying other important burdens: why did not I try this before? Both he and I would have been better off. But, thank God, he is going alone from this time, only I may have to show him a little now and then how to get over rough places. But

he will soon learn that, too, and we can travel together with real pleasure and profit, however long and rough the road may be."

Thus it may be with the native Church of India, until it shall have fully developed in self-support, self-government and self-propagation, and shall have brought into Christ's kingdom all the now unoccupied fields of India.

XVI

LOCKING ARMS FOR THE CONFLICT; THE UNIFICATION OF NATIVE CHURCHES

AT the great Ecumenical Conference on Missions, held in New York in April, 1900, at which, among the thousands assembled from all the world, were found 600 missionaries, coming from every foreign missionary country, representing their 15,464 missionary brothers and sisters then in the field, no subject received more earnest and prayerful attention, from the first meeting of Welcome, to the final meeting of Farewell, than that of Church Union and Coöperation in Mission Fields and the realizing of the Master's prayer that in all lands His disciples might be one.

It is the subject of most earnest thought and prayer now in Europe, in Asia, in Australia, in Japan, in the Pacific Islands, in America. Happy those who early find the Master's own solution of the problem!

For the study of this problem it has providentially fallen to my lot to visit the mission fields of sixty-seven different missionary societies, labouring in more than fifty languages, in many different and distant parts of the earth, from the "Sunrise" Kingdom of Japan, to the Eskimos and Nascoppies of Labra-

dor, and to confer on the spot, with the representatives of all these different churches, on this and other vital themes pertaining to the furtherance of the kingdom.

While in some of these fields I have seen the blessedness of cordial coöperation and truest union, in others, alas! there have been apparent the unspeakably saddening effects of unholy rivalries and interferences with one another's work. There has been great waste of effort, as well as of consecrated funds, and Christ has been again wounded by His professed friends, and that in the presence of the heathen.

Wherefore this waste? Wherefore this wounding of Christ afresh? How long must it continue? How can it be made to cease? How can that prayer, "that they may all be one," be realized? How can these unholy rivalries be ended, and the Native Churches in each land be so unified that, as prayed the Crucified One, "the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me," and, coming, clasp those blessed feet?

For this "Unification of the Native Churches" a John the Baptist movement must take place among those who have planted, and who now hold, in perhaps too-tightly-drawn leading strings, those Native Churches, for no movement for their unification can avail until liberty of action has been granted them by their controlling bodies at home.

A drawing together of the missionary bodies that have organized those Native Churches in each land into some form of working union must then, it seems to me, be first sought, in order to attain the end we have at heart, and to the subject in this, its twofold aspect, let us, for a little, bend our earnest thought.

In treating a similar theme, I once made use of an illustration which, to my mind, so accurately sets forth the true constitution and proper working of Christ's Church militant in its attempt to conquer the world for King Immanuel, that I make no apology for utilizing it now, in opening our subject.

Many years ago, in a large military station far in the north of India, I witnessed the prearranged manœuvers of a large body of British troops, which taught me a lesson I care not to forget.

There was first a review before the commander-in-chief, and then they engaged in a battle with an imaginary foe, in which they traversed seven miles of country, storming and capturing every fort, every redoubt, every line of earth-work, scaling every rocky hill-top to dislodge the concealed foe. Every branch of the service was represented ; the infantry ; the light and heavy artillery ; the cavalry ; and each did its part.

By invitation I was mounted and accompanied the advancing army, and witnessed the contest and studied the scene. Before me filed the different

regiments marching out to the fray. Each regiment held aloft its own regimental battle-flag, inscribed with the names of its historic conflicts, such as "Inkerman, Sebastopol," another "Plassy, Seringapatam," another "Taku Forts, Pekin," another "Peninsula, Waterloo," another "Quebec, Niagara," another "Delhi, Cawnpore." Each regiment exulted in its historic achievements thus blazoned forth, but over all waved Britain's grand old flag, that flutters in the breeze on every continent, and that called forth the united and intensest enthusiasm of the whole army. To all there was but one flag, to all there was but one object.

I turned to the army list to see what names of battles each regiment was permitted, by royal proclamation, and as a reward for special bravery, to inscribe on its flag, and, as I looked, another fact attracted my attention. While the uniform of all was externally the same, each regiment had its own distinctive colours in the facings of their coats. One was buff, another orange, another green, another pink, another crimson. In front of the enemy, girded for war, there was no visible distinction. At home, or when no conflict impended, and they were at ease, the lapels were thrown open and one could see the distinctive colours of the different regiments.

Thus it is, said I, with the Church of God, the army

of our Immanuel King. We are divided into different regiments in our denominational distinctions, and each has its distinctive banner. The Presbyterian regiment, or brigade, wheels into line bearing aloft its well-scarred flag, on which is inscribed "John Knox," "The Covenanters," "Westminster." The Episcopalian waves the flag with "Wycliffe," "Cranmer," "The Thirty-nine Articles." The Congregational regiments of England and America come on with "Freedom of Worship," "Mayflower," "Plymouth Rock." The Wesleyan and Episcopal Methodists swing out "John Wesley," and "Impetuous Fire." The Lutherans follow with "Luther," "Wirtemberg," "Worms." The Reformed Church of the Netherlands and America rejoices to swing to the breeze "Heidelberg," "Dort," "The Thirty Years' War for religious freedom."

We each rejoice in our distinctive regimental flags. Yet we constitute but the One Army of The Living God; and above us all waves the One Flag that calls forth our highest enthusiasm, our intensest fealty and love. It is the blood-red Cross of Cavalry, on the white ground-work of Christ's Righteousness, with the dove, the Holy Ghost, bearing the olive branch of "Peace on Earth, Good-Will to Men"; and the standard that holds it aloft is the Love of the Divine Father who "so Loved the World."

Each regiment has its different facings. With one

it is Calvinistic blue, light or dark. With another it is Arminian; with one Liturgical; with another Impromptu Worship; with another Prelatical; with another Independent. But, when we face the enemy, let them see but one uniform, for are we not the one body of Christ? Our Armament is one; for we should each buckle on "the whole armour of God."

But the artillery particularly attracted my attention that day; for there was every style of artillery, such as India almost alone can furnish, and the country over which they fought was diversified with plain and high rocky hill, with open field and jungle, and there were imaginary fortresses to be besieged and ambuscades to be riddled out.

On came the Royal Artillery, with plumes erect, and vestments rare:—"The Church of England and American Episcopacy," said I. Then came the light horse artillery, with light guns, ready to dash anywhere; to climb the hills and pour in hot shot into the retreating foe; not hampered with heavy baggage, active, alert;—"The Congregationalists," quoth I. The heavy horse artillery followed, with steady tread;—"The Presbyterians," I thought. Then there was the buffalo artillery, drawn by the finest draft-animals in Central India, for going through tough and miry places, doing magnificent work, but with an irresistible tendency to take to the

water ;—"Our Baptist Friends," I ween. Then came the elephants, with steady step, dragging up the heavy siege-guns ;—This is the proverbially slow and stately steppings of "the Reformed Church of the Netherlands and America," drawing into line "the Canons of Dort," I thought. Then there were the cavalry : scouring the country in advance ; looking out every foe ; dashing with impetuosity at every enemy ; sometimes falling, but to rise again ; sometimes coming in others' way and anon spying out and scattering a concealed foe. Yes, said I, God bless the "American Methodist Circuit-Rider." The army of God in new and untried regions would fare less well without him. Yes, we are but different branches of the same royal service, all working for the one end, and with the one flag waving over us.

Another thing I noticed as I studied the British army list. The place where each regiment originated, and the date were given. There were the Essex Light Infantry ; The Monmouthshire Foot ; The Royal Scots Fusileers ; and Native Regiments, one raised at Madura, in 1771 ; one at Ellore, in 1778 ; one at Madras, in 1765 ; but they were all under one commander-in-chief—all fighting for the one beloved sovereign.

Thus it is with the Army of the Living God on mission fields. The Lutheran Brigade points to its enlistment by the Monk of Erfurt, in 1522 ; the Pres-

byterian points to Scotland and John Knox for its enrollment; we have, in the Indian Missionary Army, regiments raised in the United States, Canada, Denmark, Germany, France, Switzerland, and Australia, as well as in England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. We are all under one Commander-in-chief, one King Jesus. To all there is the same "Manual of War"—the Living Word of God.

Ay, we of the different denominations each have our distinct regimental organizations, and, for efficiency, well we may. But we must never forget, nor fail to recognize the fact, that we are but the One Grand Army of the Living God, and we must so organize these denominational regiments into brigades, and then into army corps, and so order and control them, that we may never be guilty of the awful mistake of turning our suicidal guns upon one another, instead of on our common enemy.

There were in 1902 labouring in India more than sixty different missionary societies, connected with more than thirty-five separate church organizations, representing distinct ecclesiastical bodies in the Home Lands. Each has, to a greater or lesser extent, transported to, and transplanted in, this tropical land its distinct and somewhat divergent organizations and church peculiarities, and all are separate and unrelated. Can any one for a moment imagine that the triumphing Church of Christ in the India of the future,

as it marches on to victory, will consist thus of thirty-five disjointed, unconnected squads of soldiers?

The time may not yet have come to form, from all these divergent elements, one grand National Church of India. All could not at present be Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Lutherans, Baptists, Methodists, or Independents. Mental organizations differ. Things appear differently, and with different spectacles men read and interpret variously the Apostolic records, as to church polity, organization, and doctrine. While this is so, I would not have a forced organic union of these different bodies.

I would not, if I could, attempt instantly to form a mongrel *Episco–Presby–gational–Bapto–Methodist Church*, a conglomerate of particles that would not mix or assimilate. Yet I hold, and have long held, that there is a way of forming, in this day, a true working union.

So long ago as 1884, at the Pan-Presbyterian Council in Belfast, I voiced this conviction in the following words:—"Our aim is that in each mission field all of the churches of the same faith and polity shall first organically unite, forming, say, in India, one Presbyterian Church, one Methodist, one Baptist, one Lutheran, one Episcopalian, one Congregational, and then, out of all these form a 'Federal Union' with periodical councils that shall work in increasing harmony, until at length in God's good time, led by our

one Master, we may be able, in the pre-millennial future, all to unite, and have *one self-governing, self-supporting, self-propagating 'National Church of Christ in India,'* as prayed our glorious leader—that they may all be one, that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me." Thus I spoke in 1884.

For such a movement I believe the time is now ripe, and that the Spirit of God is now thereto calling. Blessed shall we be, if we listen to that call.

There were in India, in 1901 for instance, thirteen separate and distinct organizations of those properly belonging to the Presbyterian family; there were seven, or more, of the Baptist family; seven of the Lutheran, and so on of the other church families. Why cannot these unrelated Presbyterian regiments be united into one well-organized brigade? These seven Lutherans into another, and so of the others, and thus there be formed, of the sixty separate organizations now dallying with missions in India, six or eight compact brigades; and then, with a working "*Federal Council*" of all these, advisorily guiding the movements of all as one army, with steady tread, and trebled force, hasten the conquest of India for our Lord by at least a generation?

Such union is feasible. It is practicable. It has been proved so. While we, in India, have been talking about it, and, with many hindrances working for it, some of us for a full quarter of a century,

in Japan such a movement for organic union has met with a grand success in some of the church families, and is now being pushed in others; while a preliminary kind of federal union among all is in process of formation in that land.

All the members of the Presbyterian family in that Empire, English, Irish, Scotch, American North and South, and Canadian, long since formed one "Church of Christ in Japan," Presbyterian in organization, and such union, after a test of nearly two decades, has been found to strengthen the work of those missions mightily.

So of the Episcopal family in Japan: for we are told that of the missionaries and churches of the Church of England, the American Episcopal Church, and the Scottish Episcopal Church, has been formed one Episcopal Church of Christ in Japan, which is harmoniously battling for the kingdom.

The six branches of the Methodist Church in Japan, with different polity, after ten years' effort to find a platform on which all could stand, in the year 1901 succeeded in unanimously adopting a basis of union, and, with the permission of their home authorities, they hope speedily to consummate the formation of one Methodist Church of Christ in Japan.

In the first year of the present century, representatives of the Presbyterian family, American and

European, of the Episcopal family, English and American, of the Baptist family, European and American, of the Congregational family, and others, have met and adopted, provisionally, a "constitution of the standing committee of Coöperating Christian Missions in Japan," for a combined forward federal movement on the part of all Evangelical Missions in that empire, which now awaits final adoption.

The movement towards real unity in Japan has however already made such progress that Bishop Tyson, the English Bishop of the Diocese of Hakodate, of the now united Episcopal Church of Japan, writes: "You will, I am sure, be glad to hear that we have agreed here to one practical step (towards unity), *viz.*—a periodical exchange of pulpits between the churches in this town (Hakodate), Presbyterian, Methodist, and Episcopal."

In North China the representatives of three great missions, the American Board (Congregational), the Presbyterian Board, and the London Mission (English Independent) are engaged in perfecting a most important scheme of coöperation, in which it is hoped others will join. In South China, all of the Presbyterian family in the Amoy and Swatow districts founded, some years since, a united Church of Christ, Presbyterian in polity, not connected, ecclesiastically, with any home Church, and possibly this body may

prove the nucleus of an indigenous Presbyterian Church of Christ for all China.

In Italy, we are told, representatives have met from the Waldensian Church; the Evangelical Church of Italy (formerly the free Italian Church); the Methodist Episcopal Church; the Baptist Mission, American; the Baptist Mission, English; the British and Foreign Bible Society; the National Bible Society of Scotland; the Society for the Publication of Evangelical Works, in Italy, and the National Sunday-School Committee, and formed a permanent organization under the name of "The Evangelical Council of Italy." The headquarters are to be in Rome. The various denominations are, it is stated, to partition out the field anew, to prevent overlapping. They will unite in the work of preparing a common catechism, hymn-book, etc., and join in the support of certain religious journals. Their aim is that in Italy Evangelical Christianity shall show something of the solidarity shown by the Papacy. May it be accomplished!

The most encouraging, and farthest reaching union movement of all is that that has taken place in the newest of the mission fields,—the Philippine Islands.

In 1901, representatives of all the Evangelical Churches at work in those Islands, with Bishop Warne, Methodist Episcopal of Calcutta, and Rev. Dr. J. C. R. Ewing, American Presbyterian of

North India, who were in the Philippines to help to lay the foundations in those new fields, met in conference in Manila. After maturede liberation, and thorough consideration of all the problems involved, they with absolute unanimity united in establishing "The Evangelical Union of The Philippines."

The constitution and by-laws unanimously adopted were brief and unique, with an executive committee, having on it a representative of each mission, to carry out their provisions. All the missionaries of the various missionary boards or societies working in the Philippines are members of the organization, and all meet, as far as possible, in the Annual Convention.

The churches established by the different evangelical bodies at work in the Islands are all called by one name, "Iglesia Evangelica," and, when necessary for distinctiveness, the name of the body establishing them is added in parentheses, as "Iglesia Evangelica (Methodista)," "Iglesia Evangelica (Baptista)," "Iglesia Evangelica (Presbyterian)," etc.

Each Church represented has been made responsible for the evangelization of certain provinces, into which other bodies do not enter, the fields of each being arranged with a view to languages, as well as to geographical compactness. The secretary writes me, after a year's trial, that all the missions have settled down into their readjusted boundaries most

loyally, *and are working in perfect harmony.* He adds, "Our annual convention, just closed, has been a distinct step in advance, and I think we shall accomplish more this year than last in working out our plans."

These successful movements towards more real union in other mission fields; this spirit of comity and unity that is evidently "in the air" in every Christian land, nay more, the movement of the spirit of God among His people, as I verily believe, is now clearing the way also in India.

In 1900, each of the members of the Presbyterian family working in the Madras Presidency appointed delegates to constitute a joint committee that should formulate a basis on which they could all unite as one Church.

A confession of faith, simple, irenic, avoiding old polemic phraseology, so far as possible biblical in its language, was adopted, with a constitution and canons simple, workable, adapted to India, on which all parties could heartily agree.

After favouring action from the home authorities, representatives of the different bodies met in Vellore, in the oldest Church of the Arcot Mission, in October, 1901, and constituted "The Synod of the South Indian United Church," of which the writer was elected moderator.

While the missions, as missions, are to be still

under the control and guidance of the home organizations that support them, the churches planted in this land by those missions are freed ecclesiastically from all control by the Home Synods and Assemblies, forming one indigenous church that, it is hoped, will be not only self-governing, but self-supporting and self-propagating, that shall be free to affiliate and unite with other similarly freed churches, as God by His providence shall lead. This union in the Presbyterian family of South India may be regarded as an accomplished fact, and it is of no little import to those of the Presbyterian cult.

Stimulated by the successful drawing together of the Presbyterian family in the Madras Presidency, those of that family in North and Central India held a Conference in February, 1901, and arranged for a committee to prepare the way, and for a meeting at Allahabad in December, 1901, of the thirteen different and independent church organizations in all India, south, west, north, and east, holding the Reformed faith with the Presbyterian polity, to take steps towards the formation of one church. These thirteen bodies are not all Presbyterian in name, but include those as divergent in name as The Reformed (Dutch) Church of America, the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists, the German Evangelical Mission from America, and the Original Secession

Church of Scotland. In that Conference the new "Synod of South India" bore its part.

After mature deliberation the confession of faith, constitution and canons already adopted by the New Synod of South India, were, with some small modifications, adopted for the Church of all India and referred to their presbyteries in India and to their home authorities for ratification. The necessary formalities having been complied with, in December, 1904, the first General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in India was constituted.

The name provisionally adopted was "The Church of Christ in India (Presbyterian)." The hope was entertained that this union might stimulate, invite, and pray for, similar formations of "The Church of Christ in India (Methodist)," "The Church of Christ in India (Lutheran)," "The Church of Christ in India (Baptist)," etc., and that, as these various United Churches drew nearer to Christ and began to know Him better, they should draw nearer to one another and be more alike, until, at length, in God's good time, led by our one Master, we should be able in the pre-millennial future, all to unite, and have the one self-governing, self-supporting, self-propagating "Church of Christ in India," the denominational names dropping off, as does the caudal appendage of the tadpole, as it emerges into its higher stage of existence.

Nor is this all a quixotic dream. The Presbyterians in Australia, "Established," "Free," "United," several years since all formed one Presbyterian Church and, when I was there in 1881, spoke rejoicingly of their greatly increased strength and efficiency. So did the Presbyterians in Canada. So did the Methodists in Canada, and a wider union there "is in the air."

So are now in process of uniting the six Methodist Churches in Japan, though of different ecclesiastical polity:—"The Methodist Episcopal of America (North)," "The Protestant Methodist," non-episcopal, "The United Brethren," "The Evangelical Methodist," "The Canada Methodist," and "The Methodist Episcopal American (South)."

Facing the enemy, and in the strenuousness of the conflict, each has made concessions and a united polity, and a strong united church, will, it is hoped, be the outcome.

Why cannot this be done in India, in the different church families, none of whom have more difficult problems to surmount than had these six Methodist Churches in Japan, and why cannot a movement looking towards the accomplishment of such a result be begun in each church family? I verily believe that God is summoning us to this step.

The movement in the Presbyterian family in India, is already having its influence upon other

churches in India: The Punjab and Sindh Church Missionary Society Conference, assembled in Lahore in January, 1902, by acclamation adopted the following resolution:—

"This Conference rejoices heartily at the successful issue of the Conference of thirteen Presbyterian bodies which met last month to form one Presbyterian Church for the whole of India. It earnestly trusts that this achievement marks *but the beginning of still wider movements towards union*, and pledges itself to use every means, both by prayer and by effort, to bring about closer relations between the various branches of the Church of Christ."

Already, in another church family in India, English, American, and Australian, have delegates to a joint committee been appointed to see if a way may not be found to follow, in their denomination, the lead of the Presbyterian family. Other such movements are bound to come. Alas, for those that hinder them.

A federal union in each province need not however necessarily be deferred until all the families have formed such a corporate union. Such an Evangelical Union in each province would speedily lead to an "Evangelical Union of India," and the battle would then be half won.

The South India Missionary Association of the Madras Presidency, made up of all the missions in

the Presidency, is a real beginning on one line of such an "Evangelical Union." But one more far-reaching is needed. When that comes, and we the representatives of the Home Churches ourselves draw together and let down the bars for our Indian brethren the "Unification of the Native Churches" will be easy of accomplishment, for, essential as seem to us some of our church differences, the growing Indian Churches see no such necessity for many of those differences, and are, I believe, far more ready to unify than we, the leaders, are to have them.

Dr. Alexander, of Japan, writes: "A Japanese minister of fine Christian spirit, and well disposed towards missionaries, said not long ago: "The thing that impresses the Japanese is not the truth of the oneness of the Church as taught in the New Testament, but the divisions in the Church, which appeal to them as facts."

And yet we all pray the Saviour's prayer for oneness! If we will each take hold and work for it, as well as pray, the Saviour's prayer will be promptly realized, and that unification, that oneness, will be a fact accomplished. May God hasten it in our day!

XVII

THE PRESENT OUTLOOK IN INDIA: NON-MISSIONARY TESTIMONY

"WHAT in your view are the prospects of missionary work now in India? From your nearly half-a-century of labour and observation there do you think the work is proceeding as well as could be expected? Do you anticipate that the present large percentage of increase of Christians, as compared with the other religions of India, will be maintained?"

Thus, in effect, wrote me, not long ago, a distinguished divine, a pastor in the home land for many years of a church which has been and is supporting three missionaries in India.

Let us see for a moment what that "present percentage of increase" would really mean.

A qualified statistician in India, in going over the recent government census of all India, and comparing the percentage of increase of Christians with that of the other religions of India for the last decade, and the preceding four decades, gave it as his deliberate opinion that if the same ratio of increase continued: "All India would become Christian within

one hundred and thirty years." He said there was no escape from that conclusion.

Other independent observers take a still more favourable view. That well-informed and impartial journal, *The New York Independent*, in an editorial in November, 1906, after a careful review of the present situation in India as revealed by the census, says: "The number of converts to Christianity is almost doubling every ten years. At the present rate, in fifty years Christianity is likely to be the predominant religion, and Paganism will have lost its power."

But to the last question of my interrogator, as given above, I gave quite a different reply. I wrote "emphatically no! I do not anticipate that the present large rate of increase will continue; I look forward to a very different rate." Let me illustrate:

The early settlers in the heavily-wooded tracts of Ohio, as I heard when a boy from the lips of the then patriarchal survivors, the first year staked out their claims and chopped down the forests where they wished to cultivate, the huge oaks, the mammoth black walnuts, the maples and the beeches, and the host of the smaller trees, and, so far as they possibly could, heaped and burned up the logs, and grubbed up the smaller stumps and laboriously, with their patient oxen, plowed between the larger stumps, digging closer to them with spade and mattock, and

sowed seed-wheat wherever they had been able thus to turn the sod, and were grateful for the harvest they were able to secure, though small.

The next year they were able to dig out and pull up more of the smaller stumps and to burn to the roots some of the larger oak and black walnut stumps which had become very dry, and also put in more square yards of sowing, and reaped a considerably larger harvest, for which they were profoundly thankful. So year by year, for some seasons, the harvest increased, until at length the huge stumps had rotted so that, with a supreme effort, and with blasting, and uprooting derricks, the fields were entirely cleared and the improved horse-plows ran smoothly through and upturned the deeper soil, and heavy crops began to appear, and it became difficult to find reapers enough for the ripening grain.

Gang plows, with commercial fertilizers, and seed-drilling cultivators, and four-horse reapers and binders followed on, until, by leaps and bounds, all previous records were left far in the rear, and the now astounding harvests blessed the long and patiently toiling farmers.

Thus it is going to be with the sowing and harvest of "the seed of the Kingdom" in India.

The giant oaks of Hinduism, the absolute belief of all the people in their ancient systems, have been felled. Year by year Gospel-seed has been sowed

and carefully tended in whatever fallow ground could be found or made. That seed has germinated and borne some fruitage, for which we missionaries have been as thankful as were the Ohio farmers for their small crops of the first years.

Each decade has witnessed the disappearance of more and more decayed stumps of heathenism, and the wider sowing of the Gospel-seed. Better and better methods of mission policy and activities have been adopted, and we on the ground fully expect, ere long, to reap such unprecedented spiritual harvests as the Western American farmers are now reaping of wheat.

But let us take another illustration. We are told that, now and then, on the wide prairies of the western states in America an unusually intense prairie-fire sweeps across a region, not only utterly consuming the coarse prairie grass and the noxious weeds on the surface, but charring and killing the roots as well.

We are told that, now and then, in such charred areas the succeeding heavy rains are followed by the springing up of different varieties of plants and even forest trees, the seeds of which have long been buried and ungerminating under the thick strong sod of the coarse prairie grass now consumed by the fire, and thus a very different vegetation from what formerly sprang up now covers the landscape.

Thus do we missionaries believe that it will be spiritually in India, in the not very distant future.

We believe that the longed-for and prayed-for fire of God's Spirit will sweep over India, consuming the coarse grass of heathen superstitions and customs and the noxious weeds of Hindu immorality and vice and idolatry, charring even their roots, and that the following rains of God's grace will cause to spring up not only the tender grass from the Gospel-seed long since sown by the missionaries and their agents, but that there shall also appear in abundance the forest trees of God's planting, the comely cedars of a strong faith in Jesus Christ as the only and all-sufficient Saviour of the world; the palm trees of peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ, and the sturdy oaks of righteousness of life and earnest Christian character.

Then shall we see the fulfillment of the prophecy: "A nation shall be born in a day."

The sowing of the seed of the kingdom has been thorough. Multitudes of educated Hindus are convinced of the truth, and very many are, as seen in the preceding chapters, already secretly meditating the acceptance and open confession of Jesus Christ as their personal Saviour, though they cannot now summon the courage to come out, one by one, against the united opposition of their Hindu friends. But when God's Holy Spirit, for which we so earnestly pray,

shall manifest His power throughout India, no ratio of conversions in past times will be any guide to the rapid ingathering of the future. So that I felt myself justified in saying as above to my interrogator, "emphatically no: I do *not* anticipate that the present even large ratio of increase will continue until all India is converted. We look for still greater things than these!"

But even many friends of missions are not inclined to accept the optimistic views of enthusiastic missionaries, and wish to know how the matter is viewed by those who, knowing India well, look at it from an observant but independent and non-missionary standpoint.

Let me then give here, as succinctly as I can, first the publicly-spoken testimony of government officials in India, who, as part of their duty, travel extensively over the provinces under them, and meet and discuss with all castes and classes of the people their conditions and disabilities, with a view to needed legislation for their betterment, and so are competent thoroughly to gauge the present state and the prospects of the various castes and religions in the different parts of India.

Some of these testimonies were given several years since, and their authors would doubtless make them still stronger at the present day; but they are no less valuable, as covering a longer period and so are more

progressive. Some of them have been already widely published, but that does not militate against their being now recalled and included in this symposium of "independent non-missionary witnesses."

Lord Napier, then Governor of the Madras Presidency, who had observantly travelled over most of its provinces, said publicly, before laying down his office, now years since: "The progress of Christianity is slow, *but it is undeniable.*"

Lord Lawrence, Governor-General of India, but previously long time ruler of the Punjab, said, in a public address: "It was scarcely to be expected that in so brief a time the idols of India would be utterly abolished; the wonder rather is that already there are so many indications that *Hinduism is fast losing its hold on the affections of the people.*"

Sir Donald McLeod, later Governor of the Punjab, said in an address: "The work may be going on silently, but when the process of undermining the mountain of idolatry has been completed, *the whole may be expected to fall with rapidity and crumble in the dust.*"

Sir Herbert Edwards, Governor of the North-west Provinces, said: "I can perceive the strongest indications of the people being on the march from the stronghold of their own ideas. There is a marked activity of thought in the educated classes of the Hindus; *a sudden recognition that they are in the wrong,*

or not quite right, and a desire to go on to new things."

Sir Alfred Lyall, a high government official, speaking of the missionary outlook in India, said: "India will be carried swiftly through phases which have occupied long stages in the lifetime of other nations."

The more recent Director of Public Instruction in the Madras Presidency, in his late official report on "The Progress of Education in the Madras Presidency," prepared after the last government census, taken in 1901, and reviewing its statistics of education in the presidency, wrote: "*If the percentage of increase during the last twenty years be maintained, the native Christian population will within the next two generations have surpassed the Brahman in education, in intelligence, in material prosperity, and in official position.*"

The Metropolitan Bishop of India, Calcutta, who in his supervisory duties has travelled over all India, from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin, in an address in my hearing at a missionary meeting held, by invitation of the Governor, in the Durbar Hall of the Government House at Darjeeling, told of the numbers of educated native gentlemen he had met in his extended journeys, who, to his knowledge, were now privately but diligently reading the Bible and endeavouring to conform their lives to its precepts, while still outwardly adhering to Hinduism, who ere long,

when the Spirit of God should mightily move among them, "*would come over as a mighty host into the Christian Church.*"

He said that he came to India interested, indeed, in missions, but practically a pessimist as to their progress: that *a decade of close observation had converted him into an optimist*, for the well-marked indications now were that "*India would in the not very distant future become an integral part of the kingdom of Christ.*"

The Anglican Bishop of Madras, whose work is chiefly for the Europeans scattered all over the presidency, but who in his extended travels has seen much of the missionaries' work among the different races of natives, and had sometimes gone with them into their districts and villages, said, in a sermon preached in the Madras Cathedral, after twenty-two years of experience in India:

"I have visited village after village where the Christians of low caste origin are the best educated class in their region, and I feel sure that when the whole two millions of those low castes are converted they will be raised from the bottom right up to the top of the social scale, and form a marvellous witness to the power of Christ such as no age has seen since the days of the apostles. . . . *It is no vain dream that within this present century India will become a Christian land.*"

The following, taken from a well-known periodical, is significant:

"When Bishop Thoburn, of the American Methodist Episcopal Church, went out to India as a young missionary, forty years ago, a certain 'wise' European gentleman pointed him to a brick pillar and said: 'You might as well undertake to make a Christian out of that pillar as out of these people,' and behold to-day not far from 3,000,000 native Christians are in that same peninsula, and among them judges, lawyers, physicians, editors, teachers, men of business, etc., commanding the highest respect and wielding the widest influence."

Sir Alexander MacKenzie, recent Chief Commissioner of the Central Provinces, said:

"*The advance made in my time in missions has been substantial and encouraging. It is my firm belief that the day of still better things is very close at hand.*"

Hosts more of such testimonies from independent non-missionary observers, long resident in India, could be adduced. I content myself, however, with only one more, but that is of special significance.

Sir Charles Elliot, when Governor of the forty millions of Bengal, and after nearly four decades of work and observation in all parts of India, said in my hearing:

"My long experience in India, in the different presidencies and provinces, has taught me that the British

Government in India cannot possibly do the work which, in the providence of God, is the only justification of our being here, namely the civilization, enlightenment, and uplifting of the whole people of India, *without the aid of the missionaries.* I view the missionary work as an indispensable, unofficial, voluntary auxiliary of the Government in carrying out in India its highest aspirations, the ennobling of the whole Hindu people.

"Extended observation has produced in me the profound conviction that nothing can lift these millions of Hindus up to the standard of our western Christian nations in probity, morality, and nobleness of life, but the Gospel of Christ which has lifted us up.

"*I congratulate you that the last census and the signs of the times all point to a very positive and somewhat rapid progress of the missionary work in India.* There is, unquestionably, an undercurrent working among the higher classes in India towards Christianity, in spite of all the open manifestations against it. *We may with confident expectation look forward to the day when all India shall bow at the feet of Christ, who alone can uplift, purify, and save.*"

These are the words of the experienced Governor of one of the most populous presidencies in India, spoken with the utmost publicity, and after nearly forty years of travel and close observation over all

parts of the Peninsula, and where, consequently, he could be answered if wrong.

Sir Charles points to a "*positive and somewhat rapid*" *progress* of Christianity at the present time. This will *not* be kept up and developed if the Church simply dallies with missions in India. But if the Church of God awakes to her opportunity and springs to the work, sending forth the needed reinforcements to all its missions, and, with the new Laymen's Movement, providing the necessary funds, and, above all, if it utilizes its hidden power in that unresistible enginery of "Covenanted intercessory prayer" which mounts to the Throne of God and then descends upon India. There is no reason why the work in India should not now be speedily accomplished.

In view, then, of this emphatic and recent testimony, and of those recorded before of observant and experienced statesmen who thoroughly know India and its people, are we not fully warranted in disregarding the croakings of the ephemeral "globe-trotters" who after superficially rushing through India, inspecting the Taj, but not the missions, glibly write to their journals that "*Missions in India are a dismal failure;*" and are we not amply justified in believing that "*The kingdoms of this world* [*even including that in India*] *shall speedily become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ.*"

XVIII

THE ACTUAL PROGRESS OF THE CAMPAIGN: NON-CHRISTIAN HINDU TESTIMONY

THE last census of India, taken by the Government with scrupulous care in 1901, revealed the fact that there were already in India very nearly three million natives of India who did not hesitate to enroll themselves as Christians. During the six years that have since elapsed the accessions of Hindus by conversion has been very large, so that at the present time no intelligent person in India will question the statement that there are now in India well over three millions of native Christians.

It is true that this includes the small old Syrian Christian Church, on the Western Coast, in Travancore, which we do not reckon as evangelical, and the very large number of adherents of the Roman Catholic Church, scattered all over India, though more largely in the Madras Presidency. These together do doubtless include considerably more than one-half of the total census number of Christians at present. But they are not increasing rapidly, while the Protestant or Evangelical Christian community is increasing by leaps and bounds.

The former Roman Catholic Vicar-Apostolic of Madras, who was himself a godly man, in a long and very friendly conversation I had with him many years ago, in response to my question as to how many Christians he had under his supervision in the presidency of Madras said very sadly, "Our Year-Book says six hundred thousand. But you know just as well as I do that a vast number of these are Christians only in name. Our early missionaries, as you know, gathered in in crowds scores of thousands of the fishermen castes along the coast, and, as we now think, without due instruction baptized them and incorporated them into the Church, and they and their descendants now constitute a very considerable portion of our Church in the peninsula of India.

"They loyally attend all festivals and special services and ceremonies of our Church, and come to Mass, and bring their numerous children to us for baptism, and by the rules of the Church we cannot refuse to baptize their children unless we first excommunicate them; but, I grieve to say, the majority of them are not at all satisfactory Christians, and we are at our wits' end to know what to do with them. The number of missionaries of our Church sent to India in these days is not at all sufficient to fairly instruct all our nominal members and their children in the Christian faith as we receive it, and we are not much more than holding our own. I

Clay images of horses on which the gods are supposed to ride at night

Casting down the idols from their high places and removing them from their shrines upon a village becoming Christian

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grieve to admit it; but you know that this is the fact."

Our mission, and other earnest evangelical missions in the Madras Presidency, have gathered in thousands of these Roman Catholic Christians among our converts. We find them making, usually, a higher class of Christians in the first generation than the converts fresh from Hinduism, for they do have many of the essentials of Christianity well drilled into them before coming to us, and we have less of error and superstition and false beliefs to overcome than in the case of rank Hindus.

While, however, the Roman Catholics do still number more than the Protestant or Evangelical Christians, the proportion is constantly changing and Evangelical Christianity is now making such vast inroads into Hinduism, that we fully believe it will ere long conquer all India for Christ.

In the present work I speak only of Hinduism among the religions of India, not giving attention to Mohammedanism or Buddhism, for we in the Madras Presidency come very little into contact with these. The census tells us that the Mohammedans number only about six per cent. of the population in this presidency, and we of the Arcot Mission and most of the other evangelical missions deem it wise to give ourselves to the ninety-four per cent. of Hindus, rather than to the six per cent. of Mohammedans,

reaching the latter only as we can through the vernaculars of the districts where we work, which the Mohammedans of those districts usually know almost as well as their own Hindustani. We are able thus to do a little something for the small per cent. of Moslems, though not working specifically for them. I have thus myself baptized four Moslems who were reached by our itinerating work for the Telugus, and through the Telugu language, which they knew about as well as their own.

I have not therefore spoken in this book of work among the Moslems, deeming that it would be presumption on my part to do so, when there are so many able missionaries in North India who are specifically devoted to them, and who can speak with authority on that subject.

Buddhists are found in large numbers in the native state of Bhutan, and in Sikkim and Nepal, in the Himalayas, but practically there are none in India proper, that is in India south of the Himalayas. I do not know of one Buddhist in the Madras Presidency ; hence, I do not speak of them. This book, therefore, as will have been seen, has to do only with the Hindus and their salvation and the problems that confront us in working for them, that is, for the two hundred and fifty millions of Hindus, leaving the fifty millions or thereabouts of Mohammedans and the less numerous religions to be

treated of by those who are specifically working for them.

But to return to the census. This indicates, as detailed in the last chapter, that a mighty gain has taken place in each of the last four decades in the number of evangelical native Christians and points to the conversion of all India within this century, if the Church does its duty, and if even the present ratio of increase is kept up.

The gathering-in already of more than ten hundred thousand Hindus into the evangelical churches of Christ in India may be set down then as the first item of "the Actual Progress of the Campaign." But to one who opens his eyes many other items of "actual progress" are distinctly visible.

In a campaign for conquering a kingdom, to have caused the enemy to evacuate forts and strongholds, even if they be not at once fully occupied by the invading army, is a real gain. To have caused the enemy to lose faith in their long-time leaders and their officers; to have caused them to form a very high opinion of the skill, ability, and prowess of the commander-in-chief and officers of the invading army, and of the zeal, devotion, loyalty, and intelligence of the rank and file of that army; to have produced a conviction in the minds of the hosts of the enemy of the honour, nobility, and goodness of the commander and offi-

cers of the invaders—a conviction that if they, the invaders, succeeded in establishing their kingdom, they, the people of the invaded kingdom would be better off than under their old régime; while to have brought thousands of the enemy to be secretly ready to desert their ranks and join those of the invaders is a further and great gain. This, if true, is a matter of incalculable import.

That all this has been accomplished, which is another item in "the Actual Progress of the Campaign," will be shown from the voluntary testimony of many of our enrolled opponents of all ranks and conditions.

No apology is offered for here reproducing in brief and gathering into a symposium many bits of testimony scattered through the previous chapters of this book, and combining them with other testimony, thus presenting it all as one convincing whole, even as a pleader before a jury recalls and impresses salient bits of testimony given by many witnesses during the previous days of a prolonged trial.

Let us then scan a few of the admissions and unwilling testimonies of our opponents out of the multitudes that might be adduced on each of the points mentioned above.

That the mass of intelligent Hindus have absolutely lost faith in their long-time leaders, the

Brahman priesthood, and in Hinduism itself, is plainly evident from such admissions as the following, taken from orthodox Hindu sources:

The Hindu, the organ of orthodox Hinduism in Madras, observes:

"Profoundly ignorant as a class, and infinitely selfish, the Brahman priesthood is the mainstay of every unholy and cruel custom and superstition, from the wretched dancing-girl who insults the deity by her existence, to the pining child-widow, whose every tear, and every hair of whose head, shall stand up against every one of us who tolerate it, on the day of judgment."

Of the endowed temples and shrines, *The Hindu* says, in another issue:

"The vast majority of these endowments are corrupt to the core. They are a festering mass of crime and vice and gigantic swindling." (See more fully in Chapter X.)

The Indian Nation, of Calcutta, affirms:

"The pure undefiled Hinduism, which Swami Vivekananda preached in Chicago, has no existence to-day; it has had no existence for centuries."

The Reis and Rayyet, also of Calcutta, says:

"Abomination-worship is the chief ingredient of modern Hinduism."

Swami Vivekananda himself said, in an address

to his co-religionists in Madras, as reported in the newspapers :

"We are lazy, we will not work, we cannot combine, we are immensely selfish, not three of us can come together without being jealous of each other ; we have lost faith ; we are a hopelessly disorganized mass ; our great cities are the homes of the most rotten superstitions in the world."

The exalted opinion of the Commander-in-chief of the Invading Army of Jesus Christ, held by multitudes still in the opposing army, is thus voiced in *The Indian Social Reformer :*

"We concede that Jesus Christ is one of the most perfect, the noblest, of men. We read the Bible and listen awestruck to 'The Sermon on the Mount' and pass on to the soul-stirring sacrifice on Calvary."

Another orthodox Hindu, in an address to his fellow Hindus, recently said :

"How can we be blind to the greatness, the unrivalled splendour, of Jesus Christ. Behind the British Empire and all the European Powers lies the single great personality of Jesus Christ. He lives in Europe and America as King and Guide and Teacher. We, too, owe everything to Christianity."

Keshub Chunder Sen remarked years ago :

"The spirit of Christianity has already pervaded the whole atmosphere of Indian society."

That our intelligent opponents are convinced of the superiority of the rank and file of the Christian army, as compared with their own forces, is voiced freely by many.

A Brahman subordinate judge, in response to his superior, who had asked him, in reviewing a written decision of his in which the testimony of a good number of Hindus was for the plaintiff and only one, a Christian, testified for the defendant: "Why did you render your decision for the defendant with only one witness in his favour?" The Brahman judge quietly replied: "Because, sir, the witness for the defendant was a Christian, and I believed he told the truth; while the witnesses for the plaintiff were Hindus, and I believed they were all hired to perjure themselves."

A Brahman priest of an adjacent Hindu temple, as detailed in Chapter III, voluntarily told me of his admiration of the changed character of the people of a village of his former worshippers, who had come over to Christianity only one year before, and asked me: "What is it that makes your Véda have such an uplifting power over the daily lives of those who embrace it? Our Védas have no such power."

The testimony of the Brahman judge as to the character-building power of the Christians' Bible, their Manual of War, as detailed in Chapter IV, may well be re-read here as bearing on this point.

That enough to form regiments have recently deserted from their ranks and enlisted under the banner of the Cross, and that thousands more are ready thus to desert, is despairingly admitted by the most intelligent and watchful of our antagonists.

The Hindu Tract Society, organized specifically to antagonize Christianity, in a Tamil tract prepared to arouse Hindus to sharper opposition, but not designed to be seen by Christians, says :

"How many thousands of thousands have these missionaries turned to Christianity! On how many more have they cast their nets! If we sleep, as heretofore, in a short time they will turn all to Christianity, and our temples will be changed into churches.

"Do you not know that the number of Christians is increasing, and the number of Hindu religionists decreasing, every day? How long will water remain in a reservoir which continually lets out but receives none in? Let all the people join as one man to banish Christianity from our land."

It is not by any means from the "lower classes" alone that the recruits for the Christian army in India come, though the "Mass Movements" towards Christianity have as yet usually been from the lower classes ; but hundreds of individual cases from the highest castes and classes have come over, in all parts of India, of men of position and influence, and

many of them have already become leaders in Immanuel's advancing army. These are too numerous to be mentioned by name here, but a worthy example is found in Raja Sir Harnam Singh, K. C. S. I., of the Punjab, who is now the president of the lately formed "National Missionary Society of India," spoken of particularly in Chapter XV; a society organized last year of the leading Hindu Christians, in all the presidencies and of all the churches, to press the missionary work in areas yet unoccupied, with native missionaries, supported by native money, managed by native leaders, in an inter-denominational effort to push on the standard of the Cross to India's remotest bounds—a movement which all evangelical missionaries look upon with the greatest joy and hope.

Of the mass of testimony from our opponents at hand and which might be adduced, voicing their conviction of the inevitable spread over all India of the religion of Jesus Christ, I propose here to reproduce but one more brief but pointed extract:

Venkayya, the learned Brahman who had read much of the Bible in three languages, and the whole New Testament in Telugu, several times, but who still outwardly adhered to Hinduism, himself gave to a packed audience of his fellow-religionists in my hearing, that unique address on the power of the Christian's Bible recorded in Chapter III, which

may well be re-perused here, and which closed as follows:

"Of one thing I am convinced; do what we will; oppose it as we may: It is the Christian's Bible which will sooner or later work the renovation or regeneration of this land."

With these notable admissions of many of our most intelligent opponents, and with the explicit testimonies as to the progress and prospects of the missionary work in India, voluntarily given by many independent and long observant non-missionary witnesses in India, including many governors and other high officials, as detailed in the previous chapter, we missionaries in the field think that we have the right to be profoundly thankful for the wonderful progress already made and joyously confident of the not very distant outcome, if the Church of Christ but does its duty; and so viewing it, we challenge Christ's loyal followers in all Christian lands to hasten on with the needed reinforcements and supplies to help us, and with God's covenanted aid within the present century "the Kingdom in India" shall really become "THE KINGDOM OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST."

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